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"STORIES OF HELL'S C O M M E R C E" OR THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN ITS TRUE LIGHT

A COMPILATION of INTERESTING
STORIES, TRUE INCIDENTS, STRIKING
ILLUSTRATIONS, POINTED PARA-
GRAPHS, POETRY and SONG, POR-
TRAYING the EVILS of the RUM CURSE

AS RELATED BY

John G. Wooley, John P. St. John, Eli Perkins, Chas. M. Sheldon,
D. L. Moody, Chauncey Depew, R. A. Torrey, Sam Jones,
Henry Ward Beecher, John B. Gough, Theo. L. Guyler,
Ada Melville Shaw, T. De Witt Talmage, L. A. Banks,
Gen. Fred Grant, Gen. Sheridan, Frank Beard,
Rudyard Kipling, Ella Wheeler Wilcox,
Wendall Phillips, and many others.

APPROPRIATELY ARRANGED IN DEPARTMENTS

COMPILED AND EDITED
BY ELTON R. SHAW



Introduction By SAMUEL DICKIE, President of Albion College

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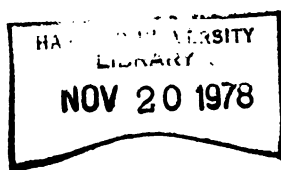
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To My Wife
THIS BOOK
Is Affectionately Dedicated

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FULL PAGE HALF TONES

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PREFACE

There is no need to say much by way of preface to this book. The character of the work is so fully described by the title page and the table of contents that little remains to be added to give the readers a clear idea of the nature and purpose of the work.

We offer no apology for adding one more volume to the many books dealing with the great temperance reform, for we believe that this has a place distinct from all others, and that it will meet a demand that has never been more urgent than at the present time. There are many excellent books dealing with the history of this reform movement and with the economic and theoretical sides of the question; but no book of stories, incidents or poems has yet been published. The many able books and annual prohibition hand-books have done a great work in giving information to people already interested in the reform, but it must be admitted by all that they are read largely by reformers and Christian people who already realize that the liquor traffic is Hell's Commerce and that its overthrow is the greatest problem before the American people. Such people are already engaged, to some extent at least, in the work of bringing about the downfall of this curse of our country. This book is designed to aid all engaged in this work, but has also another purpose quite as important.

The attitude of the newspapers is better than it has ever been in the past, but secular newspapers never have and never will come out and give their columns to such stories and incidents as these which will appeal to the heart and soul. The religious press is doing a noble work in this line, but religious papers go only in the homes of church members. Even there they are limited. Few families have more than one or two religious papers. The subscription book reaches a new field, and a book of this nature will find its way into homes where it is much needed.

Again, the book is needed to reach the youth of our land in their homes. Many people advance the theory that knowledge of evil should be kept from the young—that ignorance is the best guarantee of innocence. The sad testimony of thousands proves that this is a fallacy. In ignorance lies the greatest danger. One of the greatest causes of the prohibition wave during the last few years has been the educative forces that have been at work for the last forty or fifty years. The teaching in the schools of the effect of alcohol upon the system has had

great results. A new generation has grown up and this early training has not been forgotten. This book of stories, interesting incidents and poems will be read by the young as well as the older ones, and is bound to create a sentiment that will be worked out in later years. The book is therefore intended to supplement the work of the Temperance columns in religious periodicals, and it is hoped that its nature and character will make it appeal to people who are not reached by the historical, economic and other theoretical books, or by the religious press.

We do not mean to imply by this, that the book is intended to appeal to the emotions only. These stories, incidents and poems give much information and deal with all phases of the liquor problem.

In collecting the matter for this book, we have tried to avoid anything that did not appear to be perfectly reliable and true to life. We have given the name of the author as well as the periodical in as many cases as we have been able to do so. Many of the sketches and stories are true, and in choosing fiction, we have chosen what we believe will help to portray the traffic in its true light. It must be remembered that there are some things that cannot be exaggerated. No newspaper reporter has ever yet been able in his description to overdraw a real cyclone, an earthquake or a storm at sea. No person has ever been able to exaggerate the slimy squalor and crime of our slimiest slums in our great cities, and it must be admitted by all who are familiar with the awful conditions and crime and misery traceable to the liquor traffic, that these stories and shorter sketches are not overdrawn in the least. Some of the accounts narrated have come under our personal knowledge; others have been written expressly for this book, and others have been selected from hundreds of periodicals and other sources to which we have had access during the last seven or eight years.

The pointed paragraphs have been gathered from various sources and are what we consider to be only the very best that have been published. We have given credit in as many cases as possible, but have been unable to do this with a large number of them, inasmuch as the papers do not give the authors of such short sentences. We believe that these will be valuable to temperance lecturers and other workers. Surely, they cannot but help to be beneficial to all readers.

We believe that there is much need of such a collection of songs as this book contains. Various books and booklets of temperance songs have been published, but the tunes are new, or at least unfamiliar to

most people. People are slow to take up new tunes, and hence this form of agitation in churches and other congregations has never proven as successful as it should be. We have selected songs to be sung with patriotic and a few other well-known airs. We believe that audiences will join heartily in the singing of these words to such tunes, and can furnish booklets at a very small price for such occasions. It is the hope of the publishers that these songs will be sung in the homes and taught to the children. Such a practice cannot help but have a lasting influence.

Many of the stories, incidents and poems are published in tract form by the publishers of this book, who will furnish list and prices on application.

We desire to acknowledge our indebtedness to President Dickie for his introduction; to our parents and others for their aid in the compilation and proof-reading of the work; to the various papers for their kindness in loaning us cuts; to other papers giving us permission to reproduce their illustrations and for information given us from the offices of the various temperance organizations.

That this book may awaken a greater interest and create deeper conviction that will be worked out in the agitation now already so prevalent for the overthrow of the liquor traffic, is the prayer of the publishers.

INTRODUCTION

The book that Mr. Shaw is putting before the public needs no lengthy introduction.

The temperance question is still a very live question and will continue to interest men and women of all classes for years to come.

The reform movement which demands the entire suppression of the traffic in and manufacture of intoxicating beverages has traveled a long and sometimes an uncertain road, but it now seems to be nearing the goal which has all along been its objective point.

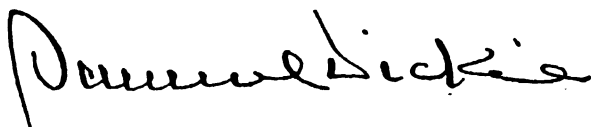
Gradually an increasing number of our best citizens are coming to see that the liquor traffic has no right to exist, that it is evil and only evil and that continually, and that it meets no innocent need of human life, that it creates no values, that it absorbs great values, that it robs the butcher and the grocer and the dry goods dealer, that it is a pirate on the high seas of commerce, a fraud and a robber everywhere, that it breaks hearts and ruins lives and curses and blights and damns all who come in contact with it.

The economic, the political and the social ills growing out of the sale and use of intoxicants have forced upon the people the necessity of giving increased attention to the extermination of the traffic.

This book contains many true stories of drink's awful tragedies and gives in brief and pointed paragraphs the pithy

utterances of many men and women who have put their lives into the struggle for the overthrow of a giant wrong.

I sincerely hope and confidently believe that the wide circulation of the items here compiled will contribute in no small degree to the right side of the controversy for the outlawry of the world's greatest wrong, the licensed liquor traffic.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Samuel Dickie". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the date line.

Albion, Mich., Aug. 26, 1909.

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PART I
STORIES

Stories of Hell's Commerce

OR

The Liquor Traffic in its True Light

STORY OF A LITTLE LIFE.

"What is your name?" asked the teacher.

"Tommy Brown, ma'am," answered the boy.

He was a pathetic little figure, with a thin face, hollow eyes and pale cheeks, that plainly told of insufficient food. He wore a suit of clothes evidently made for someone else. They were patched in places with cloth of different colors. His shoes were old, his hair cut square in the neck in the unpracticed manner in which women sometimes cut boys' hair. It was a bitter day, yet he wore no overcoat, and his bare hands were red with the cold.

"How old are you, Tommy?"

"Nine years old come next April. I've learned to read at home, and I can cipher a little."

"Well, it is time for you to begin school. Why have you never come before?"

The boy fumbled with a cap in his hands, and did not reply at once. It was a ragged cap with frayed edges, and the original color of the fabric no man could tell.

Presently he said, "I never went to school 'cause—'cause—well, mother takes in washin', and' she couldn't spare me. But Sissy is big enough now to help, an' she minds the baby besides."

It was not quite time for school to begin. All around the teacher and the new scholar stood the boys that belonged in the room.

While he was making his confused explanation some of the boys laughed, and one of them called out, "Say, Tommy, where are your cuffs and collars?" And another sang out, "You must sleep in the rag-bag at night by the looks of your clothes!" Before the teacher could quiet them, another boy had volunteered the information that the father of the boy was "old Si Brown, who is always as drunk as a fiddler."

The poor child looked around on his tormentors like a hunted thing. Then, before the teacher could detain him, with a suppressed cry of

misery he ran out of the room, out of the building, down the street, and was seen no more.

The teacher went to her duties with a troubled heart. All day long the child's pitiful face haunted her. She could not rid herself of the memory of it. After a little trouble she found the place where he lived, and then two kind ladies went to visit him.

It was a dilapidated house. When they first entered they could scarcely discern objects, the room was so filled with the steam of the soapsuds. There were two windows, but a tall brick building adjacent shut out the light. It was a gloomy day, too, with gray, lowering clouds that forbade even the memory of sunshine.

A woman stood before a wash tub. When they entered, she wiped her hands on her apron, and came forward to meet them.

Once she had been pretty, but the color had gone out of her face, leaving only sharpened outlines and haggardness of expression.

She asked them to sit down; then taking a chair herself, she said, "Sissy, give me the baby."

A little girl came forward from a dark corner of the room, carrying a baby that she laid in its mother's lap, a lean and sickly-looking baby, with the same hollow eyes that Tommy had.

"Your baby doesn't look strong," said one of the ladies.

"No, ma'am, she ain't very well. I have to work hard, and I expect it affects her."

"Where is your little Tommy?" asked one of the visitors.

"He is in there in the trundle-bed," replied the mother.

"Is he sick?"

"Yes'm, and the doctor thinks he ain't going to get well." At this the tears ran down her thin and faded cheeks.

"What is the matter with him?"

"He was never very strong, and he's had to work too hard, carrying water and helping me lift the wash tubs and things like that. Of late he has been crazy to go to school. I never could spare him till this winter. He thought if he could get a little education he'd be able to take care of Sissy and baby and me. So I fixed up his clothes as well as I could, and last week he started. I was afraid the boys would laugh at him, but he thought he could stand it if they did. I stood at the door and watched him going. I can never forget how the little fellow looked," she continued, the tears streaming down her face. "His patched-up clothes, his

poor little anxious look. He turned around to me as he left the yard, and said, 'Don't worry, mother; I won't mind what the boys say.' But he did mind. It wasn't an hour before he was back again. I believe the child's heart was just broke. I thought mine was broke years ago. If it was, it was broken over again that day. I can stand most anything myself, but oh! I can't bear to see my children suffer." Here she broke down in a fit of convulsive weeping. The little girl came up to her quietly and stole a thin little arm around her mother's neck. "Don't cry, mother," she whispered, "don't cry."

The woman made an effort to check her tears, and she wiped her eyes. As soon as she could speak with any degree of calmness, she continued:

"Poor little Tommy cried all day; I couldn't comfort him. He said it was no use trying to do anything. Folks would only laugh at him for being a drunkard's little boy. I tried to comfort him before my husband came home. I told him his father would be mad if he saw him crying. But it wasn't any use. Seemed like he could not stop. His father came and saw him. He wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking. He ain't a bad man when he is sober. I hate to tell it, but he whipped Tommy and the child fell and struck his head. I suppose he'd 'a' been sick anyway. But oh! my poor little boy. My sick, suffering child!" she cried. "How can they let men sell a thing that makes the innocent suffer so?"

One of the ladies went to the bed. There he lay, poor little defenseless victim. He lived in a Christian land, in a country that takes great care to pass laws to protect sheep, and diligently legislates over its game. Would that the children were as precious as brutes and birds! Would that the law was more jealous of little waifs' rights!

His face was flushed, and the hollow eyes were bright. There was a long, purple mark on his temple. He put up one little wasted hand to cover it, while he said, "Father wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking." Then, in his queer, piping voice, weak with sickness, he half whispered, "I'm glad I'm going to die. I'm too weak ever to help mother anyhow. Up in heaven the angels ain't going to call me the drunkard's child, and make fun of my clothes. And maybe, if I'm right up there where God is, I can keep reminding him of mother; and he will make it easier for her."

He turned his head feebly on his pillow, and then said, in a lower

tone, "Some day—they ain't going—to let saloons—keep open. But I'm afraid—poor father—will be dead—before then." Then he shut his eyes from weariness.

The next morning the sun shone in on the dead face of little Tommy.—Our Young Folks.

THE BRIDAL WINE-CUP.

"Pledge with wine, pledge with wine," cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood. "Pledge with wine," ran through the bridal party.

The beautiful bride grew pale; the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her brow; her breath came quicker, and her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge in a low tone, going toward his daughter; "the company expects it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette. In your own home do as you please; but in mine, for this once, please me."

Pouring a brimming cup, they held it, with tempting smiles, toward Marion. She was very pale, though composed; and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "O, how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it.

"Wait," she answered, while a light, which seemed inspired, shone from her dark eyes—"wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added slowly, pointing one finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen; I will paint it for you, if I can. It is a lovely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. But there a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro, with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in the midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly! his eyes wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands before him—nay, I should say, kneels; for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"O! the high, holy-looking brow. Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look, how he throws back the damp curls! See him clasp his hands? Hear his thrilling shrieks for life! Mark how he clutches

at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! O! hear him call piteously his father's name, see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister, the twin of his soul, weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the judge fell overpowered upon his seat—"see! his arms are lifted to heaven—he prays—how wildly! for mercy; hot fever rushes through his veins. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death—and no soft hand, no gentle voice to soothe him. His head sinks back; one convulsive shudder—he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly; so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed, also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands, and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more broken; "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp, reeking earth, the only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. There he lies, my father's son, my own twin brother, a victim to this deadly poison. Father!" she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered:

"No, no, my child; no!"

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed in a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement, and instantaneously every wine glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying, "Let no friend hereafter who loves me tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste the poison cup. And he to whom I have given my hand, who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve."

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, were her answer. The

judge left the room, and when, an hour after, he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he had determined to banish the enemy forever from his princely home.—“Touching Incidents and Remarkable Answers to Prayer.”

THE OLD TEMPERANCE LECTURER.

I shall never forget the commencement of the temperance reformation. I was a child at the time, of some ten years of age. Our home had every comfort, and my kind parents idolized me, their only child. Wine was often on the table, and both my father and mother gave it to me in the bottom of the morning glass.

On Sunday, at church, a startling announcement was made to our people. I knew nothing of its purport, but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor said that on the next evening there would be a meeting and an address on the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic liquors. He expressed himself ignorant of the meeting, and could not say what course it would be best to pursue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came up at our table after service, and I questioned my father about it with all the curious earnestness of a child. The whispers and words which had been dropped in my hearing clothed the whole affair with great mystery to me, and I was all earnestness to learn the strange thing. My father merely said it was a scheme to unite the church and State.

I well remember how the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was coming off.

In the corner was the tavern-keeper, and around him a number of his friends. For an hour the people of the place continued to come in, till there was a fair household. All were curiously watching the door, and apparently wondering what would appear next. The parson stole in and took his seat behind a pillar in the gallery, as if doubtful of the propriety of being in the church at all.

Two men finally came in and went forward to the altar and took their seats. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a general stillness prevailed throughout the house.

The men were unlike in appearance, one being short, thick-set in his build, and the other tall and well formed. The younger had the manner

and dress of a clergyman, a full, round face, and a quiet, good-natured look as he leisurely looked around his audience.

But my childish interest was all in the old man. His broad, deep chest, and unusual height looked giant-like as he strode up the aisle. His hair was white, his brow deeply scarred with furrows, and around his handsome mouth, lines of calm and touching sadness. His eyes were black and restless, and kindled as the tavern-keeper uttered a low jest. His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush went and came over his pale cheek. One arm was off above the elbow, and there was a wide scar above his right eye.

The younger finally arose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there were a clergyman present to open with a prayer. Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short address; at the conclusion calling upon any one to make remarks. The pastor arose under the gallery and attacked the position of the speaker, using the arguments which I have often heard since, and concluded by denouncing those engaged in the movement as meddlesome fanatics who wished to break up the time-honored usages of good society and injure the business of respectable men. At the conclusion of his remarks the tavern-keeper and his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the strangers and their plan.

While the pastor was speaking the old man had leaned forward and fixed his dark eyes upon him, as if to catch every word.

As the pastor took his seat the old man arose—his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled the breath through his thin, dilated nostrils. To me, at that time, there was something awe-inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man as he stood, his eyes full upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the church.

He bent his gaze upon the tavern-keeper, and that peculiar eye lingered and kindled for half a moment. The scar grew red upon his forehead, and beneath the heavy brows his eyes glittered and glowed like a serpent's; the tavern-keeper quailed before that searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze. In a moment more he seemed lost in thought, and then, in a low and tremulous tone, he commenced.

There was a depth in that voice, a thrilling sweetness and pathos, which riveted every heart in the church before the first period had been

rounded. My father's attention had become fixed upon the eyes of the speaker with an interest I had never before seen him exhibit. I can but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said, though the scene is as vivid before me as any I have ever witnessed.

"My friends! I am a stranger in your village, and I trust I may call you friends. A new star has arisen, and there is hope in the dark night that hangs like a pall of gloom over our country."

With a thrilling depth of voice the speaker continued: "Oh, God, Thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of earth's frail children, I thank thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted up on which a drunkard can look and be healed. That beacon has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him, which shall guide back to honor and heaven the bruised and weary wanderer."

It is strange what power there is in some voices in every tone, and, before I knew why, a tear dropped on my hand, followed by others, like rain-drops. The old man brushed one from his eye, and continued:

"Men and Christians, you have just heard that I am a vagrant and fanatic. I am not. As God knows my own sad heart, I came here just to do good. Hear me and be just.

"I am an old man standing alone at the end of life's journey. There is a deep sorrow in my heart and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark, beaconless ocean, and all life's brightest hopes have been wrecked. I am without friends, home or kindred on earth, and look with longing to the rest of the night of death. Without friends, kindred or home! I was not once so."

No one could stand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye, and I no longer felt ashamed of my own.

"No, my friends, it was not once so. Away over the dark waves which have wrecked hopes, there is a blessed light of happiness and home. I reach again convulsively for the shrines of household idols that once were mine; now mine no more."

The old man seemed looking away through vacancy upon some bright vision, his lips apart and his finger extended. I involuntarily turned in the direction in which it was pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by its magic moving.

"I once had a mother. With her old heart crushed with sorrow she went down to the grave. I once had a wife—as fair angel-hearted

creature as ever smiles in an earthly home. Her eye was as mild as a summer's sky, and her heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her blue eyes grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away their brightness, and the living heart was wrung till every fibre was broken. I once had a noble, a bright and beautiful boy, but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know if he yet lives. I once had a babe, a sweet, tender blossom; but those hands destroyed it, and it lives with One who loveth children.

"Do not be startled, friends—I am not a murderer in the common acceptance of the term. Yet there is a light in my evening sky. A spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles upon him who turns back to virtue and honor. The angel child visits me at nightfall, and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny palm upon my feverish cheek. My brave boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment which sent him into the world, and the blow that lamed him for life. God forgive me for the ruin which I brought upon myself and mine."

He again wiped a tear from his eyes. My father watched with a strange intensity, and a countenance unusually pale and excited by some strong emotion.

"I was once a fanatic and madly followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness and home to the accursed demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I wronged so deeply.

"I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence, I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw her cheek pale, and her step grow weary. I left her alone at the wreck of her home idols and rioted at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and the children often went hungry for bread.

"One New Year night I returned late to the hut where charity had given us a roof. She was still up, shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her sad eyes upon me, the tears falling fast over her pale cheek.

"At this moment the child in the cradle awoke and set up a famished wail, startling the despairing mother like a serpent's sting.

"'We have no food, James—have had none for two days. I have nothing for the baby. My once kind husband, must we starve?'

"That sad, pleading face, and those streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child maddened me, and I, yes, I—struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell forward upon the earth. The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deep intensity, as I felt I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped down as well as I could in my drunken state and clinched both hands in her hair.

"'God have mercy,' exclaimed my wife, as she looked up in my fiendish countenance; 'you will not kill us, you will not harm Willie,' as she sprang to the cradle and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair, and dragged her to the door, and as I lifted the latch the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend I still dragged her on, and hauled her out in the darkness and the storm. With a loud Ha! Ha! I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingled with the wail of the blast and the sharp cry of her babe. But my work was not complete. I turned to the little bed where lay my oldest son, and snatched him from his slumbers, and, against his half-awakened struggles, opened the door and threw him out. In an agony of fear he called me by a name I was not longer fit to bear, and locked his little fingers in my side-pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and, with the coolness of a devil I was, I shut the door upon his arm, and with my knife severed the wrist!"

The speaker ceased a moment and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had risen from his seat and was leaning forward his countenance bloodless, and the large drops standing out upon his brow. Chills crept back to my heart, and I wished that I was at home. The old man looked up, and I have never since beheld such mortal agony pictured upon a human face as there was on his.

"It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water and then I looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I first missed her, a shadow sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought I had dreamed a fearful dream, but involuntarily opened the door with a shuddering dread.

"As the door opened the snow burst in, followed by a fall of something across the threshold, scattering the cold snow and striking the floor with a hard, sharp sound. My blood shot like red-hot arrows through

my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the sight. It was—oh, God, how horrible!—it was my own injured Mary and her babe, frozen to ice. The ever true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it, and had wrapped all her own clothing around it, leaving her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost was white in its half-open eyes and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy.”

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all that were in the house wept with him. In tones of low, broken-hearted pathos, the old man concluded:

“I was arrested, and for long months I raved in delirium. I awoke, and was sentenced to prison for ten years, but no tortures could equal those endured in my own bosom. Oh, God, no! I am not a fanatic; I wish to injure no one. But, while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been such a dark and fearful one to me. I would see my angel wife and children beyond this vale of tears.”

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strange as that wrought by some wizard's breath rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, and tears to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him as he hesitated a moment with his pen in the ink; a tear fell from the old man's eyes upon the paper.

“Sign it, young man, sign it. Angels would sign it. I would write my name ten thousand times in blood if it would bring back my loved ones.”

My father wrote “Mortimer Hudson.”

The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flashed with red and a death-like paleness.

“It is—no, it cannot be; yet how strange,” muttered the old man. “Pardon me, sir; but that is the name of my own brave boy.”

My father trembled and held up his left arm, from which the hand had been severed. They looked for a moment into each other's eyes, both reeled and gasped:

“My own injured boy!”

“My father!”

They fell upon each other till it seemed their souls would grow and

mingle into one. There was weeping in that church, and I turned bewildered upon the streaming faces around me.

"My boy!" exclaimed the old man, and kneeling down he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was broken, and all eagerly signed the pledge, slowly going to their homes, as if loath to leave the spot.

The old man is dead, but the lesson he taught his grandchild on his knee as the evening sun went down without a cloud will never be forgotten.—Selected by Kentucky Patriot.

THE VOICE OF THE TRUMPET.

David might have turned and twisted restlessly on his bed, but he could not. There had been a time—not long since—when his mother had plentifully teased him for the tangle of bed clothes that bore daily witness to the dream-flings of healthy young limbs. Now they tossed no more. For the only son of his widowed mother, forever a helpless cripple by one of those strange providences which we misname accidents, lay quiet day after day, only the restless head and arms able to give expression to inward disquiet.

It was a glorious summer morning—that perfect early summer time before the full ripening that precedes fall's change and decay had fully set in. The small windows of the upper chamber where the young man lay admitted gentle drifts of the fragrant air. A Bible lay under his hand, but his eyes glanced, now yearningly across the fields to the mill district in the valley, now with still greater yearning toward a burnished object which threw out miniature sunrays from its place upon the wall.

"Thinking, Davie boy?" His mother made one of her many brief visits to the chamber where the lad lay, dropping her work oftener than was profitable to their common purse. "We must have you brought downstairs on all these warm summer days." She stood a moment looking at him, and then, with a quick movement, took down from its hook on the wall the cornet that hung there. "David!" she said earnestly, "I believe—it has just come to me—that God has still some use for your talent. Here, dear, try!"

She blew imaginary specks of dust from the gleaming curves and placed the precious instrument in his hands. You did not work a whole

summer's evenings in the neighbors' gardens to buy that, and then work all winter out of hours and in sleeping hours to get lessons, for **nothing**. I know it, son! God never does contrary things. You gave Him your love of music, dear, and gave Him your lips and your life. And He accepted them. You know, sometimes a mother is a prophet in Israel. Use your talent, Davie. You do not absolutely need legs for playing."

It takes courage to be courageous. David McNair was naturally brave. If he seemed to have given up the struggle to be somebody worth while for the Master's sake, it was but a pause in the battle—a pause while he studied the change of base and adjusted himself to the new opposition, the new difficulties to be overcome by spirit, since he could hardly work through the flesh much any more forever, so great a part of the human frame of him being partially dead. The spirit of the brave little woman infused itself through his spirit. He put the horn to his lips, and, after a false note or two, there rang out in the little room and on out into the quiet valley beyond the cottage windows the opening bars of "The King's Business." It was that hymn David had played when for the first time in public he spoke for his Master "by the voice of the trumpet," and the voice of the silver trumpet spoke the keynote of his life:

This is the message that I bring,
A message angels fain would sing:
"O be ye reconciled," thus saith my Lord and King!
"O be ye reconciled to God!"

"Man! But that's a sound for sick ears!" spoke a man's voice at the bedroom door as the cornet-voice faltered and broke, and David, wearily—for he did not gain strength lying day after day—dropped the instrument beside him. "Play on, lad! Ye've no need to be standin' on end when ye can send yer voice to the ends of the earth that way!"

"That's just what I've been telling him," said Mrs. McNair. "You'll sit with him awhile, Tom? I've to go to the village after some groceries. It's lonesome up here for him—we'll be having him down in a day or two, or soon as I can get the little east room fixed up for him."

"Man! I'd lie down in yer stead," said Tom Thompson, putting his old hat under a chair and sitting down close to the bed, "if it was given me. The drink devil couldn't beat me then! And you'd be out with the Army telling the good news with your silver mouth."

Tom Thompson was the village man of all trades, whose chiefest

trade was trading off his manhood and his earnings for drink. Time and again had the Salvation Army lads and lassies tried to lead the poor, habit-wrecked man to the sure rock of salvation in Christ Jesus, but always temptation conquered the new resolve—resolves made and endeavored to be kept in human strength. David alone, whose “silver mouth” exercised something akin to a spell over poor Thompson, had still strong faith that some day Tom would be saved. Since the “accident” that had lain him aside, paralyzed for life, one of his great sorrows was that no more could he follow the poor victim to the haunts of the drink-fiend and draw him home to wife and children, sometimes by persuasion, sometimes by friendly force, according to the degree of inebriety attained.

“Play some more, Davie, boy! Play you ‘King’s Business,’ ” begged Tom, who was a passionate music lover, and who, in those golden days when he courted his sweetheart with lips and hands that were not shaking with alcoholic disease, had been no mean player upon an instrument of his own.

The flush of a new interest in the monotonous day mantled David McNair’s pale cheeks. Putting the cornet to his lips, he played a few bars, when Tom interrupted him.

“Wait a bit—I’ve an idea! Would it hurt you if I moved the bed? It’s most noon—the whistles’ll blow in a minute. If you play out of the window, the wind’s right and the men’ll hear when they come out of the mills. There! Now play, lad, and God bless ye!”

David played, and the wind was right, and the clear notes floated away and away to the not-distant mill district just as the operatives poured out of the doors.

“What’s that?” said one man to another as they turned their steps hastily toward the nearest saloon for the noonday pails of beer.

“It’s David McNair’s horn, or his ghost a-playin’ it. Listen!

“My home is brighter far
Than Sharon’s rosy plain,”

hummed the speaker, not thinking how drink was despoiling the earthly home it was his to make fair by a clean manhood while he stayed below.

“It’s Davie for sure. God bless the poor lad! Aw, come on, boys, let’s cut out the beer today, for his sake! It’s often he’s told us it would do us harm. Maybe he’s right and maybe he ain’t. Anyhow, it never

did him no harm to let it alone. Let's cheat Al Bozeman out of his nickels today!"



*Courtesy
New York Weekly Witness*

"David played,
and the wind was right"

"An' gie them to David?" half sneered another.

"Well, why not? He can't look to the drum-head any more, poor

fellow, and his mother's a widow. Why not, boys? Let's do it today. It's a decent thought."

The speaker, big Ross Roland, sprang to an upturned barrel as he spoke, and in two minutes more had arrested the attention and the steps of most of the stream of men setting toward Al Bozeman and other dispensers of the glass that does not cheer. It took but a few clear sentences to make the project plain. "Tooting Davie," as they had called him in other days, was a real object of admiration to the men of the mills. His stalwart profession for Christ, backed up by genuine manly brotherliness to every man he met, was something none of them could heartily laugh at or deny, so plainly sincere was it.

As the cornet-voice again took up the strain of the hymn they knew so well by the oft-singing of the Army, someone started to sing. The bartenders scowled, if they did not do worse, as a chorus of men's voices surged out upon the noontide:

I am a stranger here, within a foreign land,
My home is far away upon a golden strand;
Ambassador to be of realms beyond the sea,
I'm here on business for my King.

The men needed no conductor. The up-sweep of a noble thought bore them on. They kept time to an impulse from the Spirit of Love. Someone jingled a handful of coppers in a pail. A willing hand caught it up and it passed from hand to hand. The chorus of the hymn swelled grandly, and had the wind set from the singers David could have heard. The "silver offering" dropped, not on the Army drum-head, but into the lunch pail, where beer would have been that hour but for a young man's breath of courage.

Mrs. McNair spoke but shaken thanks to the man who brought to the cottage door that evening, tied in a clean cotton handkerchief, the double handful of coins "for the lad."

"Tain't much, missus, but—he'd better have it than Al Bozeman. Just tell him it's from the men at the mills. We heard him this noon—and it done us no harm."

It is not part of this story to dwell upon the fact that the mother of David McNair had been wondering only that morning if it would be wrong to pray for money to put into some paint and wall paper for the little east room off the kitchen, where her boy would be moved in a few

days. And this offering coming unexpectedly — was it wrong to think it was an answer to the half-framed prayer?

Two or three days later a delegation of his Salvation Army comrades called upon the invalid. They did not leave him long without some attention. But the King's business for the salvation of souls called them out on long days' endeavors, and there were those who more desperately needed their ministry than this Christian soldier, laid by from active service, but never out of the keeping care and conscious presence of his Captain.

They told him the story of that meeting of the men as it had been told to them. They had come to unfold a plan that had grown out of the incident.

"We have been to see the doctor. We have talked with your mother. Now we have come to you. As long as you can talk through the cornet the way you talked to the men the other day, at a distance, you can still do business for the King, but at closer range, Davie. We have prayed about it, and the Lord led us to talk to some of the bosses at the mills. If you can stand it — and the doctor says it may add years to your life — would you be willing to be carried across to the mills once or twice a week at noon and play for the men? We have been wanting to begin a noon work there for several years, but the way never opened up before. The saloons are doing a deadly work — we think now we can begin a work of salvation."

David lay very still. Many thoughts crowded his quick brain. No touch of paralysis, physical or spiritual, lay there, and the golden thread that bound his thoughts into one strong, living purpose was — the King's business. If he might but be about that!

"I seem to have little to do about it, boys! How do you propose to carry me?"

"John McDonough, the richest stockholder, said if you'd consent, the company would buy you the easiest adjustable stretcher-chair that money can buy. You could be propped up as much or as little as you can bear. You can manage it with your own hands, or you can be wheeled or carried. Do it?"

"I'll do it!" he said, softly, with shining eyes, reaching his hand up to the bed-head, where stood his mother, too moved to speak what was in her heart. "You are a prophet, mother!"

It was a wonderful summer and fall for more than one man in the

Golden Wheat Valley, where the great mills ground their snowy grist day and night for the feeding of the millions. The bosses said the best investment the company had ever made was the money put into David McNair's wheel chair, and the best "backing" they had ever done was the countenance they had lent to the work of the Army for the men. Drink worked less havoc among the "hands." They were worth more and needed less suspicious supervision. The noon meetings were an unprecedented success. They went beyond the supervision of the Army, and became the interest of every Christian in the community. The three churches fell into line, and people came from distant homes to hear the "silver mouth" of a crippled lad and the Gospel message voiced by earnest speakers to the great audience of men, who rang it back in their hearty singing of Gospel songs led by the "silver mouth."

The very abuse poured out upon the whole scheme by the saloons was perhaps the best gauge of the good that was being done. Not that they lost all or even most of their custom. The evil habits of life are not so soon nor so easily broken. But scores of men turned their feet away from the fatal thresholds for the noon hour at least; many mere boys who had not yet begun the downward path were withheld by the holy influences of that summer's work; and not a few souls were led to reconciliation with the God of their salvation and because true soldiers of the Captain, Christ Jesus.

But all summer long it went hard with Tom Thompson. The very tug of the noon meetings seemed by some reversal of influence to impel him to deeper depths of indulgence. He loved David McNair almost as dearly as he loved wife and children; for it must never be said the drunkard does not love. This man loved the "silver mouth" as passionately as ever, but went by roundabout ways to get beyond the range of its pure spell. There were always those who were glad to help him. Almost nothing did his drinks cost him that summer. He was good bait for Bozeman and his fellows to use to catch bigger game.

"I don't see how you can keep a-smilin', Mis' Thompson," said a neighbor, who suffered a similar affliction in her home, coming in to call one day.

"I could not if I looked at the outside things," Tom's wife made answer. "But there's a help inside. And that keeps me. Let me tell you what it is, Mrs. Carter. You need it, too, dear. I will read it to you right out of the Book, and then you will know I have it right."

From a stand near by she took an open Bible and read:

"'And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us; and if we know that He hears us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him.' I know that it is His will that my Tom should be saved, for He is 'not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.' So 'this is the confidence'—and confidence is not worry, Mrs. Carter—that I have in him; I have asked according to His will, and He has heard, and so I know that I have the petition, and am answered."

"Answered!" The caller pointed, almost with scorn, to the reeling man coming down the street—Tom Thompson, drunker even than common.

Mrs. Thompson paled, but the steady light in her eyes did not go out. "Though he slay me, yet I will trust Him!" she said. "Yes, dear, answered. The answer is laid up beside his promise. I must just do my part, whatever I find it to be, and wait His time and way. There's a time—for a rose to bloom," she went on, touching a delicate pink blossom that had climbed to the kitchen sill, "and a time for a soul to be born into the Kingdom. It is all right. My man has begun to be a Christian in the knowledge of God—just as the rose had begun to be before I ever saw the first shoot above the earth. For He is faithful who has promised me!"

The visitor slipped speechless away as the voice of drunken anger sounded close by. Her neighbor's faith was something to wonder at, but—!

* * * * *

The noon meeting was interrupted by the ruthless pushing through the crowd of twelve-year-old Charlie Thompson, making his way with frightened energy to the speaker's stand. David McNair was playing the closing strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and the packed audience was singing heartily. Straight to the wheel chair went the lad, and, when the last notes were done, spoke out:

"Mr. David, could you come down to our house—now? Pa's awful! Ma didn't say to come, but she's there alone, and pa says he'll kill her, and I know he said one time he never could do a mean thing when he heard you play, and—could you come now?"

"Sure, Charlie! Men, take me, quick! And, friends," he called back,

for already the stretcher chair was being borne away on the errand for the King, "stay and pray, all of you who can—pray as you have never known how to pray before."

With the silver cornet clasped tightly in his thin hands, and the promise of the Mighty One of Israel girding up his faith, David McNair, unable to walk a step, was hurried away.

No need here to describe in detail the scene that met David's eyes as he wheeled himself alone—for so he insisted on being left—into the little cottage kitchen. Reasonless, blind, insane, drunken anger had demolished the last traces of a home. The children were in hiding. But sitting opposite the poor victim of Hell's fire-water—well named!—was his wife, quiet, brave and strong in spirit, because in spirit she was communing with her Lord. And the sustaining word with her at the moment of David McNair's entrance was this: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them."

A flash of almost incredible joy transfigured the woman's face when she saw what help had come. She did not know of her child's errand. But if she had she would still have felt that it was the help of God that had come to her in that supreme hour. Never before had the drunkard threatened her life. Now he had come home with a weapon of death in his hands, and had bade her sit still if she would live another hour. She knew where her children hid upstairs, and for their sakes she stayed.

"Well, friends," said David, pushing his chair well inside of the disordered room, "I've come to play you a tune—an old favorite. Tom! Listen!" And without a moment's delay the silver strains of "The King's Business" throbbed softly through the little room, belying the wreckage of love's careful handiwork. The woman covered her face. The man's right hand lost its grip upon the deadly weapon which he had secured from a comrade at the saloon, and dropped harmless at his side. Charlie ventured to tiptoe to the side of the wheel chair—with a feeling in his boy's heart that he would stay by mother and his friend whatever happened.

This is the King's command,
That all men everywhere
Repent and turn away
From sin's seductive snare;
That all who will obey
With Him shall reign for aye,
And that's my business for my King!

Tears—they fell from drunken eyes, but they were not maudlin

tears this time—ran over the flushed cheeks of the man at the table. David paused at the close of the melody, wheeled close to Tom's side, between husband and wife, and quietly taking possession of the weapon of murder, laid it among his cushions. Then he played again, the music breathing softly—as softly as a bird's evensong:

My home is brighter far
Than Sharon's rosy plain,
Eternal light and joy
Throughout its vast domain;
My Sovereign bids me tell
How mortals there may dwell,
And that's my business for my King!

The cornet could not speak the words, but the heart of David sang them as he played, and the spirit of them was potent.

"Davie, lad!" Tom Thompson stood upon his feet. Scarce knowing that she did so, the wife stood, too.

"Aye, Tom, poor boy, what is it? Shall I play again?"

"Play!—Pray! * * * God be merciful * * * a sinner!" and partly of his own accord, partly fallen because he could not stand, Tom Thompson fell prone at the feet of the young man.

David prayed. His hands were unable to reach the head that lay across his own helpless limbs, but the hands of his faith took hold on the strength of the faith-honoring King who can do in human souls what they cannot do for themselves or another. The comrades outside, praying men, came in and knelt beside. The wife bowed with her husband. The little children came wide-eyed from their hiding places. And sobering came: for He who can still a sea with a word can arrest the tide of drunkenness in mind and body with the same word of His power. Came repentance; came forgiveness; came the washing of regeneration by faith in Him whose blood was shed for such as these; came peace; came the dawn of a new manhood, after tears of true sorrow had done their honest work.

It was almost sunset when the little company broke up. His friends were about to turn David's chair—for he was now too exhausted to help himself—to the door, when he held up his hand and stopped them.

"I think I had better tell you all," he said, a curious tremor in his voice, "that Tom here is not the only one who has seen victory in his soul this afternoon. Reconciliation has come to me, too! Oh, yes, I needed it, dear friends. It has been hard"—he dropped his voice almost

to a whisper—"hard, so hard, to be entirely reconciled about—this," and he laid his hands upon his helpless limbs. "But I saw a vision this afternoon! I wish you would sing—I am too tired to play, I think—the chorus again; it is for me this time!"

They could not sing strong and clear at first, for their hearts were full. Mrs. Thompson could not sing at all. As the chorus filled the little kitchen where the setting sun-rays smiled upon the wreck that was the last wreck drink would ever make in that home, she held David's hands fast in hers and her husband clasped all in his.

This is the message that I bring,
A message angels fain would sing:
"O be ye reconciled!" thus saith my Lord and King,
"O be ye reconciled to God!"

David McNair, reconciled to his "accident," saw with glad vision that when God wills He can use a crippled boy as a sacred medium to bear the Gospel message of victory over sin to lost souls; a message angels fain would sing!—Ada Melville Shaw in Epworth Herald.

A THREE-FOLD VICTORY.

Clang! sounded the bell on the schoolmaster's desk at the close of the afternoon session of the village school, bringing the children instantly to their feet. The youthful students, eager for a welcome release, were ready to bound outwards as soon as they received the word of command. Little wonder they stood erect, with hands behind their backs, and as quiet as the trees adjoining the playground amidst the stillness of the early summer afternoon. They had been taught, to their sorrow, that the least infraction of the dominie's rules would bring swift punishment upon the head of the culprit. The silence was now intense, all the more since they longed for their liberty outside.

"Jamie Soutar will remain behind!" was the precipitous word of the dominie. It came with a suddenness to the "bully" of the school that made him tremble from head to foot. Already he had visions of the leather tawse that had calloused his hand, if not his heart.

One more touch of the bell and the children, with military precision, marched out, leaving Jamie Soutar face to face with the dominie.

Time had dealt kindly with Dominie Menzies, and his days were not vexed with the numerous intricacies of the present modern school board

laws and requirements. He was practically his own master. So long as he was able to measure up to the ideals of the parochial authorities he would be left undisturbed in his efforts to cultivate the minds of the youth of the parish.

The dominie had never married. Village gossips were right for once in their rumor that a love disappointment in his earlier days accounted for his bachelorhood. Locked up in the old man's heart were thoughts of happy times, long since past but not forgotten. Love to him was like smoke that rose from out of the sad past, with fumes of sighs for what might have been—to him and her.

"Jamie, come forward!" The lad obeyed. Still trembling, but now with growing confidence since he had seen the dominie lock the strap in the desk. Besides, the gentler tone in the master's speech unnerved him. He was prepared for a thrashing, but not for kind words. Even the whitened locks of the dominie that had been touched with the invisible fingers of rolling years, appealed to the lad as never before.

"Jamie, sit down," the master said, looking the boy in the eye as he took a seat in front of him. The whole proceedings were as mysterious to the "bully" as were the "Decrees of God," taught him in the Shorter Catechism. The first word, however, was like the proverbial straw in the stream, showing which way the tide was running.

"Jamie, I saw and heard some things that grieved me greatly on my way to school after the noon hour to-day. As you seemed to be the leader in the miserable affair, I have given you this opportunity to explain matters."

Jamie was clean trapped and fixed, as much as the hare he had trapped in his poaching expedition the night previous, and there was no way of escape. He could say nothing at first, and the silence that followed the dominie's words, spoken in tender tones, hurt him worse than the strap had ever done, which is saying a great deal.

"Have you nothing to say for yourself?" asked the dominie, now opening the desk and lifting from it the leather tawse.

"Weel, sir," he ventured to say, finding his voice at last. "We just called her 'Drunken Mag, the toon's hag.'"

"Jamie," said the master, replacing the strap in his desk and putting his hand kindly on the boy's head. "Jamie, suppose Margaret MacDonald had been your mother. Would you have called her by that name? Would you have permitted the other boys to have said the same?" The

dominie had pierced an unprotected part of the "bully's" armor, as he exclaimed with indignation in his eye—"I wadna hae stood it, sir!" And the clenched fist of the lad assured the master that he spoke the truth. Jamie was seeing things in a different light. The master was reaching the boy's heart, if by an unbeaten pathway.

"So! And what else did you say, Jamie?" he asked with an encouraging mood.

"We spiered at her what was the price o' a bawbee's worth o' shoe strings; what she had in her meal pock besides meal. You see, sir, she had just come oot o' the Bull Head public-house."

By this time the old schoolmaster had walked towards one of the windows and was looking out as if seeing something invisible. Jamie could not understand it at all. The proceedings were worse to him than the biggest licking he had ever received. Little wonder he longed for his liberty. Coming back and sitting down beside the lad once more, the dominie said: "Yes, Jamie, go on. What else did you say?"

"We cried oot:

'Drunken Mag lives alane,
Ayont the cauld Girdle Stane,
The drunken Hag will never marry,
Because she jilted poor Harry.'"

Had this effusion been directed towards another subject or object the old master might have seen some humor in this juvenile doggerel. As it was, the old man only looked sad, while Jamie felt burdened with a load of shame. He could not get out of his mind the master's question—"Suppose Margaret McDonald was your mother?" Besides, he had never before heard anyone call the unfortunate woman "Margaret," while her last name had been unknown to him until that hour.

"And so you said something to her about 'marriage', did you not? And what did she say in reply, Jamie?"

"She said, sir, that 'while some folk ca' her daft; she wasna sae daft as tae marry.' Then she ran after us, staggering like, and chased us tae the school."

"And that was your 'fun,' Jamie?"

"I'll never dae it again, sir," the lad cried, as the tears coursed down his face. He was thinking about his mother.

The dominie arose once more and walked toward his desk. Unlocking it, he took from it the formidable leather tawse. Jamie knew his time had come once more. He didn't care. He felt he deserved all that was

coming to him, and was fully prepared for the worst that might happen. "Stand up, Jamie!" Instantly the boy was upon his feet. Intuitively



*Courtesy
Sabbath Reading*

"Lick me as sair as ye want to."

he held out his hand for the deserved and expected punishment. But Jamie's surprise merely deepened, for there was neither rage in the master's speech nor fire in his eye.

"Jamie," the dominie said at last, "you see what I have in my hand?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, without a tremor now. The "bully" had seen the strap often and felt it, too. The tawse and Jamie were near related.

"You can have your choice, Soutar—either the biggest thrashing I've ever given you, or off to the hovel beyond the Girdle Stone and tell Margaret how sorry you are for your day's work, promising her never to do it again—which, Soutar?"

"Baith, sir," replied the lad, with bowed head.

"What do you mean by 'both'?"

"Just that, sir. Lick me as sair as ye want to. I'll gang toe the Girdle Stane, tae! Ye are richt, Maister Menzies; what if Mag had been my ain mither?"

The master had won a double victory; not only was he much greater than he who takes a city, in that he had ruled his own spirit, but he had won the lad's heart. There were two, instead of one, engaged from that hour in the work of transforming a poor outcast from society.

"Go, Jamie, and heaven help you," were the parting words of the old schoolmaster.

It was a long and lonely walk for the lad. Far past his own home he went. Careless now of rabbits bounding across the path, or of birds flying from their nest, because of his near approach. Even the song of the lark and the hum of insects were as nothing to him. "What if Mag had been his own mither?"

Having passed the Girdle Stone—a barren rock seen for quite a distance, and known by that name to all in the Scottish village—Jamie Soutar drew near to the tumble-down cottage known as "hame" to drunken Mag—the only name she was known by to all save two persons now. With a new-born courage the lad approached the door that stood ajar. He knocked, at first gently, but with no response. Then with a much louder sound, until he heard the voice not unknown to him. "Wha's there?" she said.

"It's me," responded Jamie bravely.

"An' wha are ye?"

"Jamie Soutar wants tae speak tae ye." And then he heard a noise that made him breathless for a second. Sure enough, Mag bounded towards the door like a wild tigress. She had recognized the voice of an old tormentor. The time of her vengeance had come. Grabbing him by the hair she fairly shrieked with glee.

"I've got ye noo, Janie Soutar. Certa, but ye'll get mair than is comin' tae ye!" And Jamie saw stars in the day-time. His punishment was most severe. Panting hard, she tried to make of the lad what she had threatened to do—a "dish-cloot"—out of him. When she had finished, because of a lack of strength, Jamie found an opportunity to say "Margaret MacDonald." It proved the "Open Sesame" to her mind and called for a truce. There was only another who knew her full name in all the region round about. How did the boy know?

"Tell me quick, ye scoundrel, hoo ye ken my name, or I'll lick ye mair!"

"The dominie!" was all he said. Mag sobered down at once. There was a charm to her about the name that made her still as the leaves of the trees outside. She was another woman.

"Come inside," she said. But Jamie was unable to get up. The thrashing had been too much for him; besides, the blood that trickled from his nose made him a sorry object to look upon.

The faint spark of womanly feeling had been now ranned into a small flame of pity, as she helped Jamie to get on his feet, for she had done her work of vengeance well.

Come inside, laddie. I'll wash your face for ye. I'll 'mask' a cuppie o' tea for ye and ye'll sune be a' right."

When her mad work had been undone by these tender and welcome ministries, Mag said, "Hoo did the dominie tell ye my name?" And it was given to the erstwhile "bully" to relate his experiences with the schoolmaster that afternoon. But her exclamation and interjections about her "Johnnie" of the long ago were as mysterious to the boy as the depths of the sea.

"Margaret MacDonald," said Soutar, as he rose to go, having made a free and glad confession of his many sins against her, "the first bairn wha calls ye names in my hearing again gets thrashed, if I hae tae gang tae jail for it. But dinna gang tae the 'Bull's Head' ony mair, Margaret; keep yer bawbees tae yersel'."

That night was quiet and still; the stars peeped out one by one, no unwelcome moon shed a radiance over the path she knew so well that led to the dominie's lodgings. For once the "Bull's Head" public-house seemed to have no attraction for her. She drew near with stealthy step and slow, until she took up her position by the window of the dominie's room, which had been left open at the foot. She could see him now,

although he was not aware of her presence. His head was covered with his hands as his elbows rested on the table. At length he fell on his knees and spoke in familiar tones to his Unseen Friend.

"O Lord," he said, with power and passion, "convert her from the error of her ways before it be too late. Polish her, as a bright jewel for the king's crown. Amen."

As he rose from his knees he was conscious of a tapping at the window pane outside. Walking towards the window, still open, he looked out and said, "Who's there?" "John, come oot!" was all he heard, but it was enough.

Outside they met and talked. The conversation was not long but effectual.

"John," she said, "I heard ye pray. So did God. I've heard ye often, though ye didna ken it. Mony a nicht I've crept up here and heard ye pray for me, and ye hae kept me frae suiside. John, ye hae kept me oot o' hell."

"Margaret, I have not forgotten the time when ye were a bonnie Highland lassie, as pure as the lily in the dell. We will not speak about the dark past and what might have been. Margaret, a Greater says: 'Sin no more.' I'm not long for this world. If you mean it, there is something in the bank for you when I am dead and gone. And, Margaret, if you can spare it, help Jamie Soutar. He is a likely lad, and I would like to see him through Edinburg University. Just another word, Margaret, keep a flower in Blossom at my headstone. Good-bye, Margaret."

She was as good as her word in after days. The marks of sin were hard to remove from her wrinkled face, but she lived a "white" life, in better surroundings; neither did she forget Jamie Soutar, although he could never understand it all perfectly. By the prayers of Dominie Menzies, the kindly feelings of Jamie Soutar, plus the grace of God, Margaret MacDonald was transformed by the renewing of her mind and heart.—Rev. Wm. T. Dorward in *Scottish American*.

AN ANGEL IN A SALOON.

One afternoon in the month of June, —, a lady in deep mourning, and followed by a child, entered one of the fashionable saloons in the city of N—. The writer happened to be passing at the time, and,

impelled by curiosity, followed her in to see what would ensue. Stepping up to the bar and addressing the proprietor, who happened to be present, she said:

"Sir, can you assist me? I have no home, no friends, and am unable to work."

He glanced at her, and then at the child, with a mingled look of curiosity and pity. Evidently he was somewhat surprised to see a woman in such a place begging, but, without asking any questions, gave her some change; then turning to those present, he said:

"Gentlemen, here is a lady in distress. Can't some of you assist her a little?" They all cheerfully acceded to this request, and soon a purse of two dollars was raised and put in her hand.

"Madam," said the gentleman who gave her the money, "why do you come to a saloon? It isn't a very proper place for a lady, and why are you driven to such a step?"

"Sir, I know it isn't a proper place for me to be in, and you ask why I am driven to such a step. I will tell you in one short word," pointing to a bottle behind the door labeled "Whiskey," "that is what has driven me to this—Whiskey. I was once happy and surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could procure, with a fond and indulgent husband. But in an evil hour he was tempted, and not possessing the will to resist that temptation, fell, and in one short year my dream of happiness was over, my home forever broken and desolated, and the kind husband and the wealth some called mine, lost, lost, never to return; and all by the accursed wine-cup.

"You see before you only a wreck of my former self, homeless and friendless, with nothing left me in this world but this little child." And weeping bitterly, she affectionately caressed the golden curls that shaded a face of exquisite loveliness. Regaining her composure, and turning to the proprietor, she continued:

"Sir, the reason I occasionally enter a place like this, is to implore those who deal in the deadly poison to desist, to stop a business that spreads desolation, ruin, poverty and starvation. Think one moment of your own loved ones, and then imagine them in the situation I am in. I appeal to your better nature, I appeal to your heart, for I know you possess a kind one, to retire from a business so ruinous to your patrons.

"Did you know that the money you receive across this bar is the same as taking the bread from out of the mouths of the famished wives

and children of your customers? That it strips the clothes from their backs, deprives them of all the comforts of life, and throws unhappiness, misery, crime, and desolation into their once happy homes? Oh! sir, I implore, beseech, and pray you to retire from a business you blush to own you are engaged in before your fellow-men, and enter one that will not only be profitable to yourself, but to your fellow-creatures also. You will excuse me if I have spoken too plainly, but I could not help it when I thought of the misery and unhappiness it has caused me."

"Madam, I am not offended," he answered in a voice tremulous with emotion, "but thank you from my heart for what you have said."

"Mamma," said the child—who in the meantime had been spoken to by some of the gentlemen present—taking hold of her mother's hand, "these gentlemen wish me to sing 'Little Bessie' for them. Shall I do so?"

"Yes, darling, if they wish you to."

They all joined in the request, and placing her in a chair, she sang in a sweet, childish voice the following beautiful song:

Out in the gloomy night sadly I roam,
I have no mother dear, no pleasant home;
No one cares for me, no one would cry,
Even if poor little Bessie would die.
Weary and tired, I've been wandering all day,
Asking for work, but I'm too small, they say;
On the damp ground I must lay my head,
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead!

We were so happy till father drank rum,
Then all our sorrow and trouble begun;
Mother grew pale and wept every day,
Baby and I were too hungry to play;
Slowly they faded, till one summer night
Found their dead faces all silent and white;
Then with big tears slowly dropping, I said,
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead!

Oh! if the temperance men would only find
Poor wretched father, and talk very kind;
If they would stop him from drinking, why then,
I should be so very happy again!
Is it too late, temperance men? Please try,
Or poor little Bessie must soon starve and die,
All the day long I've been begging for bread,
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead!

The games of billiards were left unfinished, the cards were thrown aside upon the counter; all had pressed near, some with curiosity, some

with sadness, and some with pity beaming from their eyes, entranced with the musical voice and beauty of the child, who seemed to be better fitted to be with angels above than in such a place.

The scene I shall never forget to my dying day, and the sweet cadence of her musical voice still rings in my ears, and every word of the song, as it dropped from her lips, sank deep in the hearts of all those around her.

With her golden hair falling carelessly around her little shoulders, her face of almost ethereal beauty, looking so trustingly and confidingly upon the men around, her beautiful blue eyes illuminated with a light that seemed not of earth, she formed a picture of purity and innocence worthy the genius of a poet or painter.

At the close of the song many were weeping; men who had not shed a tear for years now wept like children. One young man who had resisted with scorn the pleadings of a loving mother and the entreaties of friends to strive to lead a better life, to desist from a course that was wasting his fortune and ruining his health, now approached the child, and taking both her hands in his, while tears streamed down his pale cheeks, exclaimed with deep emotion:

"God bless you, my little angel! You have saved me from ruin and disgrace, from poverty and a drunkard's grave. If there ever were angels on earth, you are one. God bless you. God bless you!" And putting a bill in the hand of the mother, said, "Please accept this trifle as a token of my regard and esteem, for your little girl has done me a kindness no wealth can ever repay. And remember, whenever you are in want, you will find in me a true friend," at the same time giving her his name and address.

Taking her child by the hand, she turned to go, but, pausing at the door, said:

"God bless you, gentlemen! Accept the heartfelt thanks of a poor, friendless woman for the kindness and courtesy you have shown her." Before any could reply, she was gone.

A silence of several minutes ensued, which was at last broken by the proprietor, who exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, that lady is right, and I have sold my last glass of whiskey; if any of you want more, you will have to go elsewhere."

"And I have drunk my last glass of whiskey," said a young man who had long been given up as utterly beyond the reach of those who

had deep interest in his welfare, thinking that he had sank too low to reform. "There is a temperance organization in this city, and at the next meeting I shall send up my name to be admitted. Who will go with me?"

"I—I—I—I—I, and I!" several exclaimed in a chorus, and fifteen names were added to his.

True to his word, the owner of the saloon where this strange scene was enacted disposed of his entire stock the next day, and is now engaged in an honorable business.

Would to heaven that lady with her little one could have gone into every hamlet, town and city throughout our country, and met with like results.—A True Incident in Temperance Truths.

CAPTAIN NED AND THE DRAGON.

"And the dragon ravaged the land until none were safe," read Aunt Kate to Captain Ned, as he lay snuggled comfortably under blankets on the couch, sick with a cold. "It snatched strong men as they went to their work. Then came a band of brave knights, the flower of the nation, and guarded all the highways where the men must pass."

"O my," interrupted Ned with a sigh, "It must have been splendid living in those days—with dragons and things to fight."

"And you really don't think, Ned Baxter, that the dragons are all dead?" asked a voice from the dormer window, as the curtains parted and showed the face of Uncle Rob, just home from college. "Don't you believe it; the woods are full of them. I know a frightful one in this very neighborhood."

Ned turned toward his uncle a face like unto an animated question mark.

"Yes, sir, in this very neighborhood," continued Uncle Rob. "Every year it snatches away strong men from their families, and crushes the life out of them, or cripples them or takes away their senses. St. George's dragon isn't in it with this one. There is need of whole armies of brave knights to fight it."

Ned's eyes were big with wonder.

"Look quick. There goes one of the dragon's victims down the street this minute," said Uncle Robert.

Ned threw the blankets quite off and sat bolt upright to look out

of the window back of the couch. But all he saw was Jim Wilkins staggering home.

"O, Uncle Rob, then you don't mean a real dragon, but something like the saloon—something that makes men drink whisky and things?" he asked.

"Exactly; but it's a much more real dragon than the one in the story book."

"But what could soldiers—or knights—do with that kind of a dragon?" asked Ned curiously.

"H'm," mused Uncle Rob thoughtfully, "Thinking of the Light Brigade, Cap'n?"

Ned blushed. A number of Ned's friends and companions had banded themselves together under the name of "The Light Brigade," and every afternoon after school faithfully drilled in the yard back of Ned's house.

Uncle Rob thought a minute before he answered his nephew. Then he said seriously: "Ned, I believe there is a way that your Light Brigade could do real service in saving men from this dragon." After that they had a long talk about it, which gave Captain Ned much to think about.

One Saturday a week or more after the talk, Ned overheard Mrs. O'Flaherty, as she scrubbed the kitchen floor, telling his mother, "Yes, ma'am, Mike, he's thrying to do better; but it's awful weak he is, and he's a lot worse since he came back from the war in Cuby. Still he'd keep straight, Mike would, if 'twasn't for that awful trip past Whisky Row every Saturday night, when he's jest got his pay from the factory. I'm just goin' to pray every blissid minute this day, ma'am, that something'll get him past that place to-night."

"That's a dragon case, sure," thought Ned.

That night when the factory whistle blew for closing, the Light Brigade, with Captain Ned at its head, keeping time to the rat-a-tat-tat of Ben Brown's drum, and the martial airs that Ned Jenkins played on his small fife, marched up to the entrance of the factory and halted. Captain Ned's eyes searched for the sandy hair of Mrs. O'Flaherty's Mike. When he found him, he approached with a real soldierly salute: "Mr. Michael O'Flaherty, I believe. I came to see if you'd give us boys a bit of advice about military tactics, knowing you were in the Spanish-American war. If we could just march along beside you on your way

home, while you tell us, so as not to take your time, we'd be awful grateful."

Mike's ruddy face flushed with pleasure, and he willingly promised. Thus it happened that the regular Saturday night customer of the saloons forgot to stop and take the fateful "first" drink. It was easy for Captain Ned to suggest that the experiment be repeated, and thus it became the regular thing for the little company to escort veteran



Courtesy Union Signal

The March of the Light Brigade.

O'Flaherty home each Saturday night. Under Uncle Rob's wise advice, other ways of cheating the dragon of victims was discovered; as well, but that is another story.

One afternoon Ned's Aunt Kate interrupted the drill to present the boys with a beautiful banner upon which appeared the prostrate figure of a dragon, by the side of which stood a knight, his foot upon the creature's neck.

"Say, boys," said Captain Ned, "I don't think our mothers would ever want us to fight on a real battle field, but let's just forever keep on fighting the old dragon."—Julia F. Deane in *Union Signal*.

LITTLE JIM.

The day was warm as Simon Tanner slouched on the shady side of the street on his way to the public house to have a "half-pint" for the fourth time that morning, and the hand of the church clock had not yet recorded the hour of eleven. In appearance Simon was a compound of the broken-down petty tradesman, a carpenter long out of employment, and a man who would not work at all; but, as a matter of fact, he was a jobbing carpenter, who worked a little when he was obliged, and idled whenever he felt he could do without the fear of being deprived of the drink that was dearer to his heart than anything else on earth.

He had a home and a wife and children, all in sad harmony with a drunkard's life—the one bare of furniture, and the other half starved, dejected and utterly miserable.

"I want a pint of beer, Mr. Bouncer, and I'll pay you this afternoon, if you don't mind," said Simon to the publican.

"No go," said Mr. Bouncer, drawing a glass for himself and drinking before the very eyes of the thirsty Simon, thereby inflicting upon him unnecessary pain. "You can't have the beer, because you won't pay. And besides, better watch you ain't put on this 'ere black list."

Hoping that somebody of a more amiable turn of mind than the landlord might come in and "stand him a drink," Simon ruefully took a seat on a tub at the back of the bar, and sought, with indifferent success, to ward off his thirst by reading the police reports.

The bar was empty at that time, but in a few minutes others came in—three men in the holland suits worn by painters and house decorators. Simon was deep in a case of wife-beating arising from drink—in which he had a sort of sympathetic feeling, having occasionally given a few blows to Mrs. Tanner instead of bread when she asked for it—when a roar of laughter from the men caused him to look up to find what had given rise to the merriment.

It was a little child, a boy with a wan face that spoke volumes, standing just within the door. The few rags he had upon his poor, little, pinched frame were not worthy of the name of clothes, and his

little feet were thrust into a pair of battered, dingy boots big enough for a man. It was the boots the painters were laughing at, and at first sight the appearance of the child was undoubtedly ludicrous.

But their laughter soon ceased. The boots might be absurd, but the little limbs almost lost in the huge proportions of the battered coverings to his feet were touching to look upon, and when the men lifted their eyes to the sad face they became silent. The child was mute too. He simply stood there with his eyes asking for bread.

The man nearest to him, a big, black-whiskered fellow, with a kind face, broke the silence. "Halloo, little Jack," he said; "what do you want?"

"My name isn't Jack, it's Jim," replied the child; "and I want a bit of bread."

"Poor little fellow!" said the man. "Here, master, give us a biscuit for the boy. What a shame for a man to send his child about in his old boots!"

"Not old boots!" said the boy, with a shrewd look—"father's best Sunday boots."

This drew out another roar of laughter, and one of the men, hoisting the child up, cried out, "Look, mates! here's a pair of best Sunday boots for you. What a nice, respectable father he must be if the rest of his clothes are only like them!" and they all laughed again.

"Father never gives me anything," said Jim, quickly, "'cept knock 'bout my head. Stones in the hard road cut my feet, so I put his boots on."

"Well, little chap," said the man who had Jim in his arms, putting him upon his feet, "I see you've got hard lines of it. Go home and tell your father to knock off his drink for a week, and get you a proper pair of boots."

The child laughed now in his turn, but he did not explain why he did so, nor did anybody ask him why. They understood that laugh, for it was without merriment, and they knew as well as the child, how improbable it was that a man given to drink would listen to any appeal but that of his awful craving. Little Jim, with the remains of one biscuit in hand and the other hugged to his breast, went out of the public house, with his big boots slouching and swinging about his tender little feet, and the men went back to their beer.

And who is this that has listened with bitter shame to all that

passed, cowering behind the newspaper to hide his burning cheeks? Simon Tanner, the idle, dissolute drunkard, the father of little Jim.



*Courtesy
Sabbath Reading*

"My name isn't Jack,
it's Jim"

Yes, it was his own child who, unconscious of the full depth of the iniquity of the story he was telling, had laid bare his shame to strangers. The child, even with closed lips, was a silent witness against him; his tongue had given such confirmation that none could doubt. Even Mr. Bouncer, who was, of course, a sturdy defender of the theory of strong

drinks being beneficial, was compelled to admit that in this case it would be better if the father, whoever he was, took a little less.

"All I can say is," said the man who had paid for the first biscuit, "that I would not stand in that man's shoes for a mint of money."

"And how do you know you won't one day?" cried Simon Tanner, springing to his feet and glaring at him with sudden fury. "Do you think I was always a drunkard? I was once as good a man as you, if not better, and it's the drink that's brought me down."

"So you are the father of that boy," said the man—"a nice fellow you must be."

"Yes, I am," replied Simon; "and don't you go calling me hard names, for your turn may come, and the turn of all of you, and if the drink does get hold of you, then you will understand why that poor little chap was driven to do what he did. That landlord there knows me, and he knows I spend every penny I earn in this house; and yet this morning when I wanted him to trust me one pint, he said 'No.' He even jeered at me and warned me not to get put on the black list. My word, I'll take his advice in a way he won't like."

"You always had beer for your money," Mr. Bouncer interrupted, "and there's no reason why I should give it to you for nothing."

"I suppose not," replied Simon; "you've got the law and prejudice on your side, and there's everything against me; but I'm not going to be beaten. My child has put a new spirit into me to-day, and I'll tell you what I'm going to do, and that is, by God's help, I'll never touch drink again. Do you hear? Never touch it again! And when I'm a decent man I'll come again here, and stand outside and tell the people my story."

"If you come here and make a disturbance," said Mr. Bouncer, loftily, "I'll have you locked up."

"I shan't make any disturbance," returned Simon, as he moved towards the door; "there'll be no need to do that. The very look of drunken Simon, as I'm called, in good clothes will be enough to set people thinking, and if any of them choose to ask me a question, I shall be at liberty to answer it, I suppose."

Strong in his resolve, Simon Tanner turned his back upon "The Sorcerer," leaving behind him in the bar a little knot of perturbed, astonished men.

Only his wife was at home in their miserable room, busy with some rough sewing she obtained from a shop in the town, by means of which

she got the children the little food that fell to their lot, and she started up, hearing the noise he made, fearing from his haste he was coming home, as he often did, in a violent temper. She was thankful all the children were out playing about the street with other little sufferers. She was always anxious to spare them the misery of seeing their father at his worst.

But he was changed, and the change was startling. He rushed at her, it is true; but instead of the blow and the curse, he took her in his arms, and, holding her tightly, sobbed like a child. "Pray God to help us, Polly," he said; "I'm going to try to be a better man." She heard him, and fell a-sobbing too.

Simon had been kind to her once. When first they married he promised well, and was gentle to her; but before their first child was born he had become a follower of Mr. Bouncer. From that time there was no peace or happiness; naught but quarreling, want and rapid ruin. None of the children had hitherto seen their father at his best. They had no notion he ever was, or could be, anything but what he had been to them since they were born. There were four of them, and the eldest, a girl, was just nine years of age. Coming in at this moment, she did not know whether to scream or be glad when her father caught her in his arms and kissed her.

While Simon Tanner was holding his child to his heart, the two next, a boy and a girl, came in, and as soon as they could fairly comprehend what had passed, lent their gladness to the general joy.

The last to arrive was little Jim, who, with the cunning born of the street life he led, left the shoes he had borrowed for awhile on the landing outside. He had not seen his father at the public house because the paper hid him from view, and he had no suspicion of his little paccadillo having been discovered, or of the good it had effected. He was greatly astonished and frightened at first when his father raised him in his arms, and with a glad smile asked him for his shoes.

A few hours before and he might have denied having seen them, for the dread of being cruelly treated will often lead a child to lie; but the smile disarmed him, and he told where they were. Simon Tanner went out and fetched them, and bade his wife put them away.

"We will keep these," he said, "and I trust in God to lead me aright, so that when Jim is a man he may be thankful for the day he put them on."

A few minutes afterwards Simon was out seeking work, and by night he had found a little to do. On his return home he found Robert Brown, the painter who gave Jim the biscuit, waiting to see him.

"I thought I would find you out and have a talk with you," he said, "for it is a pity such good resolutions as you and I made today should ever grow cold. The lesson I had—and you taught it, though you didn't think so—I never can forget. I have a wife and children, too, and I don't think I need say more than that I shuddered as I thought of what drink might bring to them. I am going to sign the pledge. Will you come with me?"

A ready affirmation was given, and with Simon Tanner carrying little Jim in his arms, as proud of him as if he had been a prince of royal blood, they went to a well-known temperance worker in the district and put down their names. On their way home Robert Brown unburdened his mind of something he had had upon it all day.

"Here's a boot-shop," he said, pulling up, "and I want you to let me buy Jim a pair that will fit him. It's a poor little gift for what he has done for me this day."

It was a generous offer not to be refused on any account, and they went into the shop, where little Jim, in a dream of delight—he could hardly believe it was real—was fitted up with a pair of sound boots, with sufficient ornament about them to please his childish fancy, and strong enough to stand the tests of ordinary wear.

They did not cost much; but no king on gaining additional territory ever knew the unqualified delight the little fellow felt that night as he strutted from the shop in his new possessions.

Of all that followed it would require a little book to tell. Little by little Simon Tanner made his home full of simple delights and pure joy, such as no votaries of drink could ever know, let them say what they will; and if he did not actually carry out his threat to stand against the door of "The Sorcerer," a living proof of the benefits of temperance, to teach the men who squandered their earnings there, the change in his life was still sufficiently well known to do some good and excite the unswerving but unavailing animosity of Mr. Bouncer.

The children are growing up, little Jim among them, and the day is not far distant when the old shoes will be a better fit than they were in his infant days, and should he desire to put them on once more, they are still preserved and at his service. He will never wear them again, but

whatever he may think of the shoes of the past, he will never be ashamed to put on those his father wears at the present time. God's guidance is daily prayed for in Simon's family, and the blessing which "maketh rich" rests on his happy home.—Lincoln Magazine.

JANIE ELLIOTT'S CHRISTMAS.

Janie Elliott looked down at her shabby shoes with eyes which were slowly filling with tears. How could she go to school with such things upon her feet? Only yesterday Bertha Crane had looked scornfully at her, and she had heard her whisper to one of the girls, "Before I'd wear such looking shoes as that—"

Janie had her natural, girlish pride, and shoes were a very essential part of it. It was all so new, too, and unexpected poverty is almost harder to bear than where one has always been accustomed to it and knows nothing else. Mrs. Elliott came in as Janie stood looking, and her arm stole about the child's waist as she drew her close to her heart. "Little Janie. Patient little Janie," she said sadly.

"No, mother, I'm not patient. I'm not patient at all," sobbed the child, almost fiercely. "Why is it that father doesn't take care of us as he used to do? Why do we not have food and clothes as other people have?"

The mother sighed heavily. She dreaded to add to Janie's burdens the shame of knowing that her father was fast becoming a confirmed drunkard. Sickness had always been his excuse when he came into the presence of his children with staggering steps and an aching head, and Mrs. Elliott had borne in silence, and kept back the truth for the sake of the children, of whom Janie was the oldest. "O Janie, don't you know? Cannot you guess?"

"Why, no, mother. The girls looked at me so queerly the other day as they were talking about Retta Paulsen, the saloonkeeper's daughter, who is in our room at school. She wears such lovely clothes."

"Yes, darling, it is our poverty, and that of many others like us, that supplies them," cried the mother, the sharp pain in her heart wrestling the truth from her almost before she realized it. "If father had not learned the way to Paulsen's saloon we should have all we need as well as they."

"O mother!" cried Janie in a heart-broken voice, as she turned and

threw her arms around her mother's neck, and together they sobbed out their shame and grief with broken words of loving comfort for each other.

"It began since father went to work in the new factory, for when Paulsen built his saloon so near, it was like a trap always ready to catch the hundreds of men that had to pass it to get to their homes. For months father kept away from it; we must give him credit for that. Then they caught him with the bait of the pay roll."

"The pay roll?" echoed Janie in bewilderment.

"Yes; the men are paid off Saturday night, and the company pays in cheques instead of cash, and of course the men want their money.

"The banks are closed at that hour, but Paulsen is ready. He borrows thousands of dollars for the occasion, and stands at the door, smiling and persuasive. 'Walk right in, boys, and get your cheques cashed,' and in they go. Of course they are grateful for the accommodation, and buy a glass by way of courtesy. Of course, too, they understand that Paulsen expects that every man will not only 'take something' himself but treat his friends, and before they realize it a big slice of their week's wages is left in the saloon till.

"Paulsen's 'courtesy' costs him nothing but a day's interest on his borrowed money, and he fills his pockets with the hard-earned money of the men."

"O mother—and father goes there! That is why he has so little to bring home when he earns so much."

The mother sighed again. "He is not even earning so much, dear. The drink makes his once steady hand trembling and uncertain, and he has already been threatened with discharge. He has gone down so fast, yet he will not own it, and is so angry when I venture to speak of it."

"O mother, mother; what can we do?" sobbed Janie, her young heart filled with terror and distress.

"We can only pray, Janie. With God all things are possible."

They were both Christians, the sorrowing mother and her daughter, and prayer was not an untried source of relief, though faith was nearly dead in the heart of the discouraged mother who had known of the evil so long, and had prayed against it so earnestly. It came like a shock to Janie, and explained many things which had wounded her sensitive heart. The pitying glances of some of her school friends, the sneers of others, she had been so slow to understand, and it all came home to

Jimmy as you. Oh, I have just been praying that in some way I might meet you and talk with you, and I believe the Lord himself must have sent you here to-day."

Scott Rogers looked uncomfortable. The idea of his having been sent as a special angel of light to comfort this worried little mother, was not only startling, but discomfiting.

"I don't suppose you know," she continued, "boys never do, how much of a hero you are in the eyes of my boy. The first few weeks after he became acquainted with you, he talked continually of what Scott Rogers said and did, and it was a foregone conclusion, I knew, that Jimmy, with his capacity for hero-worship, would follow just where you led. Please don't think I am preaching or even chiding, but Oh, how I hoped in those days that you were the real hero that Jimmy thought you were, who would lead him to noble things and help him to withstand his temptations."

The young man before her dropped his face into his hands, to conceal the emotion he knew was written there.

"You see, Jimmy is different," the voice faltered and the hands nervously fondled one another. "He isn't strong in some things, because of an inherited weakness." She spoke the last two words, with almost a gasp, as if they hurt her. "He can't meet temptations of wine and such things as you and the other boys can, but he doesn't realize it. I know, Mr. Rogers, I am doing a most unconventional and perhaps an inexcusable thing, but it is a matter of infinite importance to me and to Jimmy, and I know no other human being who can do so much for my Jimmy as you. They brought him home last night, perhaps you knew about it; for all I know, you were one of his escorts."

The young man before her shook his head.

"No. Well, I am glad you were not at the affair. He slept half the morning, and then went to work with such an aching head that he will be practically useless all day. To-night is the night he always goes to the club—the Jovial Fellows, I believe they call themselves, and he told me it was to be an extra occasion, and that he was to sing—that's why they want him, because of his beautiful voice. And he will go to-night, I can't prevent it. I, only a weak woman, cannot always persuade him—Oh, what will be the end?" Her voice ended in a wail, and she threw herself upon the couch, hiding her face in a pillow.

Shame, self-contempt, concern, anxiety, consternation chased each

other across the face of Scott Rogers. Then he pulled himself to his feet and braced his broad shoulders as if for an encounter with an enemy.

"Please, Mrs Belding," he pleaded, "please don't. The end isn't going to be what you fear." He threw out every word with an almost explosive energy, as if he feared to give himself time to change his mind. "I had made myself think—I argued it out this very morning, that I hadn't any vital connection with anything or anybody, and that it didn't matter one little bit whether I walked straight or crooked. What a fool I was, not to know and understand that nobody ever stands alone in this world. You've burned the truth into me as you talked about Jimmy, and I see how I've almost lost my chance to be a good friend to him. Maybe I can afford to spoil my own life, by going at any old pace I please, but I just tell you, Mrs. Belding, I haven't got quite so low down that I can in cold blood make up my mind to help another fellow to go to the dogs, and break a mother's heart in the bargain."

Mrs. Belding was sitting up now, looking into his face with pathetic eagerness and confidence. "And you will help then, you will be a friend to my Jimmy, a true friend?"

Scott Rogers grasped the nervous, feverish little hand of the mother in his own strong, firm fingers. "I'll do it, Mrs. Belding. You can depend on me. We'll pull him through as sure as my name is Rogers. I never knew what it was to have a mother to love me, but you've shown me what a beautiful thing a mother's love is, and I'm going to help your Jimmy to be true to it. Now for the leak in the roof, Mrs. Belding, if you please, for I must get back to the office, and attend to some other things before evening."

Things happened in the remaining hours of that afternoon with a rapidity that startled at least two people. Jimmy Belding, sitting at his desk in the big counting room of Blair & Buck, trying, with dull, aching head, to get through the day's work, was surprised by a caller. The caller stood not upon ceremony, but looking down from his six feet of dogged determination, said calmly:

"Hello, Jimmy. I just dropped in to say that that affair this evening out at Hubbell's is called off, for you and for me. You're not to sing and I'm not to play, and we'll neither of us be there."

Jimmy tried to gather together his befuddled wits.

"Called off? Why, I promised to meet the boys at eight!" he expostulated.

"So did I," said Scott Rogers. "And I'm going to break that promise all to smithereens, and so are you. I tell you, neither of us is going to those things at Hubbell's to-night."

Jimmy looked worried; his somewhat weak lips moved nervously. "Oh, say, Scott, I can't. I promised to go. I can't go back on a promise. What'll the fellows say?"

"You can and will," said Rogers grimly and firmly. "All you've got to do, if you feel unequal to the emergency, is to keep away from the telephone, and I'll do the rest. I'll make Tad Williams and the rest understand. Don't you fear. Then I am to meet you here at 5:30; don't you leave without me, mind, and we are to take dinner together; then I'll tell you the rest. You said you would, didn't you?"

"You know you can make me do anything you want to," said Jimmy, dropping his eyes under the other determined gaze.

"I hope it is true," thought Scott, as he walked out of the office with the brisk air of a man who has important business on hand.

Ten minutes later, he was asking Central to connect him with Main 542. "Hello, that you, Tad? Yes, it's Rogers. Just to tell you, that Jimmy Belding and I cannot be at that club affair to-night. No, I say we can't—C-A-N-T—the word that is't in the dictionary. Yes, I hear you, I know perfectly well what you think of me. Don't take the trouble to repeat it. Yes, I hear. Say it again, if it relieves your mind. The reason, you ask? Well, to be frank and perfectly serious, tremendously serious, Tad Williams, the reason of it all is just this: A different person is talking with you over this 'phone this afternoon from the one who talked with you this morning. I've grown about fifty years since then, and it is absolutely impossible for me to go, and for Jimmy Belding to go. Yes, I broke a promise, I admit it, and I'd break a hundred more of the same kind and be proud of myself for doing it; though I'd be ashamed to think I ever made them. Yes, I hear—I understand— Yes, I have a very clear and distinct idea of just what the fellows will think and say of me. If you remember, I have said all those things—the things they'll say, and in just as disagreeable fashion as they can say them, of other fellows. No, I'm not going to be a goody-goody boy; I'm going to be a man for the first time in my life, and I'm going to accept a few of the responsibilities that go with being a man; and what's more, I'm going to help the next fellow to be one, too. Is that sufficiently clear? Yes, sir, that's going to be my business here—

after, and the Jovial Fellows not being in that line, the Jovial Fellows and I have parted company forever. That's all. Good-bye."—Julia F. Deane in Union Signal.

TOW-HEAD.

A young woman, awaiting the opening of the Juvenile Court, threw her fur coat over the back of a chair, behind which sat a row of little probationers. Small hands stroked the jacket's soft smoothness, while low-toned bets were exchanged as to the kind of animal it had once adorned. Finally, emboldened by the smiling face turned partially toward them, one youngster asks:

"Say, what's it made outer?"

"Seal."

"Gee! Real or play?"

A rosy flush mounted to her brow, as, feigning deafness, she lifted merry eyes to the round reflections dancing in wild gyrations of light over the ceiling of the great room. A majority of the lads came armed with circular little mirrors which they flashed in the sun, as well as in the eyes of the court officials, their natural prey.

"There's the old Tramway cop, the fat Phoenix! Give it to 'im in the eye!"

The good-natured officer blinked in more senses than one at the dazzling glare, as with a knowing leer at the boys, he turned out of range.

At Judge Findley's entrance, the glasses were pocketed as by a common impulse. His brief address to the boys, couched in a language intelligible to the most benighted, was followed by the taking of reports and a partial clearing of the room, as the first case on the crowded docket was called. At 2:30 Eddy Collins' name was called, bringing forward a white-headed, weazen-faced, bony child, with eyes too big for his odd little phiz.

"Tow-head!" was heard from some of the waiting boys, as the little fellow stepped before the judge. His Honor smiled, a genial warmth lighting his tired face, as he passed a hand over his own thinning hair.

"It's better to be tow-headed than bald-headed, any day! Isn't it, Eddy?"

An old, automatic smile wrinkled the thin little face, but no humor

lit the solemn eyes, and the judge sighed with renewed weariness as he demanded the charge against the child. Eddy stood, toeing in and out with an absent-minded monotony.

"Drunkenness and frequenting saloons, your Honor," answered the probation officer.

A heavy frown lowered between Judge Findley's clear, dark eyes, which, despite all, still held some message of faith and hope for every little chap who sought it there.

"Can it be true, Eddy, after all my talk about this most serious offense?"

The tow-head nodded, while the downcast, hungry eyes remained fixed, in vague concentration upon his shoes, through which bare toes poked.

"Did your father send you to buy liquor?"

Again the silently bowed head.

"He committed a grave crime, but was that any reason why you should drink the whiskey, even if you had to buy it?"

No answer.

"Look at me, my boy!"

Eyes of dumb pain gazed unwinkingly from the stolid, changeless face.

"Aren't you one of the boys that promised to help hold down my job, by playing square, after I gave you another chance?"

A mute assent was given.

"Well, I've done my part, haven't I? Answer me!"

"Yes, Judge!"

"But how about you, Ed? Have you any further claim on my patience and faith?"

"No, Judge."

"You know what this means, Eddy?"

"Yes, Judge!"—and a slight quiver of life stirred the little stoic's face.

"Have you no excuse, my boy, for breaking your word and going back on the man who has been your friend?"

Hope died hard with Judge Findley.

"No, less'n—" the great eyes burned in hot scrutiny over the intent, listening faces of the other boys.

"Bailiff, take those children farther back. Come close, my boy."

She of the fur coat was thankful for keen hearing and nearness to the judge, as alert, with downcast eyes, she waited, engulfed in waves of pity for the boy.

"Unless what, Eddy?" the judge's arm encircling the child's shoulders.

"Less'n being cold 'n' hungry 'n' druv wid blows to the s'loons goes for somepen—I thought I'd fergit fer a spell—like pa—'n' it felt warm—then I run agin the cop——"

"Did your mother try and prevent your going to the saloon?"

"No, Jedge."

"When did you eat last?"

The question was almost inaudible.

"Yisteddy mornin'."

Every trace of gentleness fled from the judge's face, as he leaned eagerly toward the officer:

"Swear out a warrant for the father and mother of this boy, charging them with contributing to a delinquency. I hold them more guilty than their son.

"You will also get the name and address of that saloon-keeper who dares break the juvenile laws of this state."

"Pa's skipped, jedge."

The boy started to his feet as he spoke, to be again thrust back.

"When, Eddy?"

"Soon's he'd licked me fer swipin' the whiskey!"

"Did he say where he was going?"

"Jus any old place clear o' women 'n' kids!"

"We'll find him, never you fear! How does your mother treat you?"

"She hain't got no time fer me, what wid diggin' 'n' cryin' 'n' workin' wid the little kids. She says all she wants o' me is ter keep out o' her way."

A long silence followed, Judge Findley's eyes wide and unseeing, as troubled thought went on behind the fixed inner absorption of his glance.

"Eddy, my heart goes out to you, my poor boy, and I feel that you're not to blame for much of your wrongdoing. But you've got to be corrected and helped. If they hadn't got after me when I was a kid, I'd have got into bigger troubles, troubles they want to keep you out of, too."

Eddy perched on the very edge of the chair, with eyes devouring his Honor's face; but ears closed to the pity of the firm voice because of a great roaring. A faint grayness tinged the wan, unchildlike face.

"Because I believe it for your good, I shall send you to the School of Detention, here in Denver, for one month. It is under the charge of a very kind woman, who will see that you are kept warm, well fed and cared for. There'll be no chance to get into any trouble, and in this way I hope to keep you out of the Industrial School at Golden. When the month is up, we'll see what is best."

The child pushed close to the court, his cheeks hot with a fleeting glow, the eyes big with excitement, while eager, pleading little hands were outstretched.

"Oh, jedge! Please, jedge——"

"Brace up, Ed, and take it like the man I know you can be! Don't beg!"

"But, jedge, please, won't yer please to make it a year? I'd ruther——"

The judge started, leaning toward the child as he paused, but Eddy went white, clutching at the table for support. Swinging the reeling little figure into a chair, Judge Findley held water to the boy's lips. Low-voiced, gentle words sought to penetrate the giddy whirl of Eddy's thoughts, but these alone made an impression:

"You need not go back to your home, my boy, at the end of the month, if you still feel as you do. We'll find you a better home, little chap!"

The child closed his eyes and never knew that his head rested against Judge Findley's arm, or that the potent power of a patient, virile tenderness upbore his stumbling little life, never to be withdrawn, while great heart or clever brain throbbed within this man who remembered his own boyhood.

Then the world cleared and steadied as something hot and beefy was forced upon him by a tender, womanly hand. He dimly heard the next case called and wondered dreamily why the "Jedge" sat with eyes covered by his hand.

"We'll be going now, Eddy. Can you walk to the car, dear boy?" asked Mrs. Bright of the Detention Home, bending over her new charge with motherly gentleness.

"Sure!" with plucky cheer.

She held him so tight under one arm while leading him past his

Honor, that the boy looked up with a feeble attempt at "joshin'."

"On the square, ma'am. I won't work no bluff an' give ye the slip!"

He thought the whirling must be returning as he cast a look of farewell at Judge Findley, for the blurred smile in the shadowed eyes of His Honor was not the clear one he knew.—Mary Talbott Campbell in *Children's Home Finder*.

HOW HIS EASTER CAME.

"It's so stormy, Godfrey," objected the invalid.

"And so late in the week," counter-objected the stalwart youth of nineteen who smiled down into the white face on the pillow. "If it is to be done this week, mother, I must go to-day. There's not an hour to spare."

"But you won't stop at Jonas Wyland's? Promise me that, Godfrey." One thin hand caught at the broad palm resting on the coverlet and the pale lips quivered.

"No, I will not stop at Wyland's, if that will comfort you, mother," answered the youth, a flush dyeing his dark cheek. "But," he added—for subterfuge was unknown to Godfrey Brent—"But Jonas has promised to meet me at Y——."

A swift pain traversed the sweet face of the woman. Her eyes closed for a moment as if in prayer. The young man patted the hand still in his. "I'm not such a bad fellow, mother, that you need be afraid to trust me out of your sight," he said, a trifle impatiently.

"No, but—Godfrey, I am afraid, all the same, afraid. There's always the scent of strong drink about you when you've been with Jonas Wyland."

"You've never seen me the worse for liquor, mother," cried the youth. "No one ever has, and no one ever will! If I can take a glass with the fellows and no harm from it, why shouldn't I? It has not harmed me yet."

"How can it help harming you, Godfrey? You are my own dear boy, but—but you're not what you were a year ago." The woman spoke slowly and with effort, ending with a little catch in her voice.

"Not what I was a year ago! How can I be? A fellow must grow, must change. I can't be a man and a boy, too. It's time you trusted me a little. I'm not the fellow to be tied to an apron string or to walk

in one rut lifelong. The constant round of grind on this farm is treadmill enough. 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.' I've got to have my play."

"And welcome, if it's only clean play, Godfrey. Playing with edged tools is not fun; it's foolhardiness."

The youth's lips set. "Have it your own way, mother," he said, "only remember, I can't and won't be cooped up forever. I'm half-stifled as it is! Take my liberty from me and I might as well die at once."

"You're all I have, Godfrey."

"Plus Sis, you mean."

"All the man I have. All that either Sally or I have to lean on. You'll have to be brave and clean for our sakes. Strong drink destroys both body and soul."

The youth laughed as he stretched his long limbs and flung back his broad shoulders. "I look like a weakling," he said, glancing at himself in a mirror on the opposite wall. "Your fears are the result of your illness, little mother," stooping suddenly to kiss the pain from the lifted face. "I'm a pretty good boy to spare you so much of my time this morning. If I don't start soon, Sis will be up till midnight, waiting for my coming home. Rest easy and don't fret; I'm big enough to take care of myself."

The invalid clung to his neck. "God keep you!" she cried, "and may He bring you back to me safe and — sober!"

The dark head came up proudly. "If you see me at all, mother, you will see me sober," he exclaimed wrathfully. "No one has ever seen me otherwise, and no one ever will." He flung himself from the room.

"He is blind! God help him; he is blind!" sobbed the mother, as she nestled in the pillows. "O Thou who answerest prayer, deal with him to-day; open his eyes to-day; show him whither his steps tend, and how vain is his boast of strength while he tampers with alcohol; give him a glimpse of the truth ere it is too late! O Father, Father! save my boy!"

The woman was still praying — though silently — when her daughter entered the room a half-hour later. "See mother," cried the girl, "Godfrey has sent you the first arbutus blossoms of the season. Nell had wandered into the woods, and while after her, he discovered these darlings peeping out at him from under a drift of leaves. He says they are harbingers of good; messengers of cheer; and you are to keep them in sight till you see him again." The maiden held the fragrant beauties

to her mother's nostrils for a moment, then yielded them to her hand while she smoothed the hair from the pale face and placed the pillows more comfortably for the dear head.

"Godfrey grows so handsome!" she went on proudly; "he looked like a prince as he rode off. He's sure Nell's colt will satisfy Mr. March, and that he will finish paying off the mortgage to-day and have enough money left to buy the grain and the shingles for the barn roof. And you and I are to allow ourselves only the happiest of thoughts all day, he says; 'for though it is Friday, it is Good Friday, and must, therefore, be lucky Friday.' Those were his words."

"Good Friday!" Mrs. Brent echoed, a soft amazement in her voice. "Good Friday! I had quite forgotten it!" The words fell on her heart with strange soothing. Good Friday! The day when He who was truly Good, paid the price of Brotherhood to the weak! Could God deny anything asked in Christ's name on Good Friday?" She held the arbutus close to her cheek, light growing in her tender eyes. This blossom, born in the cold, struggling up through darkness and frost to greet the light, must be truly a harbinger of good, a messenger of cheer. When Sally came in softly a little later, she found her mother sleeping quietly, her precious flowers pressed to her bosom. With a sigh of relief the young girl went out to finish the work about the house; she had feared her mother might have a restless day.

As she busied herself with the dishes, with sweeping and dusting the dining room, Sally's thoughts followed the loved brother who had ridden forth an hour since. He was all the world to her. Loyal and jealously she had watched over and cherished him his life long, for she was two years his senior. She had discovered and exulted in every grace and charm of her baby brother. She had led him to school, pulled him on her sled, swung him till her arms ached. They had waded the brook and hunted for wild flowers and birds' eggs together; he had come to her in every difficulty for comfort and help; until, suddenly, he was a whole head above her, could lift her with ease, brought in the wood and water nightly alone and did all the "chores."

She never quite understood how it came to pass, but after that the petting and comforting changed hands. He called her "little sis," kissed her—as he did his mother—when leaving home and at bed-time. Her pride in him took a different groove. He was clever and led in his classes. The "examples" that puzzled her, explained themselves to him

without effort; the sentences in English and the dates in history that were ever getting mixed in her memory, held separate and exact places in his. He became leader, she follower; he the authority, she his echo—such a loyal and admiring echo as few boys are fortunate enough to possess.

When their father died, Godfrey took another stride toward manhood. His shoulders broadened, his protectiveness developed; he became man and boy in one—the support, expectation and stay of two gentle hearts. Everything good and bright in the lives of the invalid and the fond sister centered in him. It was almost idolatry but idolatry so mingled with prayer and praise to the Giver of every good thing that it could scarcely have offended Heaven.

Then a cloud arose, no bigger than a man's hand. Sally could well remember the first time her brother came home with that peculiar scent upon his breath. She was too innocent to know what it was, and asked him. He flushed crimson at the question, though he laughed at her ignorance. "He had stopped at Jonas Wyland's and had a glass of something good," he said. "Nothing to scare you, sis," he added, as she felt herself turning pale and caught at his hand, pleading, "There was no alcohol in it, was there, Godfrey?"

That was a year or more ago, and she had detected the same taint on his breath often since, only stronger and accompanied sometimes by a strange light in his eyes, and sometimes by a little irritation in his voice and manner. She had come to dread his trips to the city and his stops at the home of his old chum—a friend he had made when he attended the academy, the last year of his father's life. That very morning, after her brother was all ready to depart and had placed the arbutus for her mother in her hands, she had brought the nearly banished clouds back to his brow by a reference to this youth.

"Let Ches go," she had said, speaking of the great dog that was fawning on his master, pleading to go with him, though he had been bidden to return to the porch and stay there. "I always feel safer for you when he's with you. Let him go."

"To keep me from harm? What nonsense!" laughed the youth. "You women need him more than I do. What danger can possibly come to me?"

"Who knows? One can never be sure what may happen, especially when——" The girl stopped short in her speech and flushed crimson.

"Oh, say on!" cried Godfrey. "You have great faith in me. It's likely to make a hero of a fellow to be suspected and watched as I am! Ches will stay at home, mind that! I've never been in a state where I couldn't take care of myself, and don't expect to be."

Sally was much distressed. "You know I do not suspect you or doubt your courage," she said. "You're the best brother in the world but for one thing. If you'll promise not to go near Jonas Wyland to-day, I'll be satisfied."

"You'll have to be satisfied without any such promise from me," was the decided reply. "What's got into you and mother? You seem to think I am unable to look out for myself. I tell you, all this talk won't wean me from Jonas. He's a nice fellow and square. He doesn't make me drink. I drink because I want to, because other chaps of my age do, and because it doesn't hurt me. When it hurts me, it will be time enough to cry out."

"It has hurt you already, Godfrey."

"How?"

"I don't know. I only know you're not quite yourself after it, and I can see a difference in you the last year."

"A mighty great difference when neither you or mother can define it!" he exclaimed angrily. "I want you to stop this talk! I give you notice now to quit it. I'll not stand it any longer. Mother's sick and I can't shut her up, but I won't have you at me, too."

He was driving off without giving her a good-by kiss, but she ran after him, begging him to stop. "Oh, Godfrey, how can you make me feel so badly?" she panted, when he drew up at her entreaty.

"Then don't lecture me," he replied. "I don't want to be hard on you, sis, but I can't stand everything. There, now, don't cry. I'll promise to be good, I truly will, and I'll have that mortgage paid off when I get back. Give me a kiss for good luck, and mind, you're not to allow yourself or mother any but the happiest thoughts to-day, for though it is Friday, it is Good Friday, and must, therefore, be lucky Friday."

He sprang into the wagon. "Good-bye. What! You here again, Ches? No. I won't take you. Go home!" He snapped the whip at the great shaggy creature as he drove off, and Sally put out her hand to the dog.

"Poor Ches! You and I have to stay at home and eat our hearts

out," she said. But Ches was not listening; he was looking after his master.

"You want to go?" questioned Sally. "Well, go; only keep out of sight. Go! I'll feel better if you follow him."

The day proved long to the girl, though to her amazement, it passed quietly, almost cheerfully, with the invalid. She wondered at the light in her mother's eyes, especially when night settled down and her brother had not returned. "He has been detained," said the woman. "He will come presently." But hour after hour loitered along, and the youth did not appear. Sally strained her ears as she sat at the window listening for the echo of hoofs on the road, but the stillness of death prevailed.

Her mother awoke several times, and each time the daughter shrank from the question, "Has he come?" Yet after each negative the same reply came—sometimes breathed with a gentle sigh, always with quiet confidence—"He is kept for a reason. He will come."

The first streak of dawn stained the east, the cocks in the poultry-yard crowed. The sun burst through the clouds and streamed over the weary girl whose eyes had not closed night long. She arose and went to the kitchen to prepare her mother's food. A neighbor's boy who helped with the chores, came to feed the stock and departed. The creeping hours of another day began. It was still young, when a farmer living a few miles distant, brought Nell Home. He had stopped her in her wild career past his place during the night.

"The wagon warn't much hurt," he said, "jest a wheel off an' a shaft broke, an' I found the grain an' shingles all right a bit further up the road. But there wasn't hide or hair o' the boy. But that's nothin' queer," he added, looking kindly into the tense face of the girl. "There's folks a-passin' by most allays on that road an' likely somebody has found him with a sprained ankle or suthin' an' carted him home. He'll turn up afore long and you kin count on me doin' my level best to find him."

And Sally begged him to speak lower lest her mother wake and hear him, thanked him for his kindness, and went about with a deathly, but controlled face, her soul heavy with the agony of dread beyond expression. The arbutus in the invalid's hand had wilted, but she would not part with it. "I must have it when Godfrey comes," she said. "It is the harbinger of good that is on the way, which is coming to me,

though I am not strong enough to go out and meet it except by faith." Sally wondered as she listened. Was her mother's mind shaken? Was she losing her reason?

All that Godfrey Brent had prophesied for that Good Friday came to pass. The beautiful three-year-old colt proved to be exactly what Mr. March wanted, and Jonas Wyland, who had heard of this gentleman's need, met the youth at Y—— and introduced him as he had promised. Jonas also accompanied him when he settled for the mortgage and helped him load the grain and shingles on his wagon. Everything had turned out as anticipated, and Godfrey Brent was ready to start for home in time to reach it by midnight. He had refused to drink with his chum at their meeting; it seemed bearish and ill-mannered to refuse him again at their parting, especially after the good turn he had done him. So the youth hitched his horse and went with Jonas to take a single drink. It was while he was gone, that a big shaggy dog climbed into the wagon and stretched himself beside the bags of grain.

Godfrey could never tell at what hour he left the saloon or in what condition. He had a faint recollection of Jonas unhitching his horse and helping him into the wagon. He remembered also that the sight of Ches aroused in him anew the anger of the morning, and that he took the whip to the faithful creature. After that all was a blank until he was awakened from what seemed sleep by a sort of jarring which was not so much a sound heard by his ears as a sensation felt through his body. He opened his eyes to the night sky and felt beneath him the sharp steel of a railroad track. He tried to lift his aching limbs, only to fall back with a groan as everything swam before his sight.

He lay still awhile with closed eyes, recovering himself, until that jarring—grown more pronounced and accompanied now by sound—again forced him to look up. To his horror, the great red eye of an engine glared at him, and the awful sense of imminent death took hold of him. In an agony he groped about for a support and scrambled to his feet, only to fall again in a grovelling heap. What could be the matter with him? Was he drunk? The shock of this possibility pierced him even in his awful peril, adding to his misery. Was he about to die? and drunk? A roar was in his ears, the iron monster was almost upon him. With an agonized cry for help, he lost consciousness.

What restored him to himself again he did not know, unless it was

the rough tongue of the four-footed friend who could not be driven away from him, and to whom, without doubt, he owed his life. It was dawn, and as he saw how near he yet lay to the track, he clung to the neck of his faithful deliverer with tears. Yet his bitterest tears were for the faith he had lost in his own integrity. He had been drunk, he—Godfrey Brent, drunk! Strong drink had harmed him, had brought him near to death and——. Suddenly he remembered the horse, the wagon, the grain! What had become of them? Had he driven across the tracks in drunken imbecility? Had the horse been killed? The wagon wrecked? All lost? The cancelled mortgage! Was it lost, too? He felt in his inner pocket and a fervent "Thank God!" burst from his lips as he found it there.

He did not get up immediately. Remorse and memory had him in their grip and faithfully reproduced for him the history of the past year; his first glass—taken almost fearfully—the second,—the easy fashion in which he had drifted to the place he now occupied. Liquor had harmed him, conquered him! His lips set. It should never conquer him again! He prayed—the big boy, conscious of his sin and his weakness—prayed to his mother's God, as he lay there under the sun, the first real prayer of his life, and it was for deliverance, for strength, for grace to be the true man his mother and his sister longed to see him. With the prayer came the realization of his mother's and sister's probable anxiety for him. He started up. He must get to them!

It took him hours to reach home, but should Godfrey Brent live to be a thousand years old, he will never forget the cry of joy which greeted his ears, as his sister—standing at the gate, peering down the road—caught sight of his approach. She was at his side in a second, her arms about him.

"You are alive! you are alive!" was her rapturous cry.

"I am alive," he answered, brokenly, "but I have been dead, sis; worse than dead!"

His mother was asleep, and as the youth washed and as he ate, he told the story of the hours he had been gone—as far as he knew it—to the glad-faced girl who sat beside him. He was so worn from exhaustion and excitement that she insisted he should go to bed as soon as his hunger was appeased. "Mother will be content to know you are safely home," she said, "and I want to find and feed Ches."

The Easter sun was shining into his room and across his bed, when

Godfrey awoke the next morning, a sense of peace in his heart such as he had never known. He answered gayly to the gentle tap on the door, "Yes, sweetheart."

"Then you are awake?"

"Awake and glad, sis."

"Mother is impatient to see you. She clings to that bit of arbutus still."

"Bless her! I'll be down in a moment."

The invalid looked up eagerly as the chamber door opened. The man who advanced to her bedside was not the boy of two days ago, nor yet the remorseful youth of a few hours since. He was radiant with a new-born faith and energy.

"Mother," he said, as he stooped and pressed his lips to hers, "Little mother!"

"My son," she quavered, holding the faded arbutus toward him. "It is Easter Sunday."

"Yes," he cried, "my Easter, mother! I am risen from the dead! For,"—his voice sank to a tender whisper and Sally, in the doorway, caught a rapturous breath,— "for I have been dead and am alive again—alive forevermore!"—Mrs. S. R. Graham Clark in *The Union Signal*.

AUNT LIZZIE'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

Coming home one evening, she found a poor, forlorn girl waiting to see her. She had no shelter fit to call home, and was clothed in rags.

As she told of her misery, she lifted her tattered skirts and showed her feet, which were purple with cold, and incased in a pair of old, worn-out shoes.

Aunt Lizzie had on the clothes-horse a pair of warm, woolen stockings. "Here," she said, "put these on, you poor child." A lady present remonstrated with her: "What are you doing, that is the only pair you have except those you are wearing? You have given away all the rest." "Never mind," Aunt Lizzie answered, "she needs them more than I. God will provide."

The poor girl went away warmed and fed. The next afternoon Aunt Lizzie was invited out to tea. The hostess was showing her some new clothing she had been buying. In the bureau drawer near one end was a bundle of knit woolen stockings.

The lady said, "Take them; they were knit by a relative in the country and sent me, but I never wear them." Thus she had returned to her thrible what she gave away. Her every act in life was to forget self, visit the poor and sick, pay the rent, strip herself of clothing, and supply their wants.

"In all my life," she wrote in her diary, "I cannot recall where I have made a gift I ever regretted; it invariably did some great good."

To return to the young girl she gave the stockings to. She took her name and address, and in a few days she was in the neighborhood and found the number.

The house was weather-beaten, windows broken out, and everything around dilapidated. She knocked at the door, the young girl opened it, and Aunt Lizzie stepped in. On a pallet of straw, in one corner, lay the drunken father.

Pale and emaciated, on a lounge covered with rags, lay the forlorn mother. Aunt Lizzie's heart was touched with pity. She went to the woman and speaking kindly to her, said: "Why do you lie here in distress when this world is rolling in wealth?" She faintly said: "My people have been good to me in years past, but because I would not leave my husband, they have disowned us all."

"My poor little Laura, I could bear all this trouble better if it was not for her. Oh, what shall I do?" "I will do all I can for you," replied Aunt Lizzie, "but before I go I want your husband to arouse himself out of that drunken stupor; I want to pray for him." Laura ran to him and said: "Papa, Aunt Lizzie is here." His bloated face and sunken eyes peered out from the darkened corner: "Where is she? Has she got whiskey for me? I must have more whiskey, and they will not give me any more at the saloon."

Aunt Lizzie stepped forward to where he lay: "Get up," she said. He screamed: "I want whiskey." She saw at a glance she could do nothing with him by talking, so she was determined to pray for him. She knelt beside him and implored God to open his blind eyes and restore him to manhood and repentance.

She turned to the poor, forlorn wife, and said: "Will you go to the hospital till you get better?" "Oh, yes, but my sweet child—my little Laura?"

"I will take care of her," said Aunt Lizzie. She immediately made arrangements for a patient at the hospital, and had Mrs. Goldberg sent

there at her expense. She took Laura's grimy little hand in hers and went to the church store-room, where the ladies were sorting clothing, and tying it up in bundles.

"Aunt Lizzie," said one of the ladies, "in yonder box is everything you will need for the young girl's outfit." She selected shoes and stockings, under clothing and outer garments, and hastened with them and the child into the toilet room.

When Aunt Lizzie and Laura Goldberg emerged from the bath room, no one would have known the child. Aunt Lizzie took her to a childless couple, who gladly gave her a home. Mrs. Goldberg, through Aunt Lizzie's prayers, was converted, and immersed, and in a few days joined that happy throng in the heavenly kingdom.

No trace of Laura's father could be found, and it was supposed he must have perished in the gutter, as the weather was very cold and damp.

Aunt Lizzie diligently searched for him, but found him not. After a year had passed by, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Howard adopted Laura and gave her their honored name.

These people were not Baptists, but good Christians. Laura, under Aunt Lizzie's teachings, became a shining light in the church and Sunday school. When she was about eighteen years of age, after her graduation from the high school, she and her foster parents were taking a trip to Europe. When in London, England, they stopped into a café, where but one table, seats for four, were unoccupied. They immediately sat down and ordered their dinner.

Presently a gentleman stepped in, tall and handsome, and about forty years of age, and asked if the company had any objections if he occupied the vacant seat. Mr. Howard said: "We will be glad of your company." Laura looked up into the man's face and cried out: "Papa, papa."

"Is this my little girl Laura, that I have not seen for eight long years? Need I tell you, my child, not one drop of liquor has touched my lips since that day you and your mother were taken from me? Aunt Lizzie's prayer restored me to my manhood, and God in His wisdom snatched from my arms my wife and child. After you were gone, I got up and went to the docks and secured work. I remained there three months and when I drew my pay, clothed myself respectably, I then went in search for my wife and child. I learned your mother died

in the hospital, and you were given by Aunt Lizzie to Mr. and Mrs. Howard; I found you were in good hands. I left Chicago, working my way the best I could until I reached New York, with Aunt Lizzie's prayer ever ringing in my ears. I secured a position on a man-of-war as head cook. I had not been with them three weeks until I enlisted for three years. Our destination was to cruise around the East India islands, and when my time expired, I took up the enlightenment of those poor deluded natives. I established schools, and after a time, Sunday schools, and taught them as Aunt Lizzie taught me, the way to Christ. The consequences were: I left two flourishing churches, ten day schools and two Sunday schools. I have but recently returned to England, my native land, where my beloved parents still live. I would not come to them until I was sure I could withstand every temptation, and by the grace of God, I know I can, as He says in His sacred word: 'But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' I have told my parents of my marriage and your birth, and your mother's death. They insisted I go to America, search for you and bring you to them. I was here for that purpose, but this opportune meeting has changed my plans. Will you all go with me to their home on the river Thames, five miles from Windsor Castle?" The party took passage on a passenger steamer that glided down that beautiful river. Five miles below London they observed Greenwich, famous for its naval hospital for infirm seamen, and its observatory from which longitude is reckoned. They passed by magnificent castles, priories and abbeys, and in the distance they saw Windsor Castle, for many centuries the chief residence of English sovereigns. In the year of 1344 Edward the Third designed the new Tower for his Knights of the Garter.

"When looking from the tower," explained Mr. Goldberg, "twelve counties are within the range of vision. In St. George's Chapel rests the bodies of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Fourth, Charles the First, George the Third, etc. Queen Victoria, during her lifetime, fitted up another part and called it Prince Albert's Chapel." The time passed so quickly and pleasantly, that Laura was surprised when the boat whistled at their landing place.

A carriage was in waiting for them, as Mr. Goldberg had dispatched to his parents they were coming. A lovely drive of half an hour brought them to a neat and commodious farm-house on the banks

of the river Thames, surrounded by barns and out-houses. They alighted and were met by Mr. and Mrs. Goldberg, a fine appearing couple, about sixty-five years of age.

When introduced to Laura, they gave her a royal welcome to her ancestral home, which, until that day, she had never heard of. They all enjoyed their visit sight-seeing. Two Sundays they went into London and attended services in Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle, it having a seating capacity of six thousand people.

He received into his church, while living, 13,000 persons, and erected thirty-six chapels in different parts of London. Rev. Mr. Spurgeon was one of the most talented Baptist preachers of the past century. Mr. and Mrs. Howard decided they had stayed as long as they could in England, as they wished to visit other countries; but how could they leave their darling behind? Laura put her arms around them and said: "My more than mother, my more than father, to you I owe all I am, as you took me from the mud and mire of Chicago slums. You dressed and fed me well, you educated me, you and Aunt Lizzie have made me what I am, and not only that, you adopted me, and made me by so doing, your sole heir. Do you think I will forsake you? No, never, I shall be your own Laura just the same. I will stay part of the time with papa and my grandparents, and part of the time with you in Chicago. I have made a nice visit here; now I am ready to accompany you in a tour of Europe." So it was decided, and in a few days they set sail across the English channel and made an extended trip across the continent.

In two months they returned to Laura's home in England, and after a stay of a few days, they returned to America, accompanied by Mr. Frank Goldberg, as he was determined to see Aunt Lizzie and thank her personally for what she had done for himself and family. Laura had written Aunt Lizzie, informing her of how she so mysteriously found her reformed father, and the day they would arrive in Chicago.

Aunt Lizzie had a sumptuous meal prepared, but she had a turkey roasted instead of the fatted calf. When they reached the house, Mr. Goldberg clasped Aunt Lizzie's hand and said: "I thank you again, and again, for what you have done for me and mine. Not one drop of liquor will ever pass through my lips again; and your prayers saved me when I was on the brink of ruin."

They all did full justice to Aunt Lizzie's dinner, after which Laura

Goldberg-Howard returned to England with her father. For several years Laura frequently returned to the land of her birth to visit her foster parents and Aunt Lizzie.—The World Review-Herald.

WHY I DESTROYED THE CARD.

You ask me why I stamped that card in the mud? Well, it's a sad story, but as you seem interested, I will endeavor to tell it to you.

Let me see, said Mrs. Marshall, wiping her eyes; it is just twenty years ago to-day since John and I first met. Ah, I remember that childish face and laughing eyes as though it were but yesterday, and it hardly seems possible that I have lived through such sorrow as these years have brought me. Yes, I repeat it, it is a sad story.

I was spending the summer at the little village of W——. There were a great many young people there from different cities. One afternoon, as things were rather dull, someone proposed a game of poker. I noticed the expression of John's face change in an instant, and when I invited him to play, he politely declined to do so.

I had been reared, like almost all of the girls there, to indulge in dancing, card-playing, and theatre-going, without thinking, as St. Paul did, of the "weak brother," whom I might cause to stumble.

But by and by, as the game progressed, John grew more restless, and finally rose to leave. I asked him to stay, at the same time reminding him of his promise to go boating with me that evening.

He stayed, and while we were alone on the water, I mentioned the cards. I had seen his dislike for them and was determined that he should play, as many of the girls had given him nicknames and laughed at him in my presence. I am not trying to excuse myself, but you know, Maggie, very few of us can bear to see the object of our love ridiculed. I see now how foolish I was to notice it.

But that night when John told me he didn't care to learn to play cards and was sorry that I knew, I told him he was very foolish and knew little of the ways of the world. There can be no harm in these little amusements, I said, and if you wish me to give up all these things for you, I'll never do it. (Oh, was he not dearer than all this to me? But I knew he loved me and would do anything for my sake; and how could I marry a "goose," as the girls had called him?) And I gave him back the ring he had given me. As I expected, when he thought I was in earnest, he yielded.

"O Ethel," said he, "you know I love you better than life, and cannot bear this separation. Yes, I'll go to the theatre with you, and— and play cards with you, too, if you will teach me how. I suppose, as you say, there isn't really any harm in it."

You see, Maggie, he was trying to be a Christian, but he was not "strong in the Lord"—he had not forsaken all to follow Christ. Oh, if he had only trusted Christ to help him overcome this temptation, he might have saved us both many years of sorrow and taught me the nobler living.

The next day he came for his first lesson. I found him an apt pupil. He soon learned to play better than the best players at the hotel, and I noticed with some uneasiness that it was his greatest delight to play. But as more visitors came to the hotel, and my time was spent mostly in pleasure seeking, I had little time to think of this. But before the close of the season he spent more time at the card table and in the ball room than ever I could approve of. But our marriage was to be celebrated the first of October, and I hoped after that he would be different; but in this I was disappointed.

The first few months all was well. He spent his evenings at home, and we were very happy. However, we still kept our card tables. John could not think of giving them up. Our friends were invited to join in the games with us, and the social glass would be passed, until at last it seemed as if John could not do without it.

By and by he spent so much of the time at the club that he was hardly ever at home, and when I complained, he replied, "O, there is no harm in card playing, dear."

After a while we gave up the cards and wine. I didn't care what the girls said now. We never had any socials at home now, and I spent most of my evenings alone.

One evening John came home and told me we must give up our beautiful home. He had lost so much for the last month; but I must not ask any questions; he had rather not talk about it just then. "Just be patient," said he, "and I will tell you all about it; we can get our home back in a short time."

We left there and went to a smaller house, and discharged all of our servants; but this was not so hard to bear as the thought that my husband could not confide in me. There was some improvement in him after this; he stayed at home more, and as Inez and Freddie grew older,

I thought he would surely give up his old ways, for he loved the children dearly.

His old friends, however, could not let him go this way. They kept him at the bar-room as much as possible, and he drank more than ever. But I could not complain, for he kept repeating to me those hateful words, "There is no harm in it." Oh, have I not been paid for my folly!

It was not long until he was forced to tell what he had kept back—he had lost our house gambling, and in trying to get it back, had lost everything.

We then moved to this alley, and I take sewing to support myself and children. In my sorrow I have gone to the Lord and have obtained pardon, and am trying to bear patiently with my husband, hoping that some day he will learn his lesson and come back to God and receive pardon.

I teach my children to abhor all intoxicating drink. They, knowing the sad story of my life, could hardly do otherwise; and they have been converted and are going to be active temperance workers, and I trust their first work will be to reform their father.

Do you wonder that I destroyed that card? Let us resolve to do what we can to suppress these evils that are blighting our land.—Miss Eva Carpenter in Way of Faith.

UNROLLING THE SPOOL.

John Lee had become unsteady. He had found the acquaintance of some fast young men, and every time he went down street, some one would ask him to drink, and then he would have to treat, and the habit of drinking so grew on him that he was fast becoming a drunkard. A good many nights, while he was sleeping off the effects of liquor he had drunk, his poor mother was awake, weeping and praying for him. Sometimes she would talk to him, and he would promise to do better, but he always broke his promise. Pretty Mary, who had promised to become his wife as soon as they could save enough money to go to housekeeping, noticed a change in him, and mistrusted that all was not right. But she kept hoping for the best, and saving her money to buy the furniture for the happy home she hoped soon to enjoy.

One night John was brought home drunk; so drunk that the next

day he was sick and heartily ashamed of himself. His mother talked to him long and tearfully. She told him of Mary's love and patience and faith in him, and ended by saying, "Now, John, if you will sign the pledge and keep it, at the end of six months I will make you a present of fifty dollars toward setting up housekeeping. I know I can get it somehow."

John laughed and said: "All right, mother, I'll do it, and hold you to your promise." So John signed the pledge, and his mother began to save. It required close calculation to lay up several shillings a week; but she now trimmed her old bonnet, and turned her old dress, and mended her shoes, and patched her aprons and drank her tea weaker, and gave up drinking coffee, and ate the tiniest bit of meat, and in one self-denying way and another the little pile of savings slowly grew.

John's appearance rapidly improved. He walked more briskly and stood erect; his eyes grew bright, his breath became sweet, his temper cheerful, and Mary thought him smarter and handsomer every day. Sometimes he peeped into the cracked teapot which held his mother's savings, when his eyes would twinkle, and a queer smile would curve his lips.

He said to a friend, "It made me just ashamed when my dear mother offered to give me fifty dollars if I would give up drinking; and I made up my mind that I would be even with her. Says I to myself, 'If you can save fifty, I can save a hundred.' So I gave up smoking and bought me a tin savings bank, and every day I would drop in about what I thought my tobacco and beer would cost me. The day my six months were up, I emptied my savings bank; and would you believe it, there was over a hundred dollars in it! Well, I took it to the bank and got one hundred new dollar notes, and then I got a spool and pinned the notes together and wound them around the spool, and then I ran a stick through the spool, so that the spool would turn around on the stick. I tucked it into my pocket and went around to see Mary, and invited her over to mother's to supper. After supper, says I, 'mother, do you know the six months are up to-day?' Says she, 'Yes, John, and I have fifty dollars for you.' And she got up and handed me the money. 'Thank you; it will be quite a help to us about housekeeping. Mother, will you please remain standing, I have a little present for you—some tobacco,' said I; and I took out the roll of notes and had her take hold of the end of the one on the outside, and I held on to the stick in the



"I held on to the stick in the spool and walked backward."

spool and walked backward. She kept pulling until we reached the end, and by that time she was crying and had to sit down.

"Well, we had a jolly time, you'd better believe, and the next week Mary and I were married, and I have not drank a drop of liquor since. Then we commenced to go to a place of worship, and the Lord converted us, and now we have the neatest, happiest little home you ever saw. Come down and see us, won't you?"—Kind Words.

THE LAWYER'S STORY.

The young men had made great preparations for their fishing trip into the Indian Territory, and their disappointment was deep, when on the very morning they were to start, the lawyer, whom they all liked, told them he could not go. To make the matter worse, his explanations were very lame and unsatisfactory; it was evident that he had given up the trip for some reason which he hesitated to name.

As a last resort, the others went in a body—six of them—to his office, and demanded that he tell them exactly why he had deserted, when he had been most enthusiastic in planning the outing.

"If you're really to understand it," he said, "I shall have to begin with my own boyhood. My father, the best father, I think, that a boy ever had, always showed me a tenderness which, even as a child, I knew was somehow different from the love which my playmates had from their parents. It was not until I was, perhaps, fourteen years old that he told me why this was so.

"Although he himself lived a most exemplary life, his father, his father's father and two of his uncles had been drunkards. The taste for liquor he believed to be hereditary in our family, and in me he had recognized many of the traits he himself possessed, and which had made his own life a long fight against the habit of drink. He pointed out the danger that lay before me, and begged me to give him my promise never, under any circumstances, to touch liquor. 'It is your only safety,' he said. 'Unless you make this resolution, and have the strength to keep it, the odds will be fatally against you, for, like myself, you are easily influenced by others. If I thought that to-morrow you were to take your first drink, I should pray to God that you might die to-day.'

"Of course I promised. He had never talked to me in that way before, and, of course, it made an impression on me. I was frightened,

and for several years I kept my promise. Then I went with some other young fellows on an all-day fishing-trip. While we were eating our luncheon, one of our number, a boy whom we all admired, took a bottle of whisky from his pocket, drank from it, and passed it to his next neighbor. The bottle went around the circle, for no one dared refuse to follow George Reit's lead. When it came to me, I tried to pass it on without drinking, but the others began to tease and ridicule me, until from sheer cowardice I took a drink. A second and a third followed, and I began to realize that I liked the stuff, and wanted more of it. My father's warning flashed across my mind:

"If you take one drink, you may be forever lost!"

"The rest of the day passed wretchedly enough, and I was glad when it was time to start for home. When I reached the house, I found that my father, whom I had left in good health in the morning, was lying at the point of death. He had had a sudden attack of heart-disease. They told me he was very anxious to see me alone, and with a breaking heart I entered his room.

"He could not move and could hardly speak, but as I took his hand and bowed my head upon it, crying, he smiled tenderly and lovingly to me. When I grew calmer, he spoke, although the effort was pitiful to witness:

"Be strong—mother's sake—my sake—kiss me."

"As I bent down to kiss him, he noticed the odor of liquor in my breath. I shall never forget that look of agony, of despair, in his eyes.

"My poor—lost—boy!" he groaned; and these were his last words.

"Since that day, God helping me, I have never touched a drop of liquor. But I know my weakness. I don't dare to expose myself to temptation, and I never knowingly go where liquor is to be used. This morning, while the provision wagon was being loaded, I saw that some one had sent along a case of whisky. Forgive me, boys; I'm not preaching nor finding fault with you, but you see now why I can't go."

"You can go and you shall go," spoke up the judge, who had provided the case of liquor, "for the whisky is going to stay here." So the lawyer went, and a jollier, happier outing none of the men ever had.—Selected by The Bethel Record.

WHAT ONE BOY DID.

They were just sitting down to the table, twelve boys, their faces bright, their eyes sparkling with the anticipation of the dinner that was before them. It was Clifford Ray's birthday, and his mother had said he might invite eleven of his friends to a dinner party.

Clifford was an only child and an only grandchild and, strange as it may seem, he was blessed with three grandmothers. The way he came to have more than his share of grandmothers, was that his mother had married again, so there was her mother, his father's mother, and his stepfather's mother; stranger yet, they lived together, to all appearances in peace and concord, and vied with each other in petting and spoiling Master Clifford.

The boys lost no time in starting on the good things, and they ate as only healthy, growing boys can eat. They did not talk much at first, they were too busy for that; but they enjoyed themselves thoroughly, which made Mrs. Ray and the three kind old grandmothers who waited on them, beam with pleasure.

After they had got fairly started, Mrs. Ray unlocked the door of a little cupboard, built in the wall, and said smilingly, "Now, boys! I'm going to give you your choice of some very fine wine. I have all kinds here, you can take your choice, in honor of Clifford's birthday."

"Oh, that's fine, mother!" exclaimed Clifford. "Come, boys, what kind will you have?"

No one answered, so Mrs. Ray turned to the boy at the head of the table, George Karner, the biggest of the twelve, and the most popular; George usually took the lead in everything.

As Mrs. Ray turned to him, he answered politely, but without the slightest hesitation, "I won't take any, thank you, Mrs. Ray."

The boys looked at him in surprise, and Clifford's mother said, "What! Not any wine? Oh, you are so particular! Of course, it wouldn't do for boys to make a practice of drinking it; but this is something extra, and a glass won't hurt you, it will make a man of you."

George was tempted to reply that he knew just what kind of a man it would make of him, he had seen men like that, but he did not like to say anything rude to Mrs. Ray, so he answered politely, but as firmly as before, "No, thank you. I really can't take it. Please don't urge me!"

"Come, now! You won't refuse a lady, I'm sure!"

All eyes were turned on George. He colored slightly as Mrs. Ray poured out a glass of the sparkling beverage and set it before him; but his resolve was not shaken, and he repeated, "I'm sorry to have to refuse anything, but, indeed, I can't take it."

Mrs. Ray was evidently annoyed. "Well, I won't press you, if it's against your principles to drink it," she said, and turned to the next boy with, "Well, you'll take it, Harry Clark?"

George's refusal had given Harry courage to act. He knew his mother would not want him to take the wine; but he would not have been strong enough to refuse, if it had not been for his friend's example, so he said, "I don't believe I'll take any, either, Mrs. Ray."

Frank Miller, who sat next to Harry, said the same, and so it went all around the table until it came to Clifford.

"You'd better shut up the cupboard, mother, I don't believe any of the fellows want it."

Then they went on eating their dinner and were soon as merry as if the interruption had not occurred. The incident was seemingly forgotten.

But there was one who did not forget it. In the next room there was a listener, of whom none of the boys were aware. Mrs. Ray's brother had long been a source of trouble to his family. It was the old story of bad company and then all sorts of dissipation. He had tried one business after another, to make a failure of all. At last he had gone away, and his family hoped that the separation from his old companions might reform him; but he came back an utter wreck and failure.

Howard Morse had come in while the boys were at dinner. He was sober then, but he intended going out later in the afternoon with a number of boon companions, and "making a night of it" as usual. The door between the dining room and the library, where he had thrown himself down on the divan, was open, and he heard his sister's offer of the wine and George's refusal.

It reminded him of the time when he took his first glass of wine, and then he thought of the events which followed. Like all drunkards, at times he would have given anything he possessed to break the awful bondage, and now he wished heartily that when he had been offered his first glass, he had, like George, had the courage to refuse. Then the thought came to him, "Am I going to be outdone by a twelve-year-old

boy? What he can do, I can; it isn't too late yet. If God will only forgive me and help me, I'll never touch another drop."

A few minutes later the boys and Mrs. Ray and the three grandmothers were greatly surprised to see Howard Morse walk into the dining room and greet them cordially. Since he had started on the downward path, he had kept taciturnly to himself when he was at home, and avoided meeting any of the people who visited there. This was a new Howard, surely.

After dinner, instead of hurrying out of the house, he joined the boys in the library. He was so entertaining, instituting new games, and telling thrilling stories, that no one could believe the clock right when its hands pointed to the hour for leaving.

Reluctantly the boys went home, after bidding "Uncle Howard" a hearty good-night.

As George was going, Howard caught his arm and drew him aside "I want to tell you, George, that you saved me to-night."

George's eyes opened wide in astonishment. "Saved you? I?"

"Yes, it was your example in refusing the wine that set me to thinking, and I resolved to never touch another drop of liquor or have it in the house. I would like to join your temperance society. I want to help save others who have been as low as I was."

George was very happy that night, and when he prayed to his Heavenly Father, he did not forget to thank Him for the privilege which had been given him to save a soul by his example.

Howard Morse kept his word. He not only joined the temperance society, but later on, the church, and was known throughout the community as an earnest worker.

Some years afterwards he started out as a temperance lecturer, and was the means of leading many souls from the "broad road that leadeth to destruction." And in all his lectures, he never failed to give credit to the boy who had stood firm for his principle, and by his example pointed him to the way in which he was now walking.—Anne Guilbert Mahon in Union Signal.

A HELPMEET FOR HIM.

When Kitty Hastings married the Rev. John Carter, the people said she had made a mistake. It was well known that John was not her

only chance. She had had more than one wealthy wooer, but with the perversity of her sex, she had chosen John Carter, and John had no more money than she had.

Kitty was a pretty girl, small and slight, with graceful, gentle ways. She had a pair of honest, clear, gray eyes, and anybody who got one look from them, trusted her at once. Everybody liked Kitty Hastings, and a good many people loved her.

As for John, he was tall and slender; a scholarly-looking fellow, and indeed he had taken honors in his college course. There was nothing otherwise noticeable in his appearance, but there was a world of quiet determination written in the lines of his face, and he was, as Kitty often proudly said to herself, "as good as gold."

And John had decided to become a Home Missionary. "What a mistake!" people said again. "He should take a Professor's chair in some college, where he could indulge his scholarly tastes." But John felt that he had a "call" and Kitty stood by him; so he applied to the Home Board, was accepted, and appointed to—of all places in the world—Bitter Creek.

Bitter Creek was a typical Western town. The new railway running through it made it the natural outlet for a series of mining camps, and the stream from which it took its name ran through a wild and fertile valley, sure to be occupied by settlers. The first house built in Bitter Creek was a slab shanty for a railway station; the second was a liquor saloon, and on the third was the "Occidental Hotel," and in four weeks from the time these buildings were erected, Bitter Creek had seven hundred inhabitants and more were pouring in daily.

When John and Kitty arrived at Bitter Creek, they went to board at the Occidental Hotel, but the prices of that establishment were far beyond John's slender purse, and he made haste to build a little cabin like the others. It was, perhaps, one of the poorest shelters ever called by the beautiful name of home, but John and Kitty were very glad and thankful to be in it, and just as soon as John had Kitty fairly settled, he set about his Master's business in good earnest.

But how could a man like John, a little shy, a little stiff, a little formal in manner, trained in all the wisdom of the schools, but with no great knowledge of human nature, get into touch with such a community as this?

There was no room in the town where he could hold service, so one

Sunday he invited them to meet him in the open air. He stood upon a dry-goods box, surrounded by a crowd of rough faces, and Kitty standing close beside him, sang like a thrush:

"I am so glad that our Father in Heaven
Tells of His love in the Book He has given,
Wonderful things in the Bible I see:
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me."

They listened in silence while she sang, and were quiet during the opening prayer, but when John began to preach, interest flagged, and he found it hard to hold his audience.

Still, they did not despair. John succeeded, after a little, in erecting a building where he could hold services, though few came to the meetings. But John put in a word wherever he could, and Kitty made friends wherever she could. There were a few children in the place, and they gathered them into Sunday school. People soon found out that Parson Carter and his wife were friends worth having in sickness. Kitty would go with nourishing and delicate food, ready to nurse or to do anything to relieve the sufferer; and John was always by her side, strong and helpful.

So they lived until after baby Jack was born; and there never was such a baby, so merry, so hearty, so loving, and afraid of nothing in all the world. He was a little evangelist in his own right. Bitter Creek could not resist him. The rough miners coming down from camp used to pause at the window to see him while Kitty was putting him to bed, and she used to call them in, and put him, all rosy and warm in his little flannel nightgown, right into their arms. After the frolic, she would treat the company to cups of hot coffee, and taking the baby, would just sit down and sing while they listened,

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,"

until the boy was fast asleep.

One evening a messenger came for John, saying that a very sick man had need of him. On inquiry, it was found that the sick man was at a little settlement ten miles distant. John had never left Kitty alone at night before, and he hesitated.

"You must go, John," decided Kitty. "You must not miss this chance to do the Lord's bidding."

So, after a little consideration, John went for Mrs. Mulligan, a

decent and kindly Irish neighbor, to come and stay with Kitty, and then started upon his lonely ride.

That was a dreadful night at Bitter Creek. A company of miners were in town. There was a great deal of drinking and excitement, and finally a quarrel, a pistol shot, and a poor drunken wretch fell dead, pierced through the heart by a bullet. The saloon-keeper instantly put out his lights, fearing the fray would continue. There were a few moments of wild confusion, but presently the dead man's friends bore him into the air. They soon saw that the shot had proved fatal. Some started to apprehend the murderer, but others remained by the poor dead body. They tried to return with it to the saloon, but the keeper of that establishment prudently refused to open his doors again. So they placed the remains upon a shutter and bore them to the Occidental; but the landlord there refused them a resting-place. It was a cold night, and something must be done, but no one knew where to go next for an asylum. At last one of the men spoke:

"Boys," said he, "let's go to Parson Carter's; he'll take poor Harry in, I know."

And so, about two o'clock in the morning, Kitty was aroused by a knock at the door. She hastily dressed, and opened it.

"Where's the Parson?" inquired a rough voice.

"He's at Brownville, with a sick man," explained Kitty. "What do you wish with him?"

"Nothing," stammered the man, embarrassed by the unexpected reply. "It's no matter; don't you be frightened. We just wanted the parson for something, that's all."

But Kitty had been looking at that black, motionless heap, which they had brought with them, and which they had laid upon the path as they parleyed.

"Is anyone hurt?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," said the man. "Leastways he ain't hurt now."

"Is he dead? Why do you bring him here?" asked Kitty—she had not lived a year in Bitter Creek for nothing.

"Because," answered the man in despair, "we ain't got nowhere else to put him."

He tried not to swear before Kitty, as he told how he had been refused shelter for his poor dead friend, and how as a last resort they had brought him to the parson's.

shadows of the otherwise dim room. His eyes remained fastened on the cover of the volume he had just closed, as though he still saw the lines which had caught and held him. Unconsciously his mouth settled into firm lines of resolve. With a slight thud the forelegs of his chair reached the floor, as though with them he pinned down some hard-won decision. Rising, he walked slowly up and down the sanctum, with hands thrust deep into his pockets.

"Well, I guess that about fits my case," he soliloquised. "Everything will probably have to go by the board, but—I'll try to keep the pilot in charge of the ship!"

With a quick, impulsive gesture he drew out a notebook and copied the lines he had just read. Underlining "pilot," he wrote in the margin "conscience." Then, after one quick glance round the cozy den, he opened the door and descended a wide flight of luxuriously carpeted stairs.

It was a hard battle which Leonard Newcomb had just won—a hard errand upon which he was bound! He had not thought that life could hold passes so narrow that right and wrong seemed almost to touch. In the recent struggle he had steered through the fret of foaming waters guided solely by the word of his pilot—conscience. Now he was out upon the open sea, ready to face any impending storm, but no longer fearful of the shallows of self-deception.

Fifteen years before, when Leonard was a fair-haired little lad of four, he had been taken, and practically adopted, by an older, unmarried brother of the father who was to him but a misty memory. Not even that impression remained with him of his young mother's face. But he had never been allowed to feel his childhood's loss. His uncle's affection and the care of a doting nurse, Ellen O'Connor, enwrapped his earlier years. He found himself, now, with scarcely a manhood's wish ungratified. Only a week before he had returned home one day to find his "den" refurnished in handsome leather and mahogany—a little private facsimile of the library below.

"It is time you had a man's room, Len," the elder Newcomb had said, smiling at the young fellow's pleasure, while they stood surveying the well-filled bookshelves. Leonard halted on the stairs now, catching his breath with a hard jerk of pain as the little scene rose before him. He could not quite remember when first the word "brewery" became associated in his mind with his uncle's business. But he vividly recalled

the day, two years before, when, upon exhibiting to some schoolmates a handsome gold watch and seals, the birthday gift of his guardian, one of the boys had turned away with a slight shrug and the muttered comment, "Beer!" Leonard never forgot the conflicting sensations of that moment. Indignation, resentment, and underneath all, something—was it shame—stirring into uneasy life? The youthful "pilot," conscience, tried his sturdy limbs vigorously for the first time that day in an effort to get control of the ship for the voyage of life. Since then Leonard had been more or less aware of that pilot's presence on board. On this evening, however, things had come to a climax. He was forced to decide, once and for all, by whose word he would steer.

"Len," his uncle said, as they sat facing each other at the dinner table, while a soft-footed servant anticipated every want, "how would a three months' trip abroad strike you for the coming summer?"

"Uncle!" The young fellow's knife and fork dropped with a little clatter to his plate. His face showed such radiant anticipation that Nathaniel Newcomb smiled.

"I think it can be arranged," the man of wealth went on in a gratified tone. "I have, in fact, already had some communication with a young college professor, who would act as your 'guide, philosopher, and friend.'"

"Then you could not come?" Leonard's face fell.

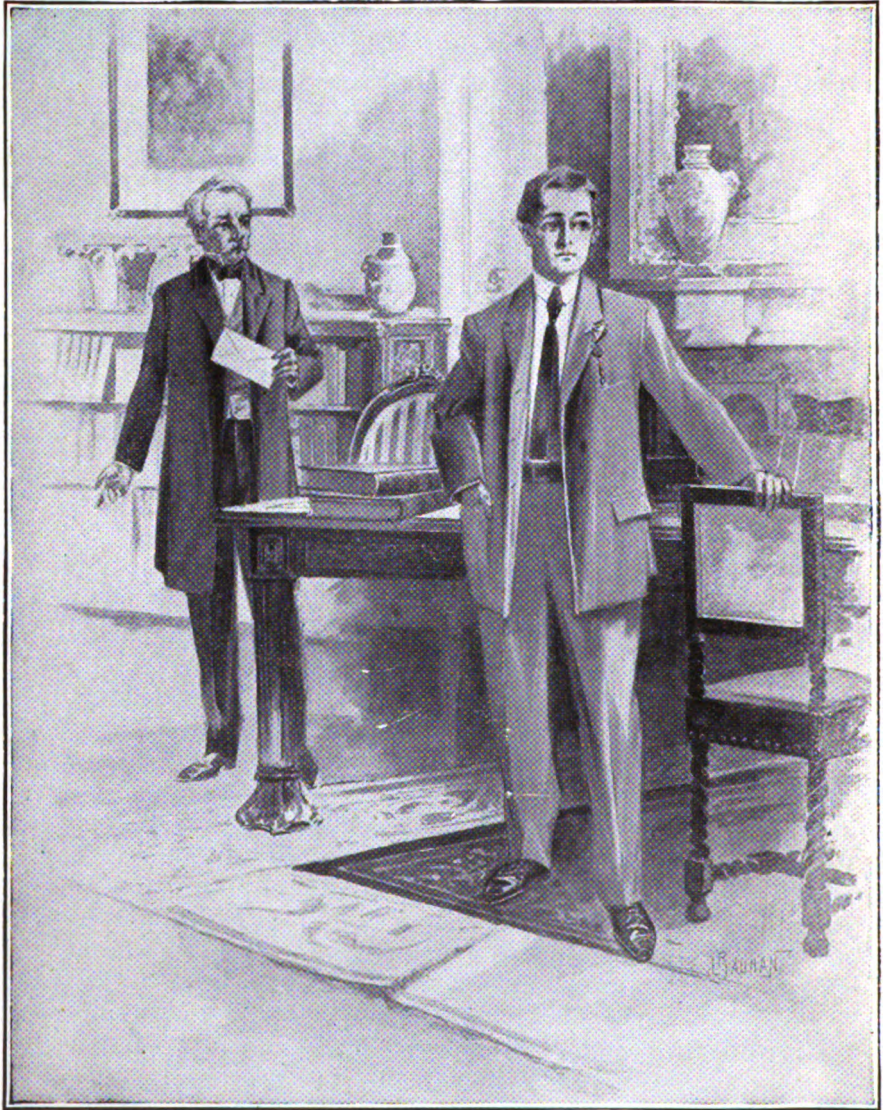
"No. But I want you to take the trip. I want you to see a little of the world before—"

The sentence remained unfinished. Mr. Newcomb put out his hand to take a dish which the maid had just brought in and, as he did so, the eyes of uncle and nephew met. In that look one of those strange interchanges of thought seemed to pass between them which do not need words. Leonard shivered, as though a cold wind had touched him. He leaned back in his chair. All appetite for the well-cooked dinner had departed.

Could it—could it be that his uncle wished him to succeed to the—"business?" That was how he interpreted the look. A sudden feeling of nausea swept over him as the suggestion grew to conviction.

"Whew! It is warm in here tonight. May I go, Uncle Nat?" he asked when the coffee had been brought in.

Contrary to his usual custom, which was to sit for a while with his uncle in the library, he went at once to his "den" and threw himself into



"You feel yourself above it, no doubt."

one of the deep leather chairs. Everything in the room had been arranged to give him pleasure. Everything was a gift of love from his uncle. Was he justified in going against his wishes—in disappointing him in anything?

For a while this thought held him. Then rose the other side. To use his manhood, the strength of body and mind which he felt tingling through every vein, the vitality which "rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race," in the manufacture of beer? For that was practically what it amounted to, even though his work would be in the office. Never! Unconsciously, as he made the decision, his muscular young shoulders straightened. Just at that moment his eyes fell on the open Shakespeare on the table. In the midst of confusion his "pilot" still lived. He would see to it that he kept control of the ship.

Mr. Newcomb was reading near the long library table when he went downstairs again. "Going out this evening, Len?" he asked.

"No, Uncle Nat. I—in fact, I want to speak to you."

There was a slight tightening of the lips as Nathaniel Newcomb laid down his book. That the young man before him was quick of perception he knew. The change in his face and loss of appetite at the dinner table had not passed unnoticed by the keen eyes which observed him.

"Well?" Unconsciously his voice had stiffened and grown colder.

Leonard remained standing, his hand gripping the back of a heavy mahogany chair.

"It isn't fair, Uncle Nat," he began, "to let you go on doing everything for me and, perhaps, thinking that I could ever—could ever——"

It was harder to say than he thought. He stopped and moistened his lips.

"Well?" The word cut the silence in two like cold steel.

"Could ever succeed you in the—the business."

It was out! He drew a deep breath of relief. His uncle's eyes were fixed on the floor; his finger tips tapped the polished surface of the table.

"You feel yourself above it—no doubt." Again the chill tone broke a tense silence.

"I do." Involuntarily Leonard straightened his strong, young body. "Though not in the way you think, uncle. I would do any work—the hardest work—as long as——"

Mr. Newcomb cut short his eager protestations with one uplifted hand.

"Is that all?"

"No, I—I would rather—not take—the trip to Europe. I am old enough to—to do something on my own account now."

A bitter smile crossed the elder man's face. "I understand—**perfectly**," he said with slow distinctness. "You are, indeed, your mother's son! A Leonard' every whit."

He rose deliberately, and going to a desk in one corner of the room, took from it a paper. Holding the document in his left hand, he turned and faced Leonard, whose strong, young face had grown very white.

"Twenty-one years ago to-night," he said, slowly, "your father stood before me and said what you are saying now—said it when I had just drawn up the papers which were to take him into partnership, as"—he tapped with his right forefinger the document which he still had—"I, to-day, pleased myself by drawing up **this**! He preferred a clerkship on a pittance of twenty dollars a week to a position with me which would have given him more than five times that amount, and—he had his way. It was due to the influence of his wife's family. You have evidently inherited something from the Leonards besides the name!"

With a jerk he tore the paper in two and tossed it aside. The action seemed to unloose all the torrent of his pent-up anger and disappointment.

"Go!"

His voice was as the sudden crash of storm-charged clouds in its vibrant harshness, as he pointed to the door.

"Uncle Nat!" Leonard started forward with outstretched hands, his face pale and quivering—"hear me! Don't send me from you like this! Don't you see how much easier it would be for me to do the thing that you wish—to follow 'the line of least resistance'? But—it would mean the death of all that is best in me—of all that will ever make my life worth while! It isn't that I am ungrateful—that I love you—any—the less—" His voice stopped, shut off by a wall of sobs which his manhood held back. At another time the appeal would have moved and melted the man who loved him. But, unconsciously, Leonard had, in one slash, by his bravely expressed convictions, severed the ropes with

which, thirty-five years before, Nathaniel Newcomb had bound down his pilot. Those bonds had changed so rapidly into fetters of gold that for years conscience, apparently, slept. Now he realized that the pilot was awake, ready to take vengeance for that long thralldom, that already he had begun to cut with stinging lashes. And Nathaniel Newcomb could not readily forgive the hand which had plunged him into renewed warfare with such a foe. Moreover, the cloak of self-complacent philanthropy in which he wrapped himself, and which he invariably drew before his eyes when passing a saloon which bore the sign, "Newcomb's best ale and beer," slipped from him and he saw Nathaniel Newcomb as he was—a man who catered to the weakness of his fellows and enriched his own coffers by that weakness.

But, as yet, the vision brought only a seething wave of anger against the "boy" who had thrust him back into the storm of inner conflict which he had thought forever stilled; who had, all unwittingly, held up before his eyes his own cramped, sordid soul.

"Go!" The word was ground out with labored breath, as he pointed again to the door. "All obligation between you and me is at an end. At least—find the miserable clerkship you prefer and support yourself as soon as possible!"

"Got that policy finished, Newcomb?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Burbank, senior partner of the firm of Burbank & Hubbard, fire insurance agents, took the paper which Leonard brought him and reëntered the private office. His critical eye scanned the sheet closely before laying it on his desk.

"Young Newcomb takes hold all right," he remarked to his partner with evident satisfaction. "None of the thoughtless mistakes with which Frank Witter interlarded his work.

"Witter only kept the tail-end of his mind on what he was doing, and Newcomb gives himself wholly to it—that's the difference," Mr. Hubbard replied, without lifting his head from the document upon which he was engaged. After a moment's silence he swung round in his office chair and, with a motion toward the closed door, said, in a lowered tone: "I wonder what the trouble was between him and the uncle?"

Mr. Burbank also turned slowly until he faced the younger man. "I don't think the answer to that is hard to find." He waved one hand

toward a window, through which, in the distance, the tall chimneys of Newcomb's brewery could be seen belching out volumes of black smoke.

"You think it was *that*?" Sydney Hubbard's eyebrows raised themselves as he followed the other's glance.

"I do."

"Whew! The lad must have grit. It's a far cry from a brownstone residence, six thousand dollar touring car and spending money in plenty, to getting along on a salary of ten dollars a week."

"It is. But, if I read him aright, Leonard Newcomb will never juggle with his convictions. It would be impossible for him to follow the slippery path of compromise, because he saw that ultimately the way would be paved with dollars, as, I shrewdly suspect, the uncle did at his age when he accepted a position in Bingham Brothers' Brewery, as it was then. I used to know Nat Newcomb well in those days—one of the brightest young fellows in the city!"

"It must have been a terrible wrench for both of them," Mr. Hubbard said, musingly, going back to the primal object of their conversation.

"I don't like to think of it," the senior partner's brows drew together as though conjecture about the matter gave him pain, "and it has left its mark on the boy. Sydney, believe me"—the elder man's voice grew husky—"that lad is fashioned out of the stuff that martyrs are made of. If I am not greatly mistaken, this thing has been to him a case of 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.'"

In the outer office Leonard bent over his desk, the whole force of his mind concentrated on becoming familiar with the business he had entered and of value to his employers. He could not yet think of the day, nearly two months before, when he had turned his back on the only home he had ever known, without a stab or pain so keen that it seemed to turn everything dark before his eyes. Before leaving the house he had sought out his old nurse, Ellen O'Connor, who now acted as housekeeper, and trying to make her understand what had occurred, begged her to let him have news of his uncle. The good woman flung up her hands in dismay.

"Wisha, Mr. Len, 'tisin't thinkin' of goin' ag'en the master's wishes you'd be?" she demanded. Then, as Leonard, seeing the futility of

explanation, patted her shoulder affectionately: "Oh, sure, 'tis ruinin' yer prospects entirely ye are!"

She had followed him to the door, pleading, protesting, finally prophesying, with the optimism of her race, that "'twas back ag'en the master 'd have him tomorra."

But to-morrow and many morrows passed, and he did not come. Twice he wrote to his uncle short, manly letters, expressive of unfailing gratitude and affection, but touching not at all on the matter which divided them. For Leonard felt that if it were to do over, he must take the same course.

A note to Ellen had elicited a tear-blotted reply, in which she jumped from censure at the course he had taken to bemoaning the fact that he had no one to look after him now. Leonard put the letter in his breast pocket, smiling, with moist eyes.

"Dear old Ellen! I suppose I will always be to her the little chap who used to sit on her knee for hours, listening to stories about diminutive men in cocked hats who sat on potato ridges and knew where untold treasure was hidden!" he thought with loyal affection.

With renewed vigor he applied himself to his work. But Mr. Burbank was right—the parting with his uncle had left its mark on Leonard. In that first fierce storm of life some of the fresh green leaves of boyhood had been blown away, never to return; but the roots of manhood, gaining fiber and strength, struck down deep into the soil of eternal truth. One great question was forever decided for Leonard Newcomb. Personal gain, personal advancement, personal comfort at the cost of his fellow-men could never again make the slightest appeal to him. He had stamped out forever the ego which, in the arrogance of conscious power and strength of will, says, "Every man for himself!" He had placed the best of which he was capable—his strong young manhood—on the side of Him who said, "My life for every man!"

But if the parting had left its mark on Len, what about the uncle who sat alone in his costly house? For hours at a time he remained shut up in the library, staring before him with unseeing eyes, his mind busy with scenes which had been enacted in that room. Again he saw the little fair-haired lad, perched on his knee, building air castles about the future and always ending with, "When I'm a great, big man, Kebunk!" The old, childish substitute for "uncle" seemed to sound again in his ears. He saw the long-limbed boy, poring over his Latin

grammar. He saw him, as he had seen him that last night, a man proclaiming his man's convictions. Every day seemed to bring something which impressed on him more keenly the fact that Leonard was gone. Just now it was the illness of his chauffeur, which made it necessary for him to take the street car to and from his office. Although nervous about riding with a stranger, he had never been afraid to trust to Len's steady head and strong hand. In fact, the evening spin to the office for his uncle, in the luxuriously cushioned automobile, had been one of the young fellow's pleasurable duties for months past.

It was with a fresh stab of loneliness that Mr. Newcomb stepped, one evening, from his office to the dingy street which led to the electric car. As he walked along he became aware of a towering figure ahead, lunging forward with uneven gait. He recognized it at once as that of one of his own workmen, a huge Swede, named Anderson, who had recently been discharged for drunkenness. Mr. Newcomb stood still with suspended breath. Perched on the man's shoulder sat a fair-haired child of two or three years. One chubby arm encircled her father's head, the fingers clutching his cap and hair in a frantic effort to retain the uncertain seat. The other hand held a stick of pink candy, upon which she sucked blissfully, unconscious of her peril. Every moment it seemed as if man and child must come crashing to the ground. More than once, when Mr. Newcomb closed his eyes for an instant with sickening certainty that the end had come, the big Swede regained his balance as though by a miracle. Then—a cry of horror burst from the lips of the wealthy brewer—Anderson's foot caught in the curbstone. With a lunge he pitched heavily forward out into the street. But before he could strike the ground, someone had darted from behind a passing vehicle and snatched the child from his arms. White and panting, Mr. Newcomb came up, as, with lightning rapidity, a crowd gathered. Across the body of the prostrate man he confronted his nephew, Leonard!

At his full height stood the young man, a head and shoulders above the curious spectators; the child, who now caught her breath in little soft hiccoughs of fear, held safe and unharmed against his breast. And in a flash his uncle realized that thus would he ever stand, while he had breath, against the influences which drag men down, thus would he defend with the last drop of blood in his body the helpless victims of those influences. In that long, intense look, Nathaniel Newcomb

saw nothing in the eyes that met his own but grief—a grief which seemed to say: “Is our name to be connected, even indirectly, with such work as this?” The tall figure seemed to waver before his sight, and he saw again the fair-haired little lad, with eyes like those of the child who leaned against Leonard’s shoulder. And he knew that the man before him kept his soul clean and pure, “unspotted from the world,” and, because of that keeping, could claim the “kighthood to God” which he, Nathaniel Newcomb, had forfeited.

With bent head, as though suddenly stricken with age, he passed down a side street. The day of reckoning had fully come. The battle which had raged within him for months was at an end. The thing which all along he had tried to smother seemed suddenly to have leaped at him with hideous force. “To his own master he standeth or falleth.” Why did the words rush back on him now? Ah, because he, Nathaniel Newcomb, had fallen!—fallen from the high ideals he had once held. Because, thirty-five years before, he had disregarded the voice of his pilot. To the full he realized now that by that voice each man must steer, no matter what the course, unless he wants to make shipwreck of his life. All these years he had clung to the thing which his conscience disallowed, only to find it rising at last, like a specter, to separate him from the one being on earth whom he loved.

Leonard leaned back in his corner of the day coach and, having the seat to himself, stretched his long limbs, cramped from five hours’ enforced inaction. He was returning from a short business trip, upon which he had started with Mr. Hubbard the very morning after his rescue of Anderson’s little girl. The junior partner insisted that he was none too young to learn the duties of inspector, in case it ever became necessary to send him on “the road.” In reality, Sydney Hubbard’s urgency in the matter was stimulated by a desire that Leonard, to whom he had taken a great liking, should have some change from the confinement and routine of office life, to which he had hitherto been so accustomed.

The trip was one of keen interest and pleasure to young Newcomb, coming after months of loneliness and hard work. Looking back on the time since he left his uncle’s house, it seemed as though every step had been hewn out of solid rock, but the hewing had developed his moral muscle and given him an exhilarating feeling of strength and endurance. He had followed, fearlessly, one “point of contact with

God"—the voice of conscience—and it had led him out into fields of experience of which he had only vaguely dreamed. He began to realize that some point of contact with Eternal Truth exists in the life of every man and woman. That to neglect it is to shut the door on all larger vision. To follow it leads inevitably to a knowledge of Him who was Truth—to that most sublime of all confessions, "My Lord and my God!" And in the past week he knew that a friendship had been forged which would enrich his whole life. Sydney Hubbard, although fifteen years his senior, was a man of abounding vitality, strong and purposeful. Together they had visited all kinds of insurance "risks," from isolated farmhouses to city factories, indulging in many a hearty laugh over their experiences. Leonard was now returning home while Mr. Hubbard took a few days' holiday.

As the train drew up at a wayside station, he leaned from the window and motioned to a newsboy who was vociferously calling: "News, Extra-a! All about the fire!"

With rather languid interest Leonard unfolded the sheet. Then his hands suddenly clutched its edges until they crumpled into shreds. The headline which met his eyes ran: "Fierce blaze destroys entire business block! Newcomb's Brewery a mass of smoldering ruins."

Instinctively Leonard jumped to his feet. His uncle—to get to him! That was his first thought. His second came with a throb of thankfulness—he was scarcely thirty miles from home and could be with him in little over an hour.

As he sank back into his seat, the name "Newcomb," coming from the section behind, where two men were sitting, reached him.

"Yes, 'twas a bad fire," one of them was saying, "but Newcomb is sure to have been insured for every penny. You can't get ahead of him. Anyway, a man who can write his check for six figures can stand some loss!"

"I don't know about the six figures," his companion replied. "Healy"—mentioning a well-known broker—"tells me that he's been speculating pretty heavily lately. Lost a cool fifty thousand in some land scheme! His grip seems to have weakened. He has gone into anything that came along, as though he didn't care whether he sacrificed money or not. It doesn't take a man long to go through a pretty big sum at that rate."

Leonard got up and moved to an empty seat in the forward part of the car. He felt sick at heart for his uncle. What if, at the end of all

these years, everything had been swept away? His longing to reach him outsped the train and made the boy chafe miserably at delay.

It was with a lump rising in his throat from rushing memories that he sprang up the well-known flight of massive stone steps to his old home. Ellen O'Connor opened the door and fell back with upthrown hands at sight of him.

"Mr. Len!"—joy and relief ran a race with tears in her voice—"an' is it yerself? Come inside, asthore! O, but 'tis glad I am to see ye!"

"Where is he?" Leonard asked, breathlessly.

Ellen jerked a thumb over her shoulder toward the library door. But as Leonard strode toward it she caught him back until he stood under the full light of the hall.

"Let me have another look at ye!" Tears were streaming, unrestrained, down her honest face. "Me little fair-haired boy that was! An' you the splendid man, God bless ye! Go in to the master, now, for 'tis aitin' his heart out for a sight of ye he's been these months past, an' him too proud to own it!"

It might have been the figure of a much older man than his uncle which sat at the library table, the head resting on one hand, when Leonard entered the room.

"Kebunk!"

The familiar, old name slipped from his lips as he sank on one knee and laid a strong, young arm across the bent shoulders. Mr. Newcomb shivered, but did not raise his head.

"Don't take it so much to heart, Uncle Nat, don't—" Leonard was groping wildly after some fitting consolation.

With a spasmodic movement his uncle freed himself and instinctively both rose to their feet.

"Do you think I regret *that*?" Leonard started at sight of the haggard eyes that met his own. "It is the years—the years—the years that I have wasted!"

He sank back into his chair while Leonard stood helplessly by. The sight of this grief was terrible to him.

"Wasted?" His uncle's voice was like a wail. "God help me! If that were all, I could bear it and take my punishment."

Leonard drew up a chair and sat with one hand resting on his knee. After a while the older man laid his own upon it, and for some

time they remained thus in silence. Then Mr. Newcomb withdrew his own and took from an inside pocket a note-book which Len recognized as his.

"I found this after you had gone," his uncle said in a low voice, "and I found these," turning to the lines Leonard had copied, "with the date written below. My boy"—he laid the open book on the table and faced his nephew—"thank God—thank God, with your latest breath, that you obeyed the voice of your 'pilot' before you had made shipwreck of your life! I stand to-day where I stood thirty-five years ago, as far as this world's goods are concerned," he went on, in a trembling voice, "and in that space of time I have measured to the full that it profits a man nothing to gain the whole world and lose himself!"

"Have—have you nothing left, uncle?" Leonard asked hesitatingly.

"Only what will pay my outstanding obligations."

"But—the insurance?"

"The old policy lapsed two days ago. I meant to turn what business I controlled in that way over to your firm—if they would take it."

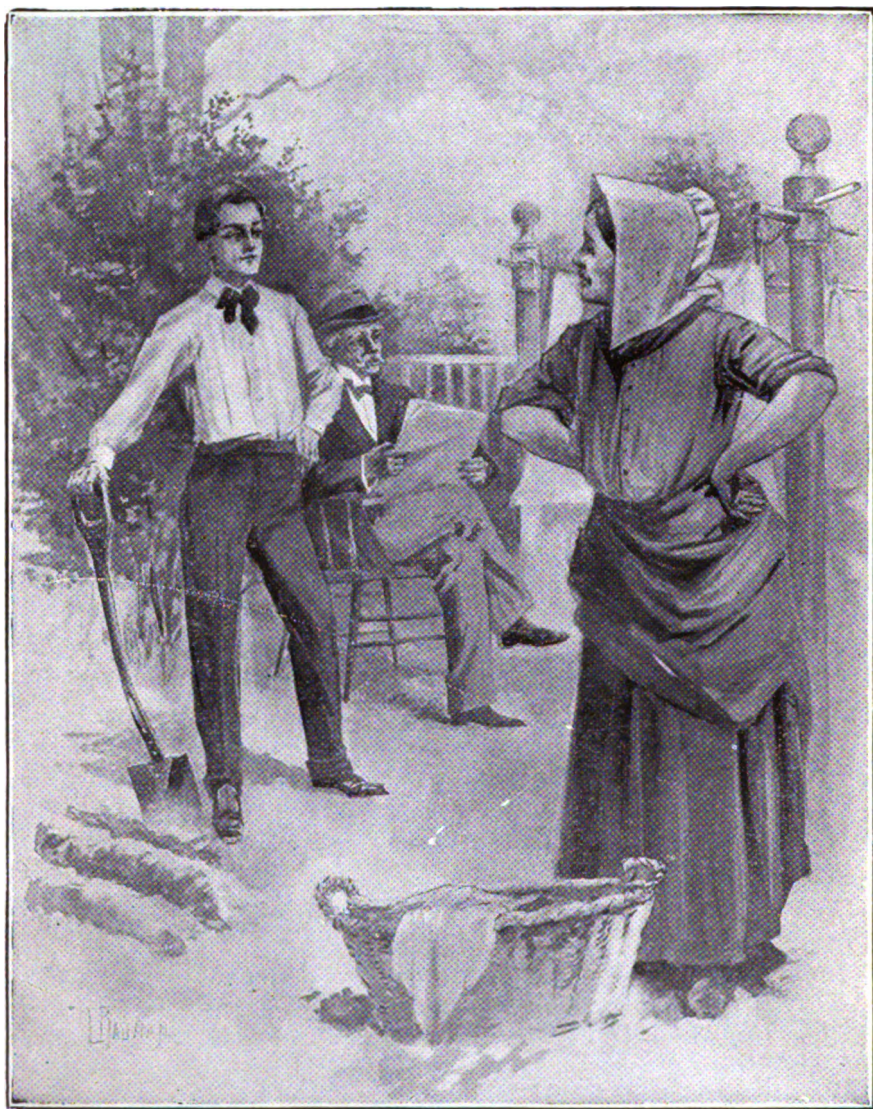
Leonard laid one hand quickly on the elder man's arm. He knew the motive which underlay this thought. But his heart had given a great bound. Here was his opportunity, the opportunity he had always craved, of showing his love and gratitude to the uncle who had done so much for him!

"It is my turn now, Uncle Nat!" he cried, eagerly. "I can earn enough to keep the wolf from the door of both of us. My salary has been raised and——"

But his uncle's enforced composure had suddenly given away. Tears were coursing slowly down his cheeks as he looked with starved eyes into the young face at his side.

"I care for nothing—as long as you are spared to me," he said, chokingly. "It is more than I deserve! But I need not be a burden to you, my boy. I have some little property, enough to keep me, which came to me from my mother. Only—stay with me, Len, always!"

In silence their hands met with a close clasp. A question trembled on Leonard's lips which they hardly dared to frame. As though in answer to his thought, his uncle said: "I need scarcely say that one stone of the—the brewery"—he brought the word out with a wince—"will never be rebuilt. I am going to give the land to the city for a



"Sure, Mr. Len, a ram's horn is a fool to it!"

square—a breathing space for some of the people who live around there.”

“Hurrah!” Leonard caught up the old note-book and tossing it into the air, caught it again. “Even if mast, cable, anchor and soldiers are gone, ‘Yet lives our pilot still!’ Uncle, it is worth everything—all the long months of loneliness and separation that we have both been through—to hear you say that!”

In a diminutive garden attached to a small suburban cottage, a young man, minus hat and coat, worked vigorously spading up the soft earth into ridges, which he fondly hoped would, in due time, yield a flourishing crop of vegetables. Stopping to wipe his moist brow, he threw a bright glance of inquiry at an elderly man who sat watching his labors.

“How’s that, Uncle Nat! That ridge look straight to you?”

Mr. Newcomb drew one hand across his eyes. In truth, he had seen little of the embryo garden, so occupied had he been with the young gardener’s splendid muscles as he swung his spade.

“I think it is straight—it looks so to me,” he said, stooping hastily to hide the emotion which sometimes overcame him when he looked at Leonard.

“What do you think, Ellen?” The young man turned to a pleasant-faced woman who was taking some spotless clothes from the line.

Ellen O’Connor regarded the operations with pursed-up lips, her head held at a critical angle.

“Sure, Mr. Len, a ram’s horn is a fool to it!” she announced, solemnly, with arms akimbo.

Leonard, dropping his spade, made a boyish dash at her, before which Ellen, snatching up her basket of linen, beat a panting retreat into the house.

As darkness fell, uncle and nephew strolled, arm in arm, round their little domain. When, at last, their steps turned to the house, Nathaniel Newcomb laid one hand on the young man’s arm.

“Len,” he said, huskily, “the man who obeys his ‘pilot’s’ voice, promptly and unswervingly, as you did, not alone saves his own life from shipwreck—but—he may help some struggling craft—which has disregarded orders—to reach harbor—at last.”—Mary L. Cummings in *Classmate*.

AT THE STROKE OF NINE.

It was a pretty, white cottage, on a broad, green lawn, with a stone walk leading to the gate. By the door a rose climbed over the wall, and the gentle north wind scattered the white petals like snow on the ground. And the perfume from those flowers floated up, rich and sweet, like the breath of incense, burning in the temple of old.

A woman, whose hair was just touched with gray, stood in the doorway, and a tall, handsome young man lingered at the gate.

"Good-bye," the woman was saying, "be sure to stop at the hotel with Fred Gilvan. I am sure he will keep you out of mischief. Be a good boy, and remember every night and morning at 9 o'clock I will pray for you."

"Good-bye," he said, as he closed the gate, "good-bye."

He passed down the street in all the beauty of his young manhood, with his fine square shoulders straight and his proud head erect.

* * * * *

Night in the great city, with its revel of sin and crime. It was the same old story; it need not be repeated, how Paul Durgin was tempted and amid the jeers of his companions fell; home, mother and everything were forgotten.

As he staggered down the street, he met Fred Gilvan. "Paul," said Fred, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder, "what does this mean?"

"Oh, I've been on a little jaunt," replied Paul, uneasily.

"Paul, do you realize how far you have fallen to-night, have you forgotten the teachings of your mother?"

There was no reply, and Fred continued, "Do you realize that to-night you have taken the first step on the downward road; that you have forged the first link in your chain of destruction, that you are lost unless——"

The sentence was never finished, for Paul turned fiercely upon him.

"See here," he said hotly, "you hush; I'm not going to listen to your eternal preaching, I'll do as I please, and I won't take anything off of you, do you understand?" His voice rose and his eyes glowed with a strange light.

He was usually slow to anger, but whiskey had fired his brain and he was mad. "Yes," replied the low voice of his friend, "I understand, but Oh, Paul! I can't see you go to destruction without trying to save

you; we have always been such good friends, and it breaks my heart to see——”

Here, without a word of warning, Paul raised his arm and struck him a blow on the head.

There was no moan or outcry, as his gentle, noble, trusting friend fell to the ground.

Paul stood still, looking at the prostrate form at his feet; then looking fearfully around, he knelt down and had his hand over his friend's heart—it was still. His dear old playmate, chum, and friend was beyond recall.

The moonbeams fell directly on the white, still face, with its high, white forehead and clustering hair.

He knelt there, gazing into that quiet face, eagerly watching for some sign of life, but he watched in vain.

As the truth slowly dawned upon him, he covered his face with his hands and moaned aloud:

“He is dead,” he said slowly, “dead, and I killed him, but God knows I didn't mean to—I loved him, Oh, Fred!”

He took his hands from his face and looked at them eagerly. They were smooth and white, but he shook his head. “They are covered with blood,” he said with a shudder, “but I was mad with drink, I never was drunk before, but now I am a murderer.”

He stretched out his hands to the skies, and just then the clock in the tower chimed out the hour—1, 2, 3—7, 8, 9. “Nine o'clock,” he moaned, “Oh, mother.”

* * * * *

The large court room was crowded with people to hear the verdict, “Ninety-nine years of penal servitude.”

The judge asked the prisoner if he had anything to say, and in a trembling voice he said, “Your Honor, I would like to say a few words before I am taken away forever from my fellow-men.”

“In memory I can see a little white school-house, with its broad playground shaded by rows of leafy maples.

“I see the children as they play their games at recess, and coming home, I see two little boys, side by side, with their lunch baskets; perhaps eating an apple or a piece of cake, each one dividing with the other.

“I see them in the sweet summer-time wading in the old mill

stream, or laying on the grassy bank watching the fish. I see them as they grow to manhood and enter college; then again I see them standing side by side on the battlefield in their suits of blue.

"But these sweet visions fade, and another one appears.

"I see one of them going the downward path; I see him as he staggers down the street, and I see the other one with his high-born, pure face, pleading with the drunken one to reform; I hear his kind voice as he pleads, but pleads in vain.

"And then the drunken one raises his hand and strikes his friend to the ground. I see him as he lies still and motionless in the moonlight.

"Then I see a dark, gloomy prison, surrounded by its high walls, and in that prison I see the one who committed the crime, serving his life sentence.

"I see him toiling day by day, with never a hope of release, shut in from the busy outside world, never again to wander free, never again to associate with the friends and companions of former years, but there, in that gloomy prison, to toil till life shall end, then be buried in a potter's field and be forgotten by all who once knew and loved him.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I was drunk only once, but it was enough. I have finished."

He covered his face with his hands, as if to shut out the light, and sank into his chair.

As they led him from the room, the judge's wife (a kind-hearted woman who had a son), placed a bouquet of roses in his shackled hands.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, burying his face in the fragrant petals, "how sweet, they are like the ones mother used to grow. I shall never pick them again."

And like the knell of a death-bell, the clock in the tower tolled the hour. Nine o'clock.—Ola D. Grant in Home Defender.

TOM'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

It was a bright autumn morning. The fall term of St. Rudolph's School had begun on Wednesday; now it was Saturday, and the boys had a long holiday before them. Out on the playground, Tom Haddon—a new boy who had only arrived the night before—was standing by himself, and looking about with the curious but sober eyes of a boy

who felt as if he were in a new world, and who was as yet extremely doubtful as to his chances for happiness in that world.

"Hello, Tom Haddon; is that you?" some one called suddenly.

Tom's gloomy face brightened, and he turned eagerly toward a group of boys near him, who were talking and laughing in the manner so expressive at one of good comradeship and much self-importance, that always marks the old boys at the beginning of a new school year. Tom knew several of those boys; he had met them during the summer vacation, and their greetings now were so hearty that in a few minutes he quite forgot that he was that forlorn creature, a strange boy in a large school; and he gladly accepted an invitation to join his new friends in a tramp over the hills to a village some miles from St. Rudolph's. In high spirits they set out; the hills were crossed, and early in the afternoon they reached the village.

"Now for Cruger's," shouted several of the boys, and they led the way to a saloon and boisterously pushed open the door.

Tom held back. He did not like the appearance of the place.

"What are we going in here for?" he asked.

"For a spread, of course," one of the boys explained. "They cook great dinners here; come on."

Tom was quite ready for a "spread," and willingly followed the boys into a little back room where the saloon proprietor assured them they would be undisturbed. Their dinner of oysters and beefsteak was soon served, and thoroughly enjoyed by the hungry boys; then a dessert of fruit, cake, and pie was ordered, and when the last crumb of the last cake had disappeared and the waiter had removed the dishes from the table, Frank Jones, their acknowledged leader, said gayly: "Now, fellows, before we go, we'll have a loving cup."

"A loving cup; what's that?" Tom asked of the boy nearest him.

"You needn't be afraid of it, it won't hurt you; it's only beer," the boy answered.

"Beer? I don't want any," and Tom pushed back his chair.

"Sit still; you can't go yet," Frank Jones said, and at that moment the waiter returned with the black beer bottles.

Amid the shouts of laughter the corks drawn, and then one of the boys started the song:

"And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand of thine,
And we'll take a right guid willie-wought——"

"No, no," Tom Haddon shouted, "this is wrong. I will not drink. Let me go."

The boys stopped singing. "So you are a kill-sport, are you?" one of them said scornfully.

"No, no," Tom cried, "but I can't drink. Let me go."

The beer was foaming in their glasses, but the boys left it untouched while they stared at Tom.

"You are a fool, Tom," one of them said. "What harm can a glass of beer do you?"

"Come, Tom," coaxed another, "don't make a row about nothing; be a man and drink your beer."

"I won't," Tom said sharply. "Let me go."

"We aren't quite ready to let you go yet," Frank Jones said, angrily. "You are a pretty fellow to kill sport in this way; and now if you won't drink, you shall give us a temperance lecture. If it is wrong to drink beer, you shall tell us why. Come, boys, pay attention. You will now listen to an address on temperance from the eloquent orator, Thomas Haddon."

"Hear! Hear!" shouted the boys, and then one of them called: "Stand him up on the table."

"Up with you," cried two of the strongest boys, as they seized Tom, and unable to resist, he was forced to mount the table. With a crimson face and something suspiciously like tears in his eyes, he faced his tormentors.

"I can't, boys," he faltered. "I can't talk to you."

"More shame to you, then, for spoiling our fun," growled one of the boys. "Come, you needn't think we'll let you off. If you won't drink beer, you shall give us some good reason for not drinking it. That's only fair. Come, be quick and begin."

"Boys," he said, in a clear voice, "I will tell you a story—a true story—a story that belongs to my own life."

"All right," said Frank Jones, but something in Tom's face made the other boys watch him in silence.

"Boys," Tom went on, in a tender, pathetic voice, "I knew a little boy once who had a beautiful home. He had a kind father and mother, and he loved them both so much that he could never tell which he loved best. Boys, that little boy's father had always been a good man; but once, when he wasn't well, the doctor ordered him to drink beer,

and he began to drink it, and——” Tom’s voice was thrilling in its emphasis now—“he soon began to drink stronger things; and there came a time when that little boy’s home was so changed from the lovely place it once was, that it seemed as if a fiend must live there. That little boy heard his father rave and curse like a madman—and he was mad, for rum had made him so—and he saw—oh, boys, to his dying hour he will remember it—he saw his mother struck down by his drunken father’s hand.”

There was a dead silence in that little room. The beer had ceased to foam, but not a boy had tasted it, or noticed it.

“Boys,” Tom’s thrilling voice went on, “that little boy is a large boy now, and he is almost alone in the world, for his father and mother are both dead, and now he has no home. Do you wonder?”—and no boy who heard it, ever forgot the pathos of Tom’s tone—“do you wonder, boys, that, standing by his mother’s grave, that boy looked up to heaven, and solemnly vowed never, while he lived, to touch or taste the drink that had made a madman of his father, ruined his home, and broke his mother’s heart.”

Tom ceased, and for a moment not a boy stirred.

“You will let me go now,” he said, as he jumped down from his high place, and started for the door; and then with one impetuous rush, the boys gathered around him.

“Tom,” Frank Jones said, “you are a hero. Why, I think you are braver than a soldier. I am proud of you, and I would do just like you if I were in your place.” The boy stopped; a new thought had come to him. He looked around on his companions.

“Boys,” he said earnestly, “it seems to me, that what I would do if I were in Tom’s place, I had better do now in my own place.”

Perhaps the head master of St. Rudolph’s was never in his long life more happily surprised than he was that evening, when six of his oldest and most influential boys called on him and asked to sign the temperance pledge.

Years have passed since that evening, and to-day those boys are mature men and widely parted, but they have never forgotten Tom’s story, and through all the trials and temptations of manhood, with God’s help, they have kept their pledge.—Mary Hubbard Howell in *The Evangelical Herald*.

THE SPECTRAL INN-KEEPER.

On a raw, disagreeable afternoon in November, I discovered myself in the rather foolish act of journeying on foot (merely in search of amusement or to gratify a somewhat morbid curiosity), through a certain wild and almost uninhabited district of Maryland. With me, at that time, a pedestrian excursion of fifty or a hundred miles was a trifle; and, having some knight-errantry in my disposition, I was often gratified with adventures which a more discreet person would have been solicitous to avoid. Proceeding, therefore, in pretty good spirits, along a narrow road, through the dense pine woods, I availed myself of the perfect solitude of the place, and entertained myself by reciting choice passages from the Roman classics, being answered, at intervals, by echoes which certainly never spoke Latin before. Sometimes too, the driving autumnal winds whistled and hissed so lifelike among the tops of the spiry pines, that I paused and looked around, apprehensive that my peripatetic recitations were overheard by more auditors than I wished for. At length, while repeating a portion of Virgil's *Lib. vi.*, with great fervor, methought I heard the words:

"A Dutchman, I declare!"

"That," thought I, coming to a full stop, "must be the drollest kind of an echo; or, if it be the wind, I must say it speaks more intelligibly than ever I heard a breeze discourse before."

"Come here, mister, and get something to drink. Can you *fushtay* that?"

"Who are you, what are you, and where are you?" said I, in some trepidation.

"Why, that's pretty good English, and yet I could have sworn you were speaking Dutch this minute."

I now ascertained that the voice proceeded from a clump of chin-quapin bushes, and, approaching, a little nearer, I saw an elderly man, in rustic costume, sitting on the ground, with a plate containing some edibles in his lap, and a flask containing, as I doubt not, something drinkable, standing by his side. An ax lay near him, and a quantity of chips and branches of trees strewed about, showed him to be a wood-cutter.

"What countryman are you?" said he.

"A native of this very soil; nothing else, I assure you," answered I.

"Well, mister, I don't think there's much good in a man that talks to himself, especially if he talks in a lingo that no Christian can understand. May be you're a fortune-teller?"

"No, nothing of the kind. I felt lonesome, and was trying to amuse myself, that's all."

"Ah! you're cunning. Talk to yourself, and talk to Old Scratch! You've heard that old proverb? But come, whatever you are, take a pull at this before you go any further."

"No; thank you. I seldom drink anything stronger than water."

"Well, that looks suspicious, too; but I always try to put the best construction on everything. What can I do for you?"

"How far to the nearest tavern?"

"None this side of Choptank River, and that's five miles off, at least. Yes, there is one——"

"Well, one's enough at present. I'm easily accommodated."

"Ay, but nobody lives there. The house has not been occupied for six years. It's haunted!"

"Oh!" said I, smiling perhaps a little incredulously.

"It is true, as sure as I live!" said the woodman, with something like a shudder. "I never had much notion of ghosts, but I guess seeing's believing!"

"So you've seen a ghost there, eh?" I inquired.

"Ay, just as plainly as I see you. I have seen it walking upstairs, before the windows, and stopping sometimes to look out."

"Very natural. But what was it like?"

"An old man, with a blue cloth cap and a green baize jacket."

"Oh! then, you saw the ghosts of a blue cloth cap and a green baize jacket likewise?"

"I saw just what I tell you, and hundreds of others have seen the same."

"But why does this spirit choose to walk about in such unfashionable attire?" asked I.

"He can't rest in his grave," said the woodman, with a groan. "He's murdered his own brother in the bar-room of that very tavern. There is blood on the floor to this day."

"You have seen that?"

"No; I never ventured inside of the building; but my wife went

there to hunt for one of our little children when it was lost, and she saw it."

"Well," said I, after a pause, "I must either pass the night at this haunted hotel or out of doors; and it strikes me that, on such an airy night as this, the hotel, with all its horrors, is to be preferred. Woodman, I forgive your suspicions; but do you think I would venture on such a lodging-place if I hadn't a clear conscience?"

"And why not? If you deal with Old Scratch, you are not afraid to meet with him, I suppose. But maybe I am too hard on you; here, take this flask, you might want it. What time will you be back this way, if——"

"If I escape the horrors of this fearful night," replied I, guessing at his meaning. "I will be back within three days."

"Well, I shall be cutting wood, hereabouts; you will see me and may return my flask; use what's in it, if you like. But I shall want to hear what happened to you."

"Oh! certainly, if I am permitted to tell."

I took leave of my new acquaintance, having first accepted the flask (for I had no conscientious scruples at that time), and, not without some anxious feelings it must be acknowledged, I resumed my walk. The gloom and dreariness of the pine forest seemed to increase from that moment, for my thoughts began to be tinged with the supernatural; and it is well known what effect the complexion of one's meditation has on external objects. By the time I had arrived at the deserted inn, therefore, I was prepared to see a whole regiment of ghosts in the uniform of blue caps and green jackets. It is well enough to laugh at such fancies sometimes; but who is entirely free from them in all circumstances? I had been traveling all day in a dreary and desolate region, my imagination had been rambling among poetical descriptions well calculated to excite my superstitious sensibilities. I had, without observing it at the time, been infected with the ghostly horrors of the wood-cutter, and now that I had arrived at the scene of spectral resort, I felt that, if there were any place in the world where ghosts might be supposed to congregate, this was the very spot.

The old inn was completely imbedded in the forest; there was a small space in the rear which had been cleared, probably for a garden, but the intention had never been carried out, and the spot was thickly studded with the stumps of trees blackened by fire, in an ineffectual

attempt to burn them to the ground. They looked, in the very dim twilight, like so many elfish figures, in every fantastic attitude, welcoming my arrival. The inn itself was built of irregular gray stones, many of which had fallen from their places, causing frightful gaps and disfigurements on the exterior surface of the walls. The glass of the windows had been entirely demolished, and the greater part of the sashes and window-frames had crumbled away and fallen to the ground, mingling with a mass of rubbish, consisting of stones, plaster, and decayed wood. Part of the sign still remained—the device was, or had been, a white horse; the post and frame which supported it were placed on the opposite side of the road. The sign itself, as it swung on its rusty staples, produced a sound that might have been mistaken for the shriek of a tortured ghost, or the cry of some human being in mortal agony.

But the night was now down upon me, and the wind had become sufficiently piercing to make any shelter desirable; therefore, I made my way, with some difficulty, through the rubbish and reached the door. It was not fastened in any way, yet it was opened with some difficulty, on account of its great weight and the very rusty condition of its hinges. I found myself in the bar-room, the scene of the murder. I stood on the floor, which I had been told, was incrustated with blood; but the room was too dark to admit of an examination, if I had been disposed to make one. I passed hurriedly through the apartment and ascended the stairs; opening another door at the head of the staircase, I entered a room that was dimly lighted by a window in the rear of the building. A very young moon shed a feeble ray into this chamber, showing all the furniture it contained, namely, an old table and chair in one corner. Fatigued by my long walk, I threw myself into the chair, and gazed around to assure myself that I was the sole occupant of the premises. The moonlight was sufficient to satisfy me that I was alone. I felt relieved, and, opening my valise, I took out some portable articles of refection, prudently stored away for certain emergencies to which travelers are liable. I arranged my repast on the table, and finally produced the wood-cutter's flask, which I held up to the moonbeam to ascertain the color, if possible, and thus estimate the quality of the contents. At that moment, a deep groan, or rather a howl of anguish, invaded my ears. I looked toward the door which I had shut after me, and found it was now open! More than that, an indistinct figure appeared in the aperture.

If, like Lord Nelson, I had "never known fear," I might have had the honor of an introduction to him at that moment; for, although it would be easy enough at this time to pretend that I received my spectral visitor (or rather my host, for I was really an intruder on his quarters), with the most intrepid cordiality, I will be honest enough to confess that my ruling passion, at that moment, was unmitigated terror. The figure advanced; I sat like a sculptured image of Time with the hour-glass in his hand (supposing the hour-glass to be represented by the flask of Geneva), and I do not believe that fright left me enough control over my muscles to effect a wink, much less to move hand or foot in an attempt at resistance or escape. The phantom stood before me; it extended a hand; I was too much alarmed, at first, to guess what this gesture signified; but recovering myself a little, I understood that the ghost wished to obtain possession of the flask. I surrendered it promptly; but instead of raising the vessel to its lips, as I expected, the spectre, uttering a wild execration, dashed the bottle to pieces against the floor.

The visionary being then turned and moved toward the door, it paused half-way, and faced me again. The faint moonbeam fell on the countenance; it was deadly pale, but seemed to express more sorrow than anger. I was encouraged; it beckoned me to follow, and I obeyed. We descended the steps, I keeping at a very respectful distance, you may believe. The staircase ended in the bar-room, and there we stopped. My terrible guide retired to a dark corner, where he became invisible. I gazed steadfastly at the point where he disappeared; presently I observed a small blue flame, which gradually enlarged and became more ruddy, till I was enabled to see the spectre again. It now held in its hand a lighted lamp, stood before the lattice-work where the liquors had formerly been deposited, and, with a mournful but expressive gesture, invited me to approach. I drew near, and casting my eyes on the floor, in obedience to a direction from the spectral finger, I saw a dark stain upon the boards.

"That is the blood of my brother!"

When the wretched being had pronounced these words, in a tone that accorded well with his ghostly character, he wrung his hands and uttered a howl like that which had so much alarmed me in the room above. He then glided into the interior of the bar, and returned with

a long knife, the rusty blade of which he displayed in the lamplight, as he said:

"With this was the murder committed!"

I had no inclination to make inquiries; but, after a silence of some moments, interrupted only by another maniac howl, he proceeded:

"Yes; with this knife I murdered him, my young brother. He was only nineteen. He never wronged me. We kept this tavern in partnership; I persuaded him to join me in the business, and I murdered him; this is his blood. I encouraged him to drink; that caused all the trouble. It was in a drunken quarrel that I killed him. We were both intoxicated; he struck me, and I stabbed him with this knife. Do you believe that the dead can come back?"

I answered as I believed—that such a thing was possible.

"Then, why have I never seen him? I, his murderer! Oh! how I wished to see him. I have prayed to see him; but he will not come. I have watched whole nights in this room. Sometimes, when the wind moans through the old building as it does now, I think I hear him, just as he moaned when he was dying."

Turning to me suddenly, with an altered expression of countenance, he asked, "What brought you here?"

"I was benighted on the road; and could find no other shelter."

"You will not betray me?"

Without knowing exactly what I promised, I answered that I would not.

"I am supposed to be dead—drowned in the Choptank," said the fratricide. "The neighbors, when they happen to see me, take me for a spirit. I did try to drown myself, soon after the murder was committed; but the pure water would not receive me into its bosom; it threw me ashore, five miles below. I saw it was not my fate to die at that time. I was not permitted to go to my brother, so I returned to this place, hoping to see his ghost and beg forgiveness. An old friend who is acquainted with my secret, supplies me with bread; nothing but bread and water has entered these lips for the last three years. I have sworn to touch no other food during the remainder of my life. Oh! that I had never touched any other."

He seized me by the arm. I glanced apprehensively at the fatal instrument which he still held in his other hand; for the horrid deed he had penetrated, and the wildness of his present behavior, naturally

awakened some anxiety for my personal safety; but another glance at the old man's grief-stricken countenance convinced me that there was nothing to dread. Gazing at me for a few moments in silence, he said at last:

"Do you pity me?"

"I do indeed, from my very soul," answered I.

"Would you make some sacrifice to lessen my misery?"

"I would; anything in reason."

"Then give me the consolation of believing that I have induced one human being to abandon the use of that accursed beverage which I prevented you from taking this evening. Swear that you will never touch it again."

"Most willingly," said I; and then, with the impressive evidence of the horrors of intemperance before me, with the blood of one of its victims under my feet, and in the presence of a wretch who was even then suffering the unspeakable agonies it had inflicted, I made my first vow of total abstinence. Need I add, reader, that it has been religiously kept? Who could forget the solemn admonitions of such a scene, and under such circumstances?

Soon after I stretched myself on a bench which remained in the bar-room, and would have slept; but the exciting events of the evening, the mournful sound of the wind that rushed through the dismantled building, and especially the continued walking to and fro of the penitent criminal, his lamentations, self-reproaches, and cries of anguish, banished slumber from my uneasy couch. As soon as the morning dawned, I prepared for my day's journey, glad to escape from the contemplation of so much wretchedness. On taking leave of my unfortunate host, I endeavored to offer some consolation, but soon desisted, convinced that his was a sorrow which no human comforter could have alleviated. He wrung my hand as we parted, and exclaimed, "Remember your oath!"

The benefits of the terrible lesson I had received that night were not confined to myself. A few days later, on my return through the pine forest, I encountered my friend, the wood-cutter. With a countenance full of pallid expectation, he heard my narrative. I related all the circumstances of the frightful interview in the upper chamber, dwelt with emphasis on the destruction of the flask of gin, told him I had been summoned to the scene of the murder, and repeated the confession there made; but I was careful not to reveal the secret which had been

confided to my keeping. Of course, I was obliged to leave the woodman under the impression that the being I had seen and conversed with was really a ghost. Finally, I gave my shivering auditor an account of the vow which I had been required to make; and then I paused, to observe the effect of the communication. He was evidently much troubled at this part of my story. I advised him to enter into a similar obligation, and he was easily persuaded to do so.

He kept the pledge, as I subsequently found; for, several years after, I saw this very man emerge from the hold of a wood-boat at Baltimore. He recognized me, and gave me to understand that things had gone prosperously with him since our last meeting. He was now the owner of several vessels, and was driving a lucrative business in the wood trade. All this good fortune he attributed to his temperance engagement in the pine forest. Observing that I smiled mysteriously, he proceeded to inform me that the whole secret was out. The dead body of the inn-keeper had been found at the door of his dreary habitation, and that circumstance had quieted the superstitious fears of the neighborhood, by convincing the people that the cause of their terror was substantial, and not merely visionary.

But, notwithstanding the woodman had become temperate under the influence of supernatural dread, he had sufficiently realized the blessings of sobriety to make him secure against any possibility of a relapse—a proof that superstition itself may occasionally effect some good purpose.—Tract by L. A. Wilmer.

LIQUOR'S DEADLY WORK.

One day Mr. M. Morrill's attention was called to a little, pale, thin bootblack who had a bunch of bluebells in his buttonhole. The gentleman let the boy black his boots, then balancing a quarter on his finger, said:

"Here is ten cents for the shine and fifteen cents for the flowers," pointing to the bluebells. The lad put his small hand over the flowers.

"No, sir; I can't sell them; if I were starving I wouldn't sell a bluebell."

"And why not, little man?"

The lad looked at Mr. Morrill so piteously that he was almost sorry he had asked him. He put his hand on the boy's head, and said:

"Excuse me for asking; you need not tell me unless you wish, and you can keep the quarter besides."

"I like you and I'll tell you. Just a year ago this month, and it has been such a long year, I thought the bluebells never would come," and then he stopped and put his hand over his eyes, as if to shut out some horrible sight. Presently he took down his hand, and said abruptly:

"My father was a drunkard. We once owned some property, I've heard mother say, but that was before I was born. We got so poor, mother had to go out and wash to get food for Bess and me. We lived in a little log house, a quarter of a mile from town.

"One Friday morning there was only a plate of cornmeal and about two spoonfuls of molasses.

"Mother baked the meal into bread, and told me to feed the baby when she awoke, and to keep a sharp lookout for father, while she was away washing that day. She kissed me at the door. 'Be a good boy, Willie, and take care of little sister,' she said.

"Bessie slept a long time, and I passed the time sitting by her and going to the door to watch for father. When she woke up, she said, 'Baby is so hungry; Willie get something to eat.' 'Get up, Bessie, and let me dress you, and then we will have some breakfast.' I had not eaten a mouthful, nor had mother before leaving home, and I was dreadful hungry. She got up and I dressed, washed and combed her, and when we sat down to the table, Bessie just dropped her curly head right down on the table and sobbed out, 'O, Willie, I am so tired of cornbread and molasses; I can't eat it; I want some meat and butter.'

"'Don't cry, baby,' I said, stroking her curls, 'mother will bring home something to-night.'

"'But it is so long to wait.'

"'Try to eat,' I said, and I put a spoonful of molasses on her plate, and she did try, but she only swallowed a few mouthfuls and then left the table. I ate a small piece of dry bread; I thought she would eat the molasses, so I did not touch it. All day she kept saying she was hungry, but refused to eat. It was a long day to us both.

"Father had come home, and it was nearly dark; we were both sitting on the doorstep. Bessie had laid her head against my arm and began to cry, 'I'm so hungry, Willie; mother stays so late to-night.'

"'Don't cry, baby, mother will soon be home.' 'Of course she

will' exclaimed George Anderson; he lived a mile beyond us, and as he spoke, he tossed a bunch of bluebells into Bessie's lap.

"'Oh, how pretty!' she exclaimed, while the tears dropped from her sweet blue eyes on the pretty bluebells.

"'Come, Bessie,' I said, 'let me fasten them among your curls.' She stood upon the doorstep with her face toward the house. I stood behind her and tied the bluebells in her golden curls. I had just fastened the last one, when some one jerked me off the step. It was father; he was almost crazy with drink.

"He caught Bessie and said, 'You have been crying; what did Willie do to you?'

"She was so white and scared that I thought she would faint. 'Willie didn't do anything,' she gasped out.

"Father let her go and grasped me; he commenced to shake me awful. 'You rascal, what did you do to Bessie? Tell me, or I'll shake the life out of you.'

"He shook me so I could not answer. Then little Bessie caught him by the arm. 'Please, father, don't hurt Willie; I was so hungry it made me cry.'

"He looked at the table and saw the bread and molasses. 'You little white-faced liar, you are not hungry; look at the table; there is plenty to eat, and good enough for such a brat as you,' and he shook her roughly.

"She began to cry, and I tried to put my arms around her, but father pushed me away. 'If you can't eat anything, I can give you something to drink,' and started down the path that led to the pond.

"Bessie hushed crying, but she looked awful scared. 'I'll give you something to drink,' he said, when he reached the edge of the water, and I followed, scarcely knowing what I was doing, I was so frightened.

"He waded in about knee deep, then took Bessie and put her little curly head down under the water. She threw up her little white hands and cried out, 'Oh, Willie, take baby!' just as the curly head went down.

"I waded around father and tried with all my strength to raise her little head out of the water, but father held it down. I begged father to take her out, but he would not listen. She threw up her hands wildly, there was a gurgling sound, then all was still. It seemed hours to me, but father at last lifted up Bessie's white, dripping face. I called her name wildly, but her blue lips didn't move; she was dead.

"Father carried her and laid her down on the green grass. 'I guess she won't get hungry for awhile,' he said.

"I was so stunned I never moved nor spoke, until I saw the bluebells that I had twined in Bessie's hair, floating out on the water. I could not bear to see them drift away, so I waded out after them. The water was deep, and on I went. It was up to my arm-pits, now over my shoulder, still the bluebells were just beyond my reach, but I must have them. The water touched my chin, another step and I caught them, and just as I did I heard mother call: 'Willie! oh Willie! where are you?'

"I looked for father. He was seated on the ground by Bessie. 'Willie! oh Willie!' came mother's voice again.'

"I was out of the water now, but so weak I could scarcely stand. 'Bessie! oh Bessie!' I called, 'Here, mother, at the pond.'

"Father gave one mad leap into the water—he plunged in face down. I was so terrified I did not know what to do. I heard mother coming. I trembled so I could not walk, so I crawled up to Bessie, and took father's straw hat, put it over Bessie's dead face to keep mother from seeing it.

"In a moment she came in sight. She saw I was dripping with water. 'Willie, Willie, what is the matter?' I could not speak.

"She lifted the hat from Bessie's face. She stood for a moment as if turned to stone. 'Tell me how it happened, Willie; tell me quick!' Then I found voice and told her everything. She heard me through without a word, but when I had finished, stood with clasped hands over Bessie and shrieked such unearthly cries that soon the neighborhood flocked to the spot.

"Father had drowned himself, his body was taken from under the beautiful water and buried in the cemetery along side of Bessie. Mother was a raving maniac. I put the bluebells in a little box and hung them around my neck. After the funeral, I lay in the hospital, sick for weeks with brain fever, but when I came to myself, the box was still around my neck; here it is"—and he drew from his bosom a small box containing a few withered leaves.

"They speak of sweet baby Bessie," he said, as he closed the box and slipped it back under his shirt bosom.

Then he looked Mr. Morrill straight in the eyes, and said:

"Please, mister, don't ever vote for whiskey. It killed my father

and dear little baby Bessie, and it locked mother up in the madhouse. Please don't vote for rum."—Tract.

THE DRIVER'S STORY.

In a lonely spot far up on the hillside stands a farmhouse—a plain, unpainted building that bears the marks of many storms. The windows are boarded up. The door stands partly open, hanging on one hinge and creaking dismally in the wind. Everything in the place shows signs of neglect and decay. The picket fence surrounding the house has partly fallen, and the once well-kept garden, filled with old-fashioned flowers, is a mass of weeds and bushes. A short distance from the house, a tall oak tree spreads its gnarled branches heavenward. Under it are two mounds, marked only by two simple crosses.

I asked my driver, a man whom I had hired to carry me across the country, how anyone could choose such a lonely resting place. He hesitated a moment, and then related the following story in a voice that trembled a little in spite of his visible efforts at self-control:

"You ask about those two graves, and well you may wonder how ever they came to be in such a God-forsaken place. You see yonder farm house? Well, in that house a newly wed couple started house-keeping. With hearts beating high with youth and happiness they toiled to furnish it and make it comfortable, and even pretty, in a rude sort of way, for in those days people couldn't have the fancy fixin's that can almost be had for the askin' now in your big city stores.

"Finally, to crown their happiness, a son was added to the family.

"As the days and years rolled on, he developed into a beautiful boy, with fair complexion, blue eyes and wavy golden hair. As many fond, foolish parents do nowadays, they humored his every wish. He was a slender boy, who cared more for books than for outdoor sports. When he reached the age of sixteen, his parents decided he must have a college education, so his father gave up his only hired man and cheerfully took up his double burden of labor, aided by the mother, whose hair was prematurely gray with constant work and care.

"One year, two years, three years of increasing toil and sacrifice went by at the cottage on the hill. Every thought, every heartbeat was for the son, and often, in the evening, when the long day's work was done, the couple would sit hand in hand and talk of the happy days

when their son would be at home, when they could rest on his loving support.

"Four years, five years, and now the day was approaching when he was to be graduated. They had saved and sacrificed that they might be able to see him graduate. The day before the college exercises were held, they started for the city, picturing their son's surprise and delight at seeing them, the mother in a flutter of pride and joy, looking almost pretty in spite of bent form and old-fashioned gown; the father, his heart beating high with happiness that his son had reached the top of the ladder at last.

"Arriving in the evening, they walked up through the streets toward the college. Just as they passed a brightly-lighted saloon the door burst open and out came a crowd of drunken college boys. One jostled roughly against the other, and the foremost was tripped and staggered into the street, falling in front of an approaching car. In an instant it was over; the crushed, mangled form lay motionless. The couple rushed with the crowd to the scene, when the father shrieked, 'My God! it's Louis!' and fell lifeless across the body of his boy.

"The bodies were tenderly taken to the farm and buried under the oak tree. The mother is this day a raving maniac, in an insane asylum."

The narrator paused, and, brushing his rough hand across his eyes, huskily added, "That man was my brother, that ruined home was my brother's, and that family my brother's family. Do you wonder, Miss, that I hate the accursed saloon with undying hatred?"

I went on to X—, where I delivered my lecture, but that man's story remains as vividly in my mind as on the day it was told me. O boys, shun the saloon! Use all your strength to fight back this evil. Then when the good pure manly boys reach manhood, then will the foul stain of intemperance be wiped from our country.—National Advocate.

A SCRAP OF BROWN PAPER.

Looking at the pretty farmhouse of the Reeds, you would have said that there could not be any trouble in such a delightful spot. It stood on a knoll. Not far away were several maples and tall pines. There was a pleasant piazza, and vines twined around it. Back of the house and on either side stretched a fine, fertile farm. In and out of the doors of this cottage frolicked all day long the three Reed boys.

Their names were DeWitt, James and Warren, and there were no brighter, merrier children to be found.

Yet a terrible shadow hung over this beautiful home, and on a certain Thanksgiving morning, about twenty years ago, Mrs. Reed, as she moved about her neat kitchen, preparing the Thanksgiving dinner, was weeping. She did not mean that anybody should see how badly she felt; but suddenly DeWitt, who was ten years old and very observing, came bursting in at the door. The mother wiped her eyes and tried to put on her usual look, but he had seen the tears.

"What's the matter?" he cried, with a sharp pain in his voice.

"Never mind, dear," she said, smiling. "Get the hammer, or whatever it is that you want, and run out again. It is Thanksgiving Day—and we must think only of our mercies."

"I saw you crying the other day, too," the boy went on. "It was in the arbor, when you were shelling the beans out there. You didn't know that I saw you, but I did. Say, mother,"—lowering his voice—"is it—is it—father?"

"You must not talk about it," she said, hurriedly. "There he comes now. You must laugh and play. He will not like it if you don't."

Mr. Reed's heavy step sounded just outside the door, and the boy, after an instant's hesitation, ran away. Mr. Reed's voice was loud and tremulous and his face was red. It was easy to guess that he was a drunkard. Seeing him, anybody could understand his good wife's tears.

DeWitt went slowly back to the barn, where he had been playing with his brother. He remembered when his father had been very different, and when his mother had laughed and sung from morning to night. He thought of the loads of apples which he had helped his father to pick over and take to the cider-press; and of the barrels of cider which were growing "hard" and "strong" in the cellar. He thought of the great demijohn of whiskey which his father kept in a certain closet, and how he himself had liked to scrape the sugar from the bottom of the glass in which his father mixed his "sling." He remembered, too, how his mother had looked very white when she saw him, and whispered, "Please don't."

There was so much going on all the time, and he had been so busy in school that he had not had time to think of all these things. Now he could see that his father was getting worse very fast—and it was making his mother cry! It was no wonder that DeWitt looked sober as

he opened the barn door. Of course the others noticed it at once.

"What's up?" cried little Warren, jumping down from a great hay-mow almost upon DeWitt's head. Warren was only eight, but he was very thoughtful. "Is the mortgage going to be closed up, or whatever you call it?"

"I wouldn't wonder," said DeWitt, gravely.

James had been jumping on the hay, too; but presently they all stopped and sat down together, talking in low tones, and with a worried look on their faces.

None of them fully understood what a mortgage was, but they knew that it was something dreadful, in their mother's opinion. They knew, too, that within a few years the Reed family had come to possess one, and that "interest" had to be paid on it. They knew that if this interest were not paid, they would sooner or later lose their pleasant home.

Even little Warren dimly connected this chain of terrible facts with the right cause; for he put in briskly, while his brothers were talking. "Mother said not to drink the cider out of father's pitcher."

As they talked the boys grew more and more sober. If they had not soon heard their father's voice calling them in to dinner, they might all have fallen to crying.

That night, when their mother went upstairs with them at bedtime, they all knelt together and said their prayers. It had been her custom, when these were done, to undress Warren, while the other boys undressed themselves. Then she would lie down for a few moments beside each one, and talk softly with him about the events of the day.

Something had kept her, during these talks, from speaking of anything which might seem to condemn her husband. It had been like a knife to her soul to see her beautiful boys drinking from the cider pitcher, and scraping with zest the sugar from their father's tumbler.

"But if I forbid them, how can I enforce obedience?" she had said to herself. "I must not take any stand until I can hold it. And I must not 'nag' them constantly. If I do, my words will have no weight."

So this wise mother had delayed, giving only an occasional word of counsel and reproof on the subject which most tried her soul. She prayed for help and guidance, and it came.

To-night she saw that the boys acted strangely. They looked at each other meaningly. Several times they made disjointed remarks to each other which she could not understand.

At last, they were all in bed. She felt that her time had come. To-night she must speak. It had been the most trying day of her life. Her husband had lain, almost ever since dinner, in a drunken stupor upon the couch. She felt as though she could bear no more. She must speak plainly to her boys. They were young, but they could see that drink was a horrible evil. They ought to be strong enough to promise never to touch it. She could show them how no one became a drunkard all at once. The beginnings were small, and the habit grew slowly. Oh, if they would only promise never to begin!

Before she could speak a word, DeWitt said, "Is it time now, fellers?"

"Yes!" they cried.

And from under his pillow the dear little eldest brother produced a piece of coarse, torn brown wrapping paper, carefully, but not quite neatly, folded.

"Read it, mother!" he commanded, joyously.

Taking it to the lamp, she read, scrawled in a big, boyish hand, these words; "Pledge: We ain't never going to drink no cider. DeWitt Reed. James Reed. Warren Reed. 8 cents."

"You see," exclaimed James, "we thought we'd give you some Thanksgiving."

Happy tears rolled down their mother's face, as she kissed and thanked them all.

"But what does the '8 cents' mean?" she asked them.

"Oh, if any one of us does drink cider, he has got to pay the others eight cents," laughed DeWitt.

"Trouble after trouble came upon us," Mrs. Reed was in the habit of saying, in later times. "We lost our pleasant home—and for years we scarcely knew from one day to another where we were to get our daily bread. But the joy of that happy Thanksgiving made all those sorrows light. For my boys kept their 'pledge,' and that rough, torn scrap of brown paper is the dearest thing that I own, and will be till I die."—Kate Upson Clark in *The Ram's Horn*.

EXPERIENCE OF COL. S. E. HADLEY.

I sat in a saloon in Harlem, a homeless, friendless, dying drunkard. I had pawned or sold everything that would bring a drink. I could not

sleep unless I was dead drunk. I had not eaten for four days, and for four nights preceding I had suffered with delirium tremens from midnight till morning. I had often said: "I will never be a tramp; I will never be cornered; for, when that time comes, if it ever does, I will find a home in the bottom of the river." But the Lord so ordered it, that when the time did come, I was not able to walk one-quarter of the way to the river. As I sat there thinking, I seemed to feel some great and mighty presence. I did not know then what it was. I did learn afterward that it was Jesus, the sinner's friend. I walked up to the bar and pounded it with my fist till I made the glasses rattle. Those who stood by looked on with scornful curiosity. I said I would never take another drink, if I died in the streets; and I felt as though that would happen before morning. Something said, "If you want to keep this promise, go and have yourself locked up." I went to the nearest station house, a short distance away, and had myself locked up.

I was placed in a narrow cell, and it seemed as though all the demons that could find room came in that place with me. This was not all the company I had either. No, praise the Lord! that dear Spirit that came to me in the saloon was present, and said, "Pray!" I did pray; and though I did not feel any great help, I kept on praying. As soon as I was able to leave my cell, I was taken to the police court, and remanded back to the cell. I was finally released, and found my way to my brother's house, where every care was given me. While I was lying in bed, the admonished spirit never left me, and when I arose the following Sabbath morning I felt that day would decide my fate.

Many plans were turned over in my mind, but all were rejected; and towards evening it came into my head to go to Jerry McAuley's Mission. I went. The house was packed, and with great difficulty I made my way to the space near the platform. There I saw the apostle of the drunkard and the outcast—the man of God, Jerry McAuley. He arose, and amid deep silence, told his experience—that simple story that I have heard so many hundred times afterward, but which was ever new: "how he had been a 'thief,' an outcast, a drunkard, 'but I gave my heart to God, and he saved me from everything that's wicked and bad.'" There was a sincerity about this man and his testimony that carried conviction with it, and I found myself saying, "I wonder if God can save me?" I listened to the testimony of twenty-five or thirty

persons, every one of whom had been saved from ruin, and I made up my mind that I would be saved or die right there.

When the invitation was given, I knelt down with quite a crowd of drunkards. Never will I forget that scene! How I wondered if I would be saved! if God would help me! I was a total stranger; but I felt I had sympathy, and it helped me. Jerry made the first prayer. I shall never forget it. He said: "Dear Saviour, won't you look down in pity on these poor souls? They need your help, Lord; they can't get along without it. Blessed Jesus, these poor sinners have got themselves into a bad hole. Won't you help them out? Speak to them, Lord! do, for Jesus' sake—Amen!" Then Mrs. McAuley prayed fervently for us, and Jerry said: "Now, all keep on your knees and keep praying, while I ask these dear souls to pray for themselves." He spoke to one after another, as he placed his hand on their heads, saying, "Brother, you pray. Now, tell the Lord just what you want Him to do for you." How I trembled as he approached me! Though I knelt down with the determination to give my heart to God, when it came to the very moment of grand decision, I felt like backing out. The devil knelt by my side and whispered in my ears crimes I had forgotten for months. "What are you going to do about such and such matters if you start to be a Christian to-night? Now you can't afford to make a mistake; had you not better think this matter over a while, and try to fix up some of the troubles you are in, and then start?" Oh, what a conflict was going on for my poor soul! A blessed whisper said, "Come!" The devil said, "Be careful!" Jerry's hand was on my head. He said, "Brother, pray." I said, "Can't you pray for me?" Jerry said, "All the prayers in the world won't save you unless you pray for yourself." I halted but a moment, and then, with a breaking heart, I said, "Dear Jesus, can You help me?" Never with mortal tongue can I describe that moment. Although up to that moment my soul had been filled with indescribable gloom, I felt the glorious brightness of the noonday sun shine into my heart; I felt I was a free man. Oh, the precious feeling of safety, of freedom, of resting on Jesus! I felt that Christ, with all His brightness and power, had come into my life; that indeed old things had passed away, and all things had become new.

From that moment until now I have never wanted a drink of whiskey, and I have never seen money enough to make me take one. I promised God that night that if he would take away the appetite for

strong drink, I would work for Him all my life. He has done His part, and I have been trying to do mine.—Way of Faith.

ANTON VESTER'S REVENGE.

"John, did you see this letter? It was brought here this afternoon while you were out," said the minister's wife to her husband, as he was going up-stairs to his study.

The minister took the letter, and started to go on again, but at the sight of the address on the envelope he stopped and opened the letter where he was. He read it through, and then went in to the dining room where his wife had gone.

"Mary, do you know what this letter is?" Then, without waiting for an answer, the minister went on: "Let me read it to you. I need your advice.

"'Mr. John Glenning—My dear Pastor: I dread to tell you the news again which so often before has caused me anguish and you trouble and vexation But I cannot help coming to you once more. I do not know where else to go. Some one in town has been selling George liquor again. Last night he came home reeling! Is the law powerless to convict those who, contrary to the law of our state, sell the poison secretly? How long shall I pray and weep that my boy may be spared going the way of his brother? For the sake of the Father in heaven, Mr. Glenning, search out the guilty parties and bring them to justice! This is my prayer and the prayer of many another heartbroken mother in this town. I do not sign my name. You know who I am, a mother praying day and night that her youngest boy may be spared from a drunkard's fate.'"

The minister looked up from the letter, and his wife's face was full of sympathetic questions.

"It is terrible, John, this great curse of intemperance. But what can you do in this case?"

"I can try to find the man who is selling the liquor to George."

"I don't see how. But what if you do find him?"

"Then I will bring him to justice. We have a right to defend our homes and our church from such awful danger."

"Do you think, John, it is your business as a minister to undertake this kind of work?"

"Mary, any kind of work is my business that will save life. If no one else in this town will get the evidence against this person who is selling intoxicants contrary to the law, then I will do it myself."

The minister's wife was silent a moment. Then she said, "John, I have faith to believe you are right; but I cannot help feeling that you are about to undertake a very difficult and dangerous duty."

"It is no more than I ought to perform. How else can I answer the appeal in this letter?" Mrs. Glenning did not reply. She looked forward with intense anxiety to the task her husband seemed resolved to undertake. She had great confidence in his ability, but she could not help feeling that never in all his parish life had he faced any duty so serious.

A week after this talk between them, the minister handed his wife the morning paper, and pointed silently to an article printed very conspicuously on the local page. It was headed:

"LIQUOR SELLER ARRESTED!

On Charges Preferred to the County Attorney by Rev. John Glenning.
The Case Will Come to Trial in the District Court in One Month."

The article continued:

"Last evening Rev. John Glenning filed a statement with the county attorney in which he charges Anton Vester with selling liquor in violation of the prohibitory laws of the state. He will appear against Vester as prosecuting witness at the time of the trial. We understand that the evidence is very conclusive."

The minister's wife looked up from the reading, and her eyes were anxious and troubled.

"John, you never told me about it. How did you succeed?"

"I did not want to talk about it until I had actually done something. You know that is my way. Well, when I found that the police and the sheriff and the county attorney did not intend to do anything to close up this drinking place, I went myself and secured the evidence of three sales of liquor."

"How could you? Did not this man know you?"

"No. He is a comparative stranger. I stood in one end of his place while the purchases were being made. The open violation of the law is very bold. There is no doubt of the fact that he is guilty."

"Do you think he will be convicted? Is it necessary for you to appear against him?"

"Yes, I must appear as prosecuting witness. The crisis is a serious one in our town. If some one does not try to prevent the sale of liquor here, our young men will be in danger of being lost, body and soul. You would not have me a coward, Mary?"

"No, no! But, John, I am afraid of what may happen to you. This is a terrible enemy to fight, this liquor enemy."

"I know it, and I believe, Mary, that I have counted the cost. I must go forward now that I have begun. The church people and all the best citizens in town are in sympathy with my efforts. That is a great help. Don't worry over the result. We are in the hands of God."

For answer the minister's wife put her hand in that of her husband, and pledged him her enthusiastic and loving confidence in the battle he had begun.

The month went by, and the day of the trial drew near. But before that date the minister received an anonymous letter, a knowledge of which he carefully kept from his wife until long after the events that followed. This letter read:

"Rev. Glenning—Sir: If you go on with this case of Anton Vester, you will have reason to be sorry for it. Better take warning and have the case dismissed before anything happens to you or yours."

The minister kept this letter a secret from his wife so as not to add to her anxiety. Nevertheless, he felt a little nervous, for it was the first anonymous letter he had ever received.

When the day of trial came, the court room was crowded. The liquor men came in a body. The minister's parish was well represented. It was the first time a minister had appeared as prosecuting witness.

The evidence was plain and conclusive. On the day alleged, the minister had gone into the place of Anton Vester, the accused, and had there seen him sell, contrary to the state laws, three bottles of whiskey. The closest cross-examination failed to shake the evidence in the least, and the jury, after being out less than half an hour, returned a verdict of guilty.

Throughout the trial the accused had sat with his wife and little girl close to the jury. The child was beautiful-faced, attractive and winsome. When her father was on the witness stand denying the charges against him, she climbed up into her mother's lap. When her father came down again, he held her. The minister could not restrain a feeling of pity as he looked at the family. Nothing but his sense of

duty owed to that other mother whose boy was in danger of ruin, steadied his purpose as the trial proceeded.

When the verdict was given by the foreman, the court-house was very still. As soon as the foreman ceased speaking, the accused and convicted man jumped to his feet, and, beside himself with rage, shook his fist in the minister's face.

"I will have revenge! If I go to jail, watch for yourself!"

"Silence in court!" shouted the judge sternly. "Bailiff, take the prisoner in charge!"

The greatest excitement prevailed for a short time. When quiet had been restored, the attorney for the defense moved for a new trial. The court overruled the motion, and at once proceeded to pronounce the sentence.

"Prisoner at the bar, you stand committed, according to the law of the state, to the county jail for ninety days, and will pay a fine of three hundred dollars."

The guilty man heard the sentence in silence. As he was being taken out of the court-room, he was heard to mutter, "I will have my revenge!"

As the minister, surrounded by several of his parishioners, was leaving the court-room, the wife of the accused confronted him. For a moment it seemed as if she had meant to strike him. Her face grew deadly pale; she seemed almost like a wild animal about to spring. Suddenly she turned and went out rapidly, leading the child with her.

The minister went home completely exhausted with the nervous tension of the trial and the scenes attending it.

"Mary," he said that night, "this has been the severest experience of my whole life."

"Do you still think you have acted wisely, John?" His wife put the question more to satisfy herself than her husband.

"I have no doubt whatever. It was necessary. I have no question as to the perfect right of my action. I regret the suffering that will fall on the innocent as well as the guilty. But that is always the way with sin. It hurts so many others besides the sinner."

It was on the Sunday night succeeding the trial that the minister awoke about two o'clock in the morning with a nervous start that he could not account for. Something was wrong somewhere. There was no noise in the house. Everything was very quiet. It was a winter

night, frosty and still. He arose and dressed hurriedly, under the growing impression that in spite of the absence of any definite danger, something was wrong. His wife was frightened.

"John! What is the matter? What are you going to do?"

"Don't be frightened, Mary. I want to look around a little."

He walked to the window looking out towards the small stable at the rear end of the yard, and drew up the curtain. As he did so, a strange light flashed up from behind the stable. It grew brighter as he looked.

"I believe the stable is on fire! I must run and see. Pump some water from the cistern, while I run out with a pail."

The minister rushed out. It was only a little way. When he opened the stable door, a volume of smoke and flame poured out. He fought his way in, pouring the water upon the flames where they had begun to run up the side of the building. With great difficulty he succeeded in dragging out of the stable his horse and cow. Then followed a fierce fight with the fire. His wife brought water. The neighbors came to the rescue. And at last the flames were put out, but not before the minister's hands were terribly burned.

The neighbors whispered among themselves, "incendiary fire!" The minister said little. He was thinking of the man in the court-room and his words at the time he was convicted. He was also calling up the look on the woman's face as she left the court-room.

Three months had gone, and it was the evening of the last day of Anton Vester's imprisonment. He was to be released at 4 o'clock that afternoon.

On the same day Rev. John Glenning, still suffering from the effect of the terrible burning of his hands, had received a note signed by one of his parishioners:

"Dear Pastor: I have learned to-day that Mrs. Vester, the wife of the man convicted for liquor selling, is suffering for want of fuel and clothing this severe weather. I am sure you will be glad and able to do something for the woman and her little girl. They live down near the old river bridge, the one that has been condemned as unsafe lately. The house is the old brick house standing in the grove of cottonwoods.

"Truly yours,

CALVIN CLARK."

This letter aroused no suspicion in the minister's mind. He decided

to go at once. He left his house a little before five, carrying with him what he thought was necessary.

It was a long, cold walk. The winter day was gone, and by the time he reached the river, he could just see the brick house in the grove. He walked rapidly along, and was just passing the end of the old bridge, when he was startled by a woman's cry coming from the direction of the bridge and out upon it.

He put down his blanket and turned about, setting foot carefully on the old timbers of the dangerous bridge; and, as he advanced, a woman came running towards him. She was the wife of Vester!

She was shrieking: "My child! She has fallen into the river! O God! Save her!"

In a second the minister understood.

Coming across the old bridge in the dark, the child in some way had fallen through a dangerous place.

The mother, who had sent her earlier in the day on an errand, had gone out on the bridge to meet her. No one supposed the bridge was rotten. She had seen the child fall, and turned screaming for help.

The river was filled with great blocks of ice. Some of them were thirty feet across. A heavy fall of snow had covered them. Upon one of these blocks, cushioned with snow, the child had fallen, and the minister could see her dark form against the white. The current was sluggish and the ice was moving slowly.

He ran off the bridge and down the bank, watching narrowly for an opportunity to leap on the moving mass. Near the shore a broad band of dark water whirled. He ran on down farther, and at last, as a cake floated nearer, he made a spring and landed on it.

Making his way with the utmost courage to the form of the child, he finally reached her and caught her up. She was unconscious. He made his way back cautiously. Great gaps yawned between the blocks—sure death for him. When within twenty feet from the bank, he jumped upon a block that broke under his weight. He went down into the icy water, but to his great joy he felt as the water closed over him, that his feet touched the ground. He struggled with the strength of a giant against the ice that crowded around him, and gradually forced his way to the bank. Dripping and exhausted he bore out of the river the child he had saved.

The mother had followed this heroism with feelings of terror. There

was no time now for anything but action. They wrapped the child in a shawl torn from the mother's shoulders, and at their best speed hurried to the brick house.

The minister will never forget the scene as they pushed open the door. There stood Anton Vester, the husband, and with him three other men.

"Well, where have you been?" were the words with which he greeted his wife. "Have you got that preacher?" Then at sight of Glenning and the bundle in his arms, the man stammered and stood silent.

"Anson!" screamed his wife, as she fell on her knees before him. "Our child! Mr. Glenning has saved her life! Think what we were about to do!"

The man stood stupefied. Then, as the story was told him and he understood what had been done, he sat down and covered his face with his hands, while the other men ran out, obeying the minister's orders to get a doctor with all speed.

When Rev. John Glenning recovered from a long illness caused by that night's exposure, the best friends he had in his parish were Anton Vester and his wife and child. It was not long after that he learned how his stable had been fired by a friend of Vester's, and the note sent was forged by another man to lure him to Vester's house that night, where it was the intention to beat him within an inch of his life. These things are forgotten by Rev. John Glenning as he goes into Anton Vester's home as his pastor.

"My revenge was a failure, Mr. Glenning, God be praised for it. But your revenge was a success."

"How is that?" inquires the minister, as he bends to kiss the sweet child he once saved.

"You heaped coals of fire on my head."

"That kind of revenge is very sweet," replies the Rev. John Glenning, smiling. And he goes his way through his parish, thanking God for victory over evil.—Rev. Charles M. Sheldon in *The Christian Endeavor World*.

THE COST OF ONE DRINK.

"In a recent visit to the Leavenworth, Kansas, Prison," said Mrs. Emma Molloy, "during my address on Sabbath morning, I observed a

boy not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, on the front seat, intently eyeing me. The look he gave me was so full of earnest longing, it spoke volumes to me. At the close of the service, I asked the warden for an interview with him, which he readily granted. As he approached me his face grew deathly pale; and as he grasped my hand he could not retain the fast-falling tears. Choking with emotion, he said:

"I have been in this prison two years, and you are the first person that has called for me—the first woman who has spoken to me."

"How is this, my child? Have you no friends that love you? Where is your mother?"

"The great brown eyes, swimming with tears, were slowly uplifted to mine, and he replied:

"My friends are all in Texas. My mother is an invalid, and fearing that the knowledge of the terrible fall would kill her, I have kept my whereabouts a profound secret. For two years I have borne my awful homesickness in silence for her sake."

"As he buried his face in his hands, and heartsick sobs burst from his trembling frame, it seemed to me I could see a panorama of the days and nights, the long weeks of homesick longing, that had dragged their weary length out over two years, so I ventured to ask:

"How much longer have you to stay?"

"Three years," was the reply, as the fair young head dropped lower, and the little hand trembled with suppressed emotion.

"How did it happen?"

"Well," he replied, "it's a long story, but I'll make it short. I started out from home to try to do something for myself. Coming to Leavenworth, I found a cheap boarding-house, and one night I accepted an invitation from one of the young men to go into a drinking saloon. For the first time in my life I drank a glass of liquor; it fired my brain; there is a confused remembrance of the quarrel, somebody was stabbed, the bloody knife was found in my hand, I was indicted for assault with intent to kill."

"Five years for the thoughtless acceptance of a glass of liquor is surely illustrating the Scripture truth, that the 'way of the transgressor is hard!' I was holding the cold, trembling hand that had crept into mine. He earnestly tightened his grasp as, imploringly, he said:

"O Mrs. Molloy, I want to ask a favor of you."

"At once I expected he was going to ask me to obtain a pardon,

and in an instant I measured the weight of public reproach that rests upon the victims of this legalized drink traffic. It is all right to legalize a man to craze the brains of our boys; but not by any means to ask the state to pardon its victims. Interpreting my thought, he said:

"I am not going to ask you to get me a pardon, but I want you to write to my mother and get a letter from her and send it to me. Don't for the world tell her where I am. Better not tell her anything about me. Just get a line from her, so I can look upon it! Oh, I am so homesick for my mother!"

"The head of the boy dropped down into my lap, with a wailing sob. I laid my hand upon his head. I thought of my own boy, and for a few moments was silent, and let the outburst of sorrow have vent. Presently I said:

"Murray, if I were your mother, and the odor of a thousand prisons was upon you, still you would be my boy. I should like to know where you were. Is it right to keep that mother in suspense? Do you suppose that there has ever been a day or night that she has not prayed for her wandering boy? No, Murray, I will only consent to write to your mother on consideration that you will permit me to write the whole truth, just as one mother can write to another."

"After some argument his consent was finally obtained, and a letter was hastily penned and sent on its way. A week or so elapsed, when the following letter was received from Texas:

"Dear sister in Christ: Your letter was this day received, and I hasten to thank you for your words of tender sympathy and for tidings of my boy—the first we have had in two years. When Murray left home, we thought it would not be long. As the months rolled on, the family had given him up for dead, but I felt sure God would give me back my boy. As I write from the couch of an invalid, my husband is in W——, nursing another son, who is lying at the gates of death with typhoid fever. I could not wait for his return to write to Murray. I wrote and told him, if I could, how quickly I would go and pillow his head upon my breast, just as I did when he was a little child. My poor, dear boy—so generous, kind, and loving. What could he have done to deserve this punishment? You did not mention his crime, but say it was committed while under the influence of drink. I did not know he had ever tasted liquor. We raised six boys, and never knew one of them to be under the influence of drink. Oh, is there any place in this

nation that is safe when our boys have left the home-fold? O God, my sorrow is greater than I can bear! I cannot go to him, but, sister, I pray you to talk to him, and comfort him as you would have some mother talk to your boy, were he in his place. Tell him that when he is released, his place in the old home-nest and his mother's heart is awaiting him.'

"Then followed the loving mother's words for Murray, in addition to those written. As I wept bitter tears over the words, so full of heart-break, I asked myself the question: 'How long will the nation continue to sanction the liquor traffic covenant with death and league with hell, to rob us of our boys? Lovers of God and humanity, will you not work for the passage of laws that will save the boys and the agony of mothers like this?'—Selected by Way of Faith.

THE COMPANY HE KEPT.

The five o'clock afternoon train from Denver pulled into Fort Worth, Texas, a half hour late. The February sun was setting in billows of gold, and a stiff norther sweeping over the prairie city. A tall, dark young man, with disheveled black hair and haggard eyes, that told more forcibly than words, of an extended "spree" and attendant debaucheries, stepped upon the platform and gazed about him inquiringly.

"Not a living soul that I know, as my name's Carroll Carlton!" he muttered, "and one dime my only earthly possession! If I telegraph my firm for another remittance, I'll be fired from the partnership, and if I pawn my overcoat I'll freeze in this norther. I'm starving, so here goes the dime for a sandwich, and I'll walk the streets until two, when an east-bound train goes out."

He started toward the lunch counter, and came face to face with a pale, hollow-cheeked boy of fifteen.

"Why, it's Billy Barton! How good to meet somebody from home!"

The boy greeted the man joyfully, eagerly.

"I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Carlton!"

"How's your mother, and what are you doing out here, Billie?"

"Haven't you heard? Mother's dead, and I'm going to San Antonio to live with Uncle Dave, father's brother. But, Mr. Carlton, I'm in so much trouble! I didn't have but five dollars left after I'd paid for my ticket, and my pocket was picked between here and Memphis. I haven't had a bite to eat since yesterday noon, and I'm most starved! Can't

you — won't you lend me a dime? I'll pay it back, as soon as——"

"Gladly will I give you the dime, my boy. Here, take this and get a sandwich. Wish I was in better shape to help you more."

"Maybe you need this dime yourself, Mr. Carlton."

"Me? Oh, I'll soon be with friends and have all I can devour. Take the dime and welcome, my son."

"Thank you, Mr. Carlton! This will be bread on the waters, as mother used to say, and come back——" The boyish voice broke.

Carlton pressed the thin hand in sympathy, and pushed Billie toward the lunch counter. He turned down the shadowy street. He passed a brightly lighted saloon, and laughed harshly.

"No chance for a high-ball here! But as I tramp the streets to keep warm, maybe I'll meet some old acquaintance who hasn't struck hard luck. My, but I'm hungry."

As he walked down the thoroughfare, he resolutely turned his face in an opposite direction when he passed a fruit stall or confectionery, which set forth their appetizing wares. From the rush of the business section, Carlton turned down a side street, and soon found himself on a quiet avenue. Arc lights were few, and pedestrians scattered. He reached a corner, and came face to face with an old, white-haired darkey, who raised his hat, bowed politely, then stood stock still and stared at Carroll with open mouth and round, wondering eyes. Without giving the old man a thought, Carlton strolled on to the next corner and paused under an arc light to decide what direction he would turn his aimless course. What was his surprise to find the old negro almost at his elbow!

"What do you want?" asked the young man sharply.

"Nothin', Boss. You jest look so much lack my young Mistis, that I loves to look at you."

The tones were respectful, but Carlton, suspicious of foul play, turned to retrace his steps toward the business center. He reached another crossing and looked back. Only a few paces behind him hobbled the old man.

"What are you following me for, you old rascal?"

"'Scuse me, Boss, but you's so much lack my Mistis, dat's been dead these twenty years, dat I can't keep my eyes offen you."

"See here, old man, you're after a tip or you're watching for a chance to rob me, and you may as well save yourself the trouble, for I haven't got a copper!"

"No, sir, Boss! No, sir! I ain't wantin' no tip, and I wouldn't tech a hair of yo' head to hurt it, Boss. But you's de livin' image of Miss Sallie Carroll, what married Marse Jim Carlton!"

"Can this be Jerry Carroll?"

"It sho' is, Boss. Marse Dave Carroll gin me and my wife, Lucy Ann, to Miss Sallie when she was married, and we lived wid 'em till they died, eben atter freedom broke out."

"My mother was Miss Sallie Carroll. I am her only son, Carroll Carlton. I remember you now, Jerry, although I haven't seen you since I was a boy."

"Somethin' tole me you was Miss Sallie's boy! Bless de Lawd for dis day! Whar is you stayin', Marse Carroll?"

"Nowhere, Jerry! I'm in hard luck. I've been out in the Panhandle on some legal business for our firm, and fell in with some sports, and—well, Jerry, you know the Carlton blood. When they get started they go to the end of the rope. I gave my last dime to a hungry boy, and I'm stranded."

"Come 'cross here to my house, Marse Carroll. When yo' paw died, he left me and Lucy Ann a little home. We sold it and come out here 'long of our chillun. But you 'members I was 'zorter on yo' paw's plantation, and I'se a preacher now, the pasture of a church here. We has prospered, and de chillen is married and gone, and jest me and Lucy Ann lives in de little house 'round here. Thank de Lawd for sendin' me a chance to help my young marse!"

The old man led the way down a side street to a neat cottage, as clean within and without as mortal hands could scrub it. Lucy Ann was cooking supper, but stopped long enough to joyfully welcome "Marse Carroll," whom she had nursed as a baby. When the meal was ready, she spread the whitest of cloths upon a little table, and with ante-bellum deference served the well-prepared food as though the young man were a prince. Both Jerry and his wife stood behind Carlton's chair, and anticipated every want. He ate ravenously, and when the meal was over, Jerry led him into the front room and said:

"You'se plum wo' out, Marse Carroll, and you must stay here until dat ten o'clock train in the mawnin'."

The most tempting of breakfasts was served next morning, and Lucy Ann had taken the dishes to the kitchen, when Jerry opened a trunk and brought out a small package wrapped in tissue paper.

"Dar's somethin' I want you to read me, Marse Carroll, 'fore you goes. Yo' maw, Miss Sallie, gin me dis Bible, and she marked some places she said for me to read when Satan was temptin' me too hard. My old eyes is too dim to see fine readin', and I ain't never been able to bring the glory outen dat book nohow, lack Miss Sallie."

With reverent hand Carlton took the book. Jerry had turned to the sixth chapter of First Corinthians. The ninth and tenth verses were marked with a faint pencil bracket.

"She done that! Yo' maw, Marse Carroll. She read it to me when I had been on a drunk, lack Marse Jim. Chile, he was a mighty fine man, but he most broke Miss Sallie's heart a drinkin'. She gin me dis little Bible, and I 'members as well as if it was to-day, how she read dem verses. Read 'em, Marse Carlton!"

Slowly he read:

"Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived:—thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

"Marse Carroll, what would Miss Sallie say if she knowed her little baby boy had growed up a drunkard, and was keepin' comp'ny 'long of thieves and gamblers and sich? De blood of de Carltons ain't so strong in you, Marse Carroll, but what de blood of de Lamb, dat Miss Sallie allus pintoed to, can help you pull loose from sich company, and be a man! For Miss Sallie's sake, won't you cut loose from dat comp'ny, Marse Carroll?"

Memories of childhood were tugging at Carroll Carlton's heart-strings. He wavered. If he made a promise, he was too true a Carlton to break it. But why deny himself the pleasure of gay friends? Why give up pleasures—

From the kitchen Lucy Ann's mellow, plaintive voice rose in the familiar words of a hymn:

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow.
I'll strengthen thee, keep thee and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my mighty, omnipotent hand!"

How often had he been rocked to sleep in his mother's arms with that old hymn as a lullaby. He arose, with a new light shining in his bloodshot eyes.

"I'll be a man from this hour, Jerry! You've done more than minister to my hungry body,—you've shown me where I stand!"

"Bless de Lawd!"

Carlton refused the proffered loan of money, but gratefully accepted the dainty lunch prepared by Lucy Ann. His thanks for hospitalities were somewhat confused, but fully understood by his humble friends.

A few years later Honorable Carroll Carlton represented his home county in the state legislature. Not only was he considered the most brilliant member of that body, but he was a staunch advocate of prohibition, and his speech on this movement was by far the most forcible and convincing of the session.

The papers were full of the young senator's praise and commendation of his untiring zeal in the temperance cause. From all over the state came letters of congratulation and words of appreciation. Wives and mothers thanked him gratefully for aiding in a victory that was to protect weak and tempted husbands and sons from the curse of drink.

But the commendation that gave Carlton the greatest satisfaction, was an ill-spelled, scrawling letter from an old negro preacher. It was this:

"Dere Marse Carol: You is keepin good compny alrite. Miss Sallie would be proud of her man. Kepe in de rite way. Jerry."

—Jennie M. Standifer in Union Signal.

ROGER CARVILLE'S ATONEMENT.

PART I.

It was cold. A black frost, now in its third week, held the countryside in its grip. Young and old, peasants and gentry, farmer and squire, all were content, the night of which this story opens, to sit clustered around the fire piling high the great Yule logs in the open chimney-piece.

It was Christmas Eve.

The tenants, one and all, on the Carville estate had reason to be content and to celebrate the occasion with good cheer, song and story. For was not Sir Roger Carville a landlord just and generous! All had shared in his Christmas bounty.

In every humble cottage it had been his pleasure to see that there were blankets and fuel and plenty of good Christmas fare.

No wonder that the villagers were grateful and vowed that theirs

was the happiest community in all the countryside. "Not a home," they told each other, "but wherein happiness, joy and contentment reigns."

And that is where these optimistic souls were mistaken. There was one house where anger and misery had usurped the throne of joyous festivity. In the great library of Carville Tower—that magnificent Elizabethan structure—the owner of this beautiful home and estate was pacing to and fro with stern white face and set lips.

Sir Roger Carville was a fine specimen of the old English aristocracy. Upright, just, with a keen sense of his responsibilities as the lord of two manors, and holding five church livings at his disposal; the fourteenth baronet in direct succession from a noble line of honorable and honored ancestry, he was respected throughout D—shire as a worthy representative of the race from which he sprang.

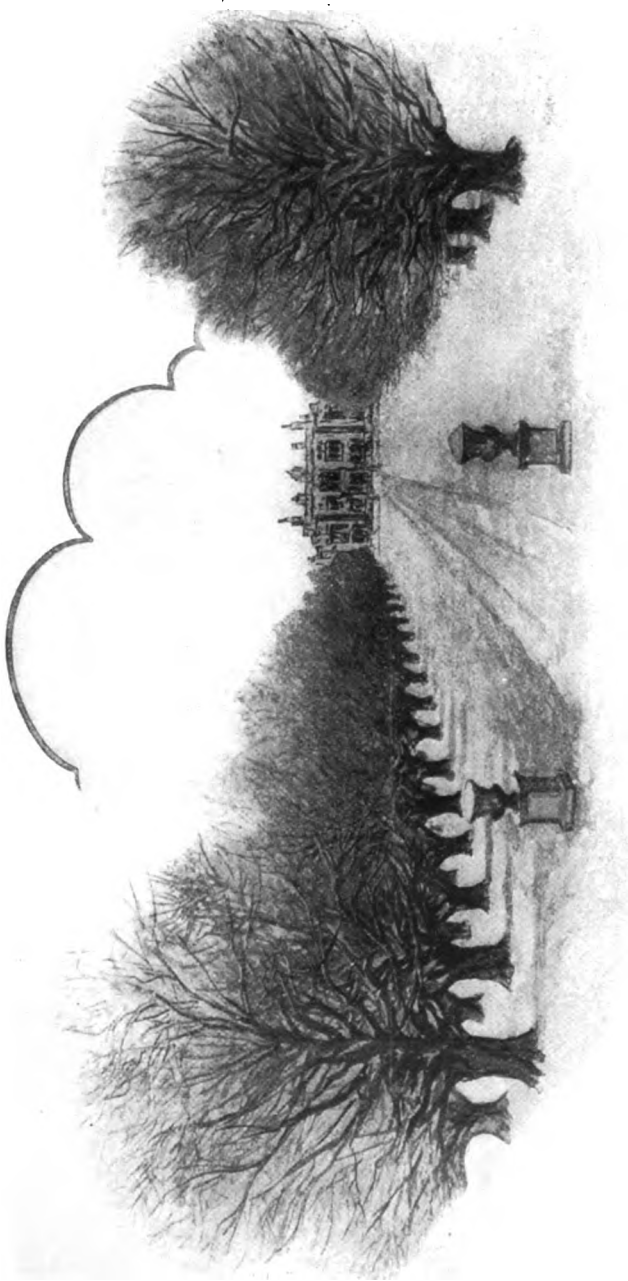
His sterling integrity, high sense of justice, and gentle, but direct and generous, Christian spirit, had not only made him respected and looked-up-to by his brother magistrates on the county bench, but honored by those whom he had to punish or judge.

In short, a fine gentleman, "and the noblest gift of God—an honest man." And yet he who had held the honor of his race higher than his life, was to-night facing dishonor in its most bitter, heartbreaking and sordid form. As he paced the floor of the great library, from the oak-panelled walls of which hung pictures, by famous painters, of his ancestors, noble statesmen, soldiers and judges, or men, like himself, content to further the interests and happiness of the people of his estate, he glanced, from time to time, at the figure of a young man, doubled up and half hidden in the shadows of a great armchair. The youth, for he seemed little more, was in evening dress with shirt front crumpled and tie awry. His face, when a leaping flame from the wood fire illumined it, was haggard and drawn; around the mouth and under the eyes were thin, hard lines of dissipation and despair. The clean-cut, handsome features, with the strong chin, were startlingly like those of the elder man; and, but for a suggestion of weakness about the well-shaped mouth, one would have asserted that their characters were of the same quality and texture. "Roger," said the elder man, "when the Almighty took from me the noble woman whose life was a sacrifice to your birth, I thought that I had experienced the deepest sorrow that could ever enter my life." He turned his eyes, as he spoke, to the picture of a sweet-faced girl occupying the space above the great mantle-



"In the great library of Carville Tower."

Courtesy "The War Cry."



"The driveway, lined with a noble avenue of trees."

Courtesy "The War Cry."

piece. "But to-night I know that I did not, on that sad, never-to-be-forgotten day, taste the cup of bitterness and grief to its dregs. It had been left for you to teach me that it was for her good that she died and for my ill and yours that you lived."

A groan escaped the young man. "Father," he whispered, "have pity."

"Pity?" replied the other, "what pity have you shown me or the poor girl who, according to your own statement, you have driven to seek protection and support in a world of strangers? What pity or thought for the name you bear did you show when you forged my name to paper involving thousands of pounds? What pity had you for a single soul during the past three years of dissipation, debauchery and sin? None! I paid your debts time and again. I have prayed for your reformation with tears, and agony of soul. I have borne with you to the uttermost of my forbearance; now go—go, and never let me see you or hear from you again, unless——." The old man's voice faltered a moment and then grew strong—"unless you prove yourself worthy, unless you do something to once again restore my confidence and pride in you."

The figure by the fire gave no sign of comprehension other than an involuntary shudder which seemed to pass over him like a cold breath.

"Here," continued Sir Roger, "here are two hundred pounds in Bank of England notes; take them and go. Go and——" the voice was low and stern—"sin no more."

Silently the young man arose, his face white and strained, but in his eyes gleamed the light of resolve. With unsteady voice he spoke: "Father, I can't take the money; it—it would be a wrong start. Keep it and give it to her whom I have wronged. Search for her, and—and if you find her, say that I have gone to—to make good. Good-bye, sir." He held out his hand to his father, who, turning from him, said: "When you are worthy."

The younger man stumbled, rather than walked, from the room, and mechanically received his overcoat from the half-scared-looking butler, passed out into the night.

The crisp, cold air struck his heated brow with a cooling caress, steadying the shaken nerves and bracing him as a tonic.

Half way down the driveway, lined with a noble avenue of trees, he turned and looked back at the home of his childhood, the grand old

mansion which had sheltered so many of his honored ancestors. Silent and majestic it appeared, bathed in the soft rays of the full moon. He could see the lights in the windows of the room he had just left. In the moonlight he could discern another window, that of his bedroom, where, as a little child, and later, as a happy schoolboy home for the holidays, he had slept the sleep of the innocent and undefiled.

Oh, how the memories of those days, now gone for ever, burned his mind and soul. He could see in the pages of the past the old dad's proud and happy face as he welcomed him on his return home for those same holidays. Never once had the dear old "guv'nor" failed to meet him at the little country station; and always was he accorded the privilege of taking the reins and driving the pair of high-stepping bays back to the Towers, where the servants were wont to gather in the great entrance hall to bid him welcome with smiling faces and respectful greeting.

And later, when his time came to leave Rugby, and to enter college at Oxford, he recalled the words with which he bade his father good-bye at the railroad station:

"Never fear, dear old guv'nor, I'll do you credit. When my time comes to leave Oxford, it will be with a double fist and a M. A. tacked onto my name."

And the dear old dad, with proud tears glistening in his eyes, had answered: "I know it, my boy; go in and win, and——. God bless you!"

Oh, the pity of it all. Where now the high resolves, the proud aspirations? He, Roger Carville, the pride and hope of his father's heart, was turned from that same proud parent, from the home of his youth, an outcast and a thief.

How he cursed his weakness and want of balance. He remembered, as though 'twere yesterday, how, in the exuberance of his budding manhood, he had plunged into the pleasures and dissipations of the fast student set at Oxford. Cards, horse-racing, drink and debt; he had gone the limit. Again and again he was compelled to go to his father for assistance to meet these "debts of honor;" until at last the generosity and patience of this firm friend and fond parent was exhausted, and he had been told that the next offence would mean his withdrawal from college and all that it held for him.

Then a new influence had entered his life. A theatrical company came to the town of Oxford, and he received an introduction to a chorus

girl attached to the combination. She was a sweet, winsome, womanly girl, experiencing for the first time the vicissitudes of the player's life. Nine months earlier her mother, the sole relation she possessed in the world, since the death of her father, who had been an underpaid curate in a country town, had died, leaving her dependent on the sympathies or otherwise of a hard, cold world.

She had a nest egg of two hundred pounds—all that her mother had been able to leave her. She was the possessor of a singularly beautiful contralto voice, and, acting upon the advice of acquaintances in the church choir, where she was wont to sing on Sundays, she went to London, and for six months studied voice culture, living modestly the meanwhile in furnished lodgings.

At the end of that time, her money being nearly expended, she tried to obtain engagements at private concerts. Lack of influence and an inability to dress in an extravagant or costly manner, spelt failure. Eventually she was compelled to accept a position in the chorus of a musical comedy company, where her innocence, refinement and unsophisticated manners were the butt of many a coarse and humiliating witticism.

Her wondrous beauty and natural refinement attracted Roger to the extent of his falling hopelessly in love. He, for the time being, forsook the fast set of Oxford, and devoted himself to the innocent girl who had so aroused his admiration. She, on her part, was touched by his devotion and the air of gentlemanly grace and courtesy with which he treated her. She seemed, when in his company, to be living in a different atmosphere from that of the dressing-room and stage. Before the week of the company's stay was up, they were mutually in love; and he, using all the arguments of impetuous youth, had persuaded her to marry him then and there; the theatrical company going on to the next town without her. For a month they were supremely happy. He took rooms for her a little way out of the town, in an old-fashioned house kept by a maiden lady of small means. But owing to the fact that he had not dared to declare his marriage either to his father or his fellow-students, he oftentimes found himself in a dilemma to explain his absence from old haunts and companions. On the fifth week, to avert suspicion, he went on two occasions to the rooms of a college friend who played cards with boon companions for high stakes. Excited by the wine he

drank there, Roger allowed himself to be drawn into a game of cards and lost heavily. It was the beginning of the end.

Night after night he played, losing more and more, and drinking furiously as he realized the position he was getting into. On several occasions he returned to the gentle girl-wife mad with drink and disappointment, and twice in his delirious rage he had struck her and accused her of being the cause of his downfall.

At last his companions began to press him for the money which he had lost to them at cards. He dared not go to his father and confess, so, after a last furious scene with the sweet girl to whom he had given his name, he went to his bachelor rooms, and, crazed with drink and fear, had signed his father's name to a cheque for a large amount.

Armed with this, he started in to play that night more recklessly than before, and, as usual, lost. He paid his debts with the forged check, receiving the balance in cash. Three days later he stumbled into his wife's room to find two letters, addressed to him, lying on the dressing-table. Mechanically he opened the first; it was in his wife's handwriting, and read as follows:

"Dear Roger: I have tried so hard to believe in you; I have prayed so earnestly for you. But it seems hopeless. After your words to me when you left me last night, when you told me I was unworthy of you, that I was standing in the way of your future career, I felt there was nothing left for me but to rid you of my presence and to seek my own living. It will be useless for you to try to find me, even if you wished to. In spite of everything, I still love you, and shall always pray for you, and that some day things will come right. God bless you! Your wife,
Mildred."

Half dazed he sank into a chair. "The night before last," it said in the letter. Then she, his innocent girl-wife, had been gone nearly two days. Good God! Alone, to battle her own way. He was sober enough now, as he sprang to his feet in the determination to rush forth, seek and find her at all costs. But what was this? His startled eyes rested on the other letter. It was in his father's handwriting. The blood which had mounted to his cheeks in his excitement receded, leaving his face deadly pale. The consciousness of guilt was upon him; he felt the icy grip of fear.

With shaking fingers he opened the envelope and straightened out the folded sheet inside.

Without preface or introduction, it read as follows:

"It has come to my ears that you are living with a woman calling herself Mrs. Roger Carville, at the address to which this letter is directed. That and a communication from my bankers require an immediate explanation. Unless this is forthcoming before Wednesday next, Christmas Eve, I shall be compelled to place the matter in the hands of detectives for the honor of the family and that of your grieved and broken-hearted father.

Roger Carville."

Wednesday! Christmas Eve! Why, why, this was Tuesday night. No time to lose; what should he do? Fly? Suicide? Was there no other way of escape?

No! no! he would go to his father; he had never failed him. And yet, how could he confess? He would emigrate. But then—Mildred. He couldn't leave her to be thought of as—. Quick! A telegraph form! Ah, here it is: "Letter just received; coming immediately; Roger." Now a cab. "Post office." Telegram dispatched, there was just time to catch the midnight train to London and the early morning one from there to D—shire. The journey passed as in a dream. It was dark when, on Wednesday evening, he stepped from the train at the little West of England station. The silent drive to the house, and then the long, interminable scene in the library.

* * * * *

What was that? The dreamer started, and turned toward the gates of the avenue, leading to the high road. Through the midnight air rang out the Christmas chimes. Down in the bell tower of old Carville church the ringers were pulling lustily, telling the world the news of "Peace on earth and goodwill toward men." At the gates, the old lodge-keeper was standing at his open door, silently welcoming in the Christmas morn.

"God bless you, Master Roger, and a happy Christmas," said the old man, as he recognized the figure passing out through the great gates.

"Happy Christmas," said Roger absently, and turning on his heel, strode down the moonlit highway.

PART II.

A year has passed. It is once more the eve of Christmas. In a tiny room, away up under the eaves of a London lodging-house, a young mother is soothing her tiny babe. "There, darling, mamma will only leave you for a little while and then return with milk for her little one.

Yes, milk and—coals, baby; coals to make you warm. Oh! my little love, to think that mummy must go out on this bitter night, and sell her body to keep her babe from starving. But there's nothing else, baby. You don't know, dear, how hard mummy has tried to get work; and now, now, dear mite, she must face shame and dishonor that you may live. O God, pity me; if it were not for you, my sweet, death would be welcome."

Tucking the thin covering closer around the tiny three-months-old baby boy, the mother silently left the room. Down the dirty, creaking stairs she went, and out into the street. Softly fell the snow in great white flakes, deadening the sound of the traffic in the mighty arteries of the city, and rapidly soaking through the thin soles of her small shoes.

Swiftly she made her way along the embankment of the black, sluggish Thames, and passing up one of the side streets, emerged in the current of life and bright lights which thronged the Strand. Already her scanty garments were becoming dampened by the thickening snow-flakes. Breathlessly, with a tightening of the heart, she watched from a doorway bad women, unfortunates of the streets, accost men in well-cut evening dress—sometimes to meet with a rebuff, as often, after a short conversation, to be joined by the accosted and escorted to the entrance of some brilliantly-lighted saloon or café, or after some alcoholic refreshment, passing out with flushed faces, to drive away with the companion of their sin in a quickly-summoned hansom cab.

Could she?— Dare she?—

Twice she made as though to approach a stranger; twice she retreated.

Once a man, overflowing with alcoholic exuberance, made to take her arm, muttering the while through drink-sodden lips a filthy remark. Oh, she couldn't, she couldn't, she couldn't. And yet—Baby!

O, better they both die than—that! As she stood in miserable indecision, a gentle voice fell on her ear and a soft touch rested on her arm.

"Sister, are you in trouble?"

Turning, she looked into a pair of tender blue eyes, smiling with kindly interest from beneath a Salvation Army bonnet.

Mildred—for it was she—had often seen these lassies on their errands of mercy and love, but never gave them more than a passing thought.

"No, no," she answered. "I'm—I'm quite all right, thank you."

"Is that the truth?" asked the Salvation lassie. "I think you are in trouble; won't you let me help you?"

"I—oh, I"—and then the poor wounded spirit broke down, and before Mildred knew what had happened, she was sobbing out her story on the sympathetic breast of her listener. Within an hour, Mildred and her babe were installed in comfort and warmth within the walls of one of The Army's Rescue Homes.

Her story verified, the tender-hearted matron interested herself on Mildred's behalf to such purpose, that before two months had passed she found herself engaged as companion and secretary to Lady Z., wife of the newly-appointed Governor of a distant colony. Lady Z. knew her story from start to finish, and her kindly woman's heart rebelled at the thought of separating mother and child; so that, after much coaxing and gentle feminine persuasion, she gained the consent of her good-natured husband to include both Mildred and Baby Roger in the Government House party sailing for the Colonies. During the voyage and once duly installed in the Government House, Baby Roger quickly became the ruler and gurgling tyrant of the household. Once more the joy of life and living had entered the breast of his gentle mother. During all this time never once had she heard from or of, her husband; Roger was as one dead.

She never ceased to pray for him and to hope that one day he would be restored to her, a changed man.

* * * * *

Three years passed happily and uneventfully in the sunny city, when one morning, among his mail, Lord Z. found a letter from his old friend, Sir Roger Carville.

The letter stated that since the disappearance of his only son, he had been in indifferent health. He had tried long and unsuccessfully to trace either Roger or the girl whom he married secretly. The worry had undermined his naturally strong constitution and his doctors ordered a complete change of scene and the effects of a sea voyage. Might he, therefore, consider himself welcome, if he paid a visit to his old friend in the Antipodes?

The Governor's reply, after a short consultation with his wife, was in the form of a cablegram which read as follows: "Delighted; come at once and stay as long as you like." Mildred was not taken into the

secret. Lady Z., with a woman's natural love for a mystery, commanded silence on the subject of Sir Roger's visit, trusting to her native wit to make the occasion of the meeting between him and his daughter-in-law one of peace and mutual reconciliation. In due course Sir Roger arrived and was cordially welcomed by his old friends. Mildred and her boy, now a sturdy young Colonial nearing the manly age of four, were visiting friends of Lady Z.'s some little way from the city. It was three days after Sir Roger's arrival that they returned to the Government House.

Sir Roger was sitting on the veranda as the carriage containing Mildred and her boy pulled up at the entrance.

Mildred, looking sweet and winsome in her white frock, passed in through the open doorway. Master Roger, with the assurance and natural curiosity of "nearly four," called after her: "Tummin' d'ectly, mumsey," and proceeded to investigate and examine the strange, ~~sad~~, white-haired gentleman who was quietly smoking his cigar in the rocking chair.

"How-do-you-do?" he asked gravely, plunging his hands into the pockets of his small, white sailor suit. "I don't ~~fink~~ I've seen you 'fore. I'm ~~nearly~~ four years old; how old is you—no, I mean ~~am~~ you—'is' is wrong, 'cause mumsey said so." All this was rattled off in one breath, and he paused with a very red face and large, inquiring eyes for the answer.

"Well, young man," said the strange "gen'l'm," "I'm very well, thank you. You are right; we haven't met before, and I am more than four years old. Now, perhaps, you'll be good enough to tell me your name, also why you left your sister just now to come and talk to me?"

"Dat wasn't my sister; haven't dot a sister; and, 'sides, I don't like girls; dat was my mumsey!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon." The kind eyes twinkled. "Now, may I ask your name?"

"Oh! I fordot. I beg ~~your~~ pardon. My name is Wodger Carville—what's yours?"

"Good heavens! Say it again, child, say it again!"

"I ~~fink~~ you're vewy wude to shout," answered the wee man with a tiny dignified frown, "I said my name is ~~Wodger~~ Carville!"

"Thank God!" said the stranger, "and—and that young lady in white is your——?"

"Dat's my mumsey, I—I take care of her." And the baby lips

quivered tremulously at the suddenly conceived notion that this strange, white-haired man might want to harm his "mumsey."

"Oh, little lad, little lad," said the stranger as, lifting Baby Roger in his arms, he strode into the open hall.

"Wot 'r' you kyin' for?" inquired the young man, "nearly four."

"For joy, laddie, for joy," whispered the old man huskily.

We will draw a veil over that meeting between the old man and his newly-discovered daughter. His joy was wonderful when he found and fathomed her sweet nature. Master Roger's joy was also intense when he realized the "strange gene'l'm was a real live gran'pa," and one who never tired of playing "Piggy backs" and "Ride-a-cock-horse."

Lady Z. said to her husband, a week later, "I **knew** he would be bound to love her as his own daughter, if once they met."

Lord Z. looked at her with admiration and vowed to himself that his wife was the most wonderful and clever little woman in the world.

PART III.

Away up in a mining camp of the Goldfields, two men were taking their "billy" and tea outside their miner's tent.

One was a man of about forty, with iron-gray hair and bronzed face, showing where the thick beard was not. His expression was one of quiet determination, combined with the softened lines of one who had passed through much disappointment and come through the fire trusting in a Higher Power for wisdom and strength.

The other was a tall, magnificently built man not yet out of his twenties. His face, with sunbrowned, handsome features, had the appearance of one who carried a great sorrow. His gray eyes constantly wore a far-away, strained, hopeless expression like unto that of a faithful dog discovered in wrongdoing and undergoing its just punishment. Just now they burned with a fierce, resentful light.

"It's no good," said the owner. "We've been plugging away at this old mine for nearly two years now. And what have we got? What are we worth? About five hundred pounds apiece."

"Laddie, a tell ye, there's a sicht o' gold' awa' doon; an' mon Rogers, ye maist hae' patience," replied the elder man.

"I tell you it's no good, Scottie," answered the man addressed as Rogers, with an impatient gesture. "I've tried to believe in the old claim; I've tried to play the game with you and—and others." The

gray eyes took on the far-away look. "But I can't do it any longer. Three days from now it'll be Christmas. I'm going down into the city, and try to drown my sorrows for a week. It'll be the first drop for four years, but I must do it or go mad. I'll come back, my dear old pard, never fear"

"Dinna dae it, laddie; dinna dae it."

"I must, Scottie—I must!"

* * * * *

Two evenings later the one who called himself Rogers stepped from the train at the railway terminus in the great city, the centre of activities.

It was Christmas Eve.

The air was intolerably hot. The day had been one of oppressing closeness. Should he take a drink—his first for four years—or should he seek a hotel and freshen up after his tiring journey? He decided on the latter course. Once settled in his hotel he had a bath, and throwing himself on the bed "for forty winks," as he told himself, he fell into a heavy slumber.

It was some hours later that he awoke with a start. He looked at his watch. It was approaching midnight. Suddenly it struck him as curious that he should be able to discern that time, since his gas jet was not lighted. Glancing at the window, he noticed a red glow entering and illuminating the room.

With a spring he was off the bed. Rushing to his window he beheld a sight that momentarily chilled the blood in his veins. The big, fashionable hotel across the street was one sheet of flame. Downstairs he flew and standing in the doorway watched, awestruck, the conflagration before him.

As he gazed at the terror-stricken guests rushing pellmell through the open hall door of the doomed building, his heart gave a sudden bound. For, staggering out into the street, he beheld his father, his dear old guv'nor whom he had not seen for exactly four years. As he sprang to meet him, a mighty shout arose from the crowd, and looking up, he saw standing at the open bedroom window on the third floor of the blazing building—his wife. There was no mistaking her. The hungry flames mounting higher and higher, lighted up her beautiful face, as with a child in her arms she looked appealingly down at the helpless crowd beneath.



"Down, foot by foot, carefully feeling his way."

Courtesy "The War Cry."

A fireman was bravely battling up the fire-escape. A groan came from the crowd as the poor fellow, overcome by the smoke and fumes, fell back into the arms of the man behind and was taken down by him.

"Stand back, we can do nothing," cried the chief of the fire brigade.

And the crowd stood in awe-stricken silence, awaiting with palsied hearts the seemingly inevitable.

But what was this? A shout went up, another and yet another, as the breathless multitude watched a man, strong and supple, mount the ladder, rung after rung, toward the window where the woman and child were standing.

Would he do it?

Could he do it?

A groan arose as he was seen to falter and then disappear from view in a blinding cloud of smoke and flame.

A cheer, a roar; he has gained the window ledge—he is inside!

A frightened hush succeeds as all three retreat inward from the view of the crowd.

Would he be mad enough to try to force his way down the stairway? It was a sheet of flame and meant certain death.

No. There he is again, beckoning to the firemen. Ah! they understand, and train a spray of water onto the escape. A roar, then again silence.

He has them strapped to him, enveloped in a blanket.

Can he hold them? One arm only has he with which to cling to the ladder. Down, foot by foot, carefully feeling his way, he moves toward safety.

The crowd is afraid to breathe.

The firemen are doing their work well.

He will—he will—he has.

Hurrah! Hurrah! The pent-up feelings of the crowd burst forth and men are shaking hands and hugging each other hysterically.

"Who's the man?" "Does any one know him?" "He's a hero!" and so they comment.

Meanwhile friendly hands had quickly carried the rescued and rescuer to a nearby house, where their burns and injuries were skillfully tended by eager physicians.

Two weeks later an interesting and wonderfully happy group might have been seen seated around the invalid-chair of the man who dared.

"Roger, my son," said the white-haired man (a very much happier man than when we last saw him), "You have made your atonement. You have lived a clean life since that night four years ago, when I was wicked enough to turn you away from my home and heart. I, too, have suffered for my pride, my boy."

"But, dear gov'nor, about the life I led—I—that night I came into town to——"

"Yes, we know, 'Scottie' told us when he came to town the following day to save you, to tell you that your claim has, at last, proved to be one of the best in the camp——"

"You don't mean?——"

"Yes, it is true, dear," suddenly interrupted the soft voice of Mildred, "your claim is full of the golden treasure."

"It is nothing to the treasures I have found in the city," answered Roger, as he turned his glistening eyes to his dear ones in turn. "Thank God, Lady Z. had to send you to the hotel to make room for her Christmas guests."

"Yes," agreed a small voice, "t'ank Dod!"—War Cry

THE PAUPER WOMAN'S SPEECH.

At a certain meeting in Pennsylvania, the question came up, whether any person should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon and physician, strange as it may appear, all favored license. One man only spoke against it, because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when all at once there arose from a corner a miserable old woman. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career had almost closed. After a moment of silence, during which all eyes were fixed on her, she stretched her body to its utmost height, and then her arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called to look upon her. "Yes," she said, "look upon me and hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking as the father of drunkenness, is true. All drinking of alcoholic poison as a beverage is excess. Look upon me! You all know me, or at least once did. You all know that I was once mistress of the best place in town; you all know, too, that I had one of the best and most devoted husbands; you all know that I had five noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are

they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know; you know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder churchyard, **every one of them filled a drunkard's grave.** They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe; that excess only ought to be avoided, and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you," pointing her finger to the minister, deacon, and doctor, "as authority.' They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But with dismay and horror, I saw the gradual change come over my family and prospects. I felt that we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to break the spell in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed, but the odds were against me. The minister said that the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the deacon who sits under the pulpit there, sold them the poison, and took our home to pay the bills; the doctor said a little was good, and excess only ought to be avoided. My poor husband and sons fell into the snare and they could not escape, and one after another was conveyed to the sorrowful grave of a drunkard.

"Now, look at me again! You probably may see me for the last time; my sands have almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—your poorhouse—to warn you all; to warn you, false teachers of God's word!" and with her arms flung high, and her tall frame stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed: "I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God, I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be witness against you all!"

The miserable old woman vanished, a dead silence pervaded the assembly; the minister, deacon and the physician hung their heads, and the president of the court put the question: "Shall any license be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors?" The unanimous response was, "NO!"

If all paupers could speak, if maniacs could testify, if the 65,000 prisoners in this land could tell of their temptation, sin and ruin; if the wives and children of living drunkards, and the widows and orphans of the dead ones, could come before us; if the countless tenants of drunkard's graves could appear and exhibit their fleshless forms, and lift up their skeleton hands, and tell how they were tempted, ruined and destroyed—it would need no further argument or plea to arouse

all good and honest men, to warn, and testify, and denounce, and **destroy with utter destruction**, a business which curses humanity, and is accursed of the Most High God.—Tract.

YOU NEVER TOLD US.

He stood in the door of the Sabbath-school room, waiting to finish a conversation with a lady who held a boy by the hand.

"Don't you think it would be well to let the scholars take part in some exercise on the subject of temperance, Mr. Johnson?" asked the lady. "You are the superintendent, and if you should assign the scholars any texts or verses about the subject, I know they would be glad to get them. You would, Eddie, wouldn't you?"

"What! Say something, say a verse?" asked the boy, one of the kind whose eyes are forever snapping, hands forever moving, head forever turning, and to whom all occupation is a delight because a constitutional necessity. "I would, and I know lots of others would speak."

"Temperance, did you say?" inquired Mr. Johnson, so coldly, that Mrs. Atwood felt a shiver at once.

"Yes, sir."

"Ahem!—it is not judicious, I think, to speak on controverted subjects in the Sabbath-school, and where a difference of opinion exists. I feel that it is better for people to think about temperance as they please. But it is time for me to call the school together," and the speaker moved along the entry like an iceberg drifting out of sight.

"What did he say, mother?" asked Eddie. "That people had better think about temperance as they please?"

Mrs. Atwood was so absorbed in her painful thoughts that she did not pay attention to the question.

Days, weeks, months, even years slipped by. A "hard winter" visited the city of N—. There was hardness in every direction. The severe cold that prevailed so long, seemed to freeze up everything. It reached the money bags in the vaults, and the tills in the counters, and the purses in the pockets of capitalists, ice forming everywhere and stopping the flow of money. At least a very scanty stream of the article dribbled into one poor home in a tall, gaunt tenement house. A mother was there, watching by the bed of a consumptive son, a young man.

"A cold night," he said, "mother?"

"Yes, it is."

"What makes you think it is snowing? Seems as if it were getting into bed," he said, in a hoarse whisper.

"It is snowing."

She went to the window and looked down into the street. A rough wind was driving the flakes in clouds through the streets, threatening to smother the lamp post and the very houses.

"I can't seem to see anyone coming," she muttered. "It is so cold here."

"I can't tell whether it is the snow or the serpents," said the son, in a loud whisper.

"He is wandering again," said the mother, bending over the bed.

"It will be warm soon, I think."

"Yes, warm soon—soon—ha! ha!"

His laugh was that of a mind breaking like a ship from all moorings and drifting out into a dark sea.

That evening a note had been left at the door of a gentleman in the neighborhood, and it read thus:

"There is a sick man, a consumptive, living in the district at No. 182 Putnam Street. They are pretty destitute, and if you could get them some wood and coal to-night, I know it would be acceptable."

"A note from our minister," said Mr. Berry. "He has been calling there to-day, probably. I will take some wood and coal with me and go at once. I wonder if my guest wouldn't like to come with me? He will have some idea of one of our poor districts."

The gentleman visiting Mr. Berry said he would like to go, and the two started off, a basket of coal and wood hanging on Mr. Berry's arm. Through the snow they tugged, and then they climbed a dark flight of stairs leading up somewhere from the black hole labeled "182."

"Whew! how cold. We'll have a fire at once," said Mr. Berry, as he stooped over the stove in the consumptive's room, quickly changing the mute, rusty piece of iron into a creature that laughed and sang, chuckled and roared, flashing out into the room a cheery warmth. The companion of Mr. Berry had gone to the sick young man's bed.

"I am sorry you are sick," said the visitor.

"Thank you, but the snakes are bad."

"He is wandering, sir," exclaimed the mother. "But you wait a moment. His mind will come back again."

The young man had fastened his dark, sunken eyes on the stranger,

and seemed to be making an effort to recognize him. It was a painful effort. It was hard to bring back the ship that had broken from its moorings, drifting off into the wildness and blackness of the sea.

"Don't—don't I know you?" he asked.

"Perhaps so."

"Did you keep Sabbath-school—once?"

"Yes."

"Did—Eddie—Atwood—ever—go to you?"

"Oh, yes, I remember him."

"Didn't—you—once—say—you wouldn't have a temperance service—and people—had better think—as they please?"

"I dare say. People were rather fanatical on the subject."

"I am—Eddie—Atwood—."

"I wouldn't," said his mother. "It will make you cough."

"Just—raise—me—once. I only say—it—Mr. Johnson—for you may still—be superintendent—and will know—what—to—do—another—time. I acted as you advised—and—did—as I pleased. You never—told us of—the evil of strong drink. I ruined—myself—in that way, and—here—I am—."

"Oh, don't don't, Edward! Oh, quick, quick! Help!" screamed the mother.

But no help could reach Eddie Atwood. His soul had drifted out upon the sea from which no vessel ever returns.—Way of Faith.

WHAT CAME TO DILLY'S HOUSE.

Dilly was perched on a fence post, her light hair flying about her face and her little hands clasped behind her back. The small toes that peeped through her ragged shoes were red also, for the day was cold, but Dilly was used to such trifles.

Toddles, the baby, who could not climb the fence, contented himself with looking through. He was bundled up in an old shawl, and, if the round face that peeped through the fence rails was roughened by the chill wind, he, like Dilly, had grown accustomed to such discomforts.

It occurred to Freddy Burr, in the next yard, that their situation was scarcely agreeable. He looked up from the stick he was trying to split with his new hatchet, and asked:

"What makes you sit up there such a day as this? Why don't you go into the house and keep warm?"

"'Cause I'd rather stay here and watch you," said Dilly, serenely. "'Tain't no fun in the house."

"Well, I wouldn't think it was any fun out here, I can tell you, if I didn't have a warm coat and scarf and these thick boots," remarked Freddy.

Dilly looked at them, and an odd, vague wonder awoke, as she did so, and grew more distinct, until presently it took shape in words.

"Why don't I have such things, too, Freddy Burr—shoes and new clothes and something to wear on my head?"

"'Cause your father drinks 'em up," answered Freddy promptly

"No, he don't, either," said Dilly; "folks can't drink such things. Where do you get yours?"

"My father buys 'em for me; and the reason yours don't get any for you, is 'cause they all go into old Barney's rum barrels down at the corner. That's the way of it, true as you live, Dilly Keene, and it's awful mean, too," declared Freddy, growing indignant.

Then a voice from the pretty house beyond called Freddy, and he ran in, while Dilly and Toddles, with their amusement of watching ended, turned slowly away. Dilly surveyed the baby and herself thoughtfully, and sat down upon an old log to meditate. If what Freddy Burr had told her was true, something ought to be done about it; and the longer she pondered, the more fully she became convinced that she had heard the truth.

"'Cause other folks has things and we don't, and it must be ours go somewhere," she reasoned. "They can't be any good there, either. I'm just sure they can't. Mebby I've got a hood—mebby it would be a nice red one, pretty and warm. Wish I had it now. Wish Toddles had——"

She stopped, as a brilliant plan flashed suddenly through her brain. Wouldn't her mother be surprised if she could do that—poor mother who was out washing and would be so tired when she came home at night.

"Toddles, let's do it!" she said, springing up, excitedly. "Let's go an' see if we can get some of 'em."

"Yah!" answered Toddles, contentedly; and, taking his hand, Dilly opened the creaking gate and led the way down the street.

There were a number of men in the store at the corner—a queer store, with a curtain across the lower half of its front window. Dilly saw them when the door opened, but she was a determined little body when she had decided on the proper thing to do. So she only clasped Toddles' hand closer and walked in and up to the counter, making an extra effort to speak distinctly because her heart beat so fast.

"Please, sir, have you got anything of ours a soak here?"

There was an instant's silence, and then a shout of laughter from the men.

"Well, now, that's a neat way of putting it. Hey, Keene, these youngsters of yours want to know if Barney has you in soak here?"

An old slouched hat behind the stove was raised a little, but there was no other sign that the man heard.

Dilly shrank back abashed.

"Oh, I didn't mean him!"

"What did you mean, then?" asked a coarse, red-faced man, advancing behind the bar, and speaking in tones not at all gentle or amiable.

"Shoes and coats and such things," faltered Dilly. "Hoods—I'm afraid it's spoiled with the whiskey, but mebby ma could wash it out. Wouldn't you take some of them out of your barrel, Mr. Barney? We need 'em awful bad."

"I should think as much," muttered one of the bystanders, surveying the two dilapidated figures; but Mr. Barney's wrath was rising.

"What barrel? Who sent you here?" he demanded angrily.

"Your rum barrel," answered Dilly, standing her ground desperately, though with a little catch in her breath that was just ready to break into a sob. "Ma works hard all the time, and she looks so sorry; and we don't have any nice dinners at our house like Freddy Burr's; and no new shoes, nor caps, nor anything. I asked Freddy where our good things went to, 'cause they don't come to our house, and he said you had 'em in your barrels. Please take some of 'em out, Mr. Barney. I'm sure it can't make anybody's drink taste a bit better to have a poor little boy's and girl's new shoes and dresses and everything in the barrel."

"You're right there, sissy. It's nigh about spoiled the taste of mine," said one of the group, putting down the glass with a perplexed look.

But the barkeeper's look was wrathful. "We've had enough of this

nonsense. Now leave, you rag muffins, as fast as your legs can carry you, and never let me catch you inside these doors again."

He stepped toward them. The man behind the stove suddenly arose.

"Take care, Barney; you'd better not touch them." There was fire in the eyes under the old slouch hat before which Mr. Barney drew back.

Both children were crying by this time, but the father took a hand of each and passed into the street.

Two weeks later Dilly completed the story to Freddy Burr. "See here," she said, pushing the toes of a stout pair of new shoes through the fence, "and here," bobbing up for an instant to show the hood that covered her yellow hair.

"Where did you get 'em?" asked Freddy.

"Why, pa worked and bought 'em, and brought 'em home, and they didn't get into nobody's barrel," explained Dilly, with great pride and little regard for grammar. "You see, the billennium has come to our house. The 'billennium'—it's a pretty long word," said Dilly, complacently, "but it means 'good times.' It was just this way, Freddy. When you told me Mr. Barney had all our nice things in his barrel, I just went right down there and asked him for 'em, me and Toddles."

"You didn't!" exclaimed Freddy.

"Did too!" declared Dilly. "Well, he wouldn't give me one of 'em, and was just as cross as anything. So then pa got up from the stove and walked home with us. He didn't scold a bit; he just sat down before the fire and thinked and thinked. At last he put his hand in one pocket, but there was not anything there. Then he put his hand in the other pocket, and found ten cents, and went out and bought some meat for supper. Then when ma came home he talked to her, and they both cried; I don't know what for, 'less 'twas 'cause we couldn't get the things out of the barrel. And ma hugged and kissed me most to death that night. Well, my pa got some work next day, and brought home some money; and now he has a place to work every day. He bought all these things, and he says his little boy and girl shall have things like other folks. So now you'll know what the billennial means. Freddy, when anybody asks you, and you can tell 'em Dilly Keene 'splained it to you." —Independent.

THE WIDOW AND THE JUDGE.

Some time about the commencement of the year 1874, a train was

passing over the Northwestern Railroad, between Oshkosh and Madison. In two of the seats facing each other, sat three lawyers engaged at cards. Their fourth player had just left the car, and they needed another to take his place. "Come, Judge, take a hand," they said to a grave magistrate, who sat looking on, but whose face indicated no approval of their play. He shook his head, but after repeated urgings, finally with a flushed countenance, took a seat among them, and the play went on.

A venerable woman, gray and bent with years, sat and watched the judge from her seat near the end of the railway car.

After the game had progressed a while, she arose, and with trembling frame, and almost overcome with emotion, approached the group. Fixing her eyes intently upon the judge, she said, in a tremulous voice, "Do you know me, Judge——?"

"No, mother, I don't remember you," said the judge pleasantly. "Where have we met?"

"My name is Smith," said she; "I was with my poor boy three days off and on, in the court room at Oshkosh, when he was tried for—robbing some bank, and you are the man that sent him to prison for ten years, and he died there last June."

All faces were now sober, and the passengers began to gather around and stand up, all over the car, to listen to, and see what was going on. She did not give the judge time to answer her but becoming more and more excited, she went on:

"He was a good boy, if you did send him to jail. He helped us to clear the farm, and when his father was taken sick and died, he done all the work, and we were getting along right smart. He was a stiddy boy till he got to keard- playin' and drinkin', and then, somehow, he didn't like to work after that, but used to stay out often till mornin', and he'd sleep so late, and I couldn't wake him, when I knew he'd been so late the night afore. And then the farm kinder run down, and then we lost the team; one of them got killed, when he'd been to town one awful cold night. He'd stayed late, and I suppose they got cold standin' out, and got skeered and broke loose, and run most home, but run against a fence; and a stake run into one of 'em; and when we found it next mornin' it was dead, and the other was standin' under the shed.

"And so after a while, he coaxed me to sell the farm and buy a house and lot in the village, and he'd work at carpenter work.

And so I did, as we couldn't do nothing on the farm. But he grew worse than ever, and after awhile, he couldn't get work, and wouldn't do anything but gamble and drink all the time. I used to do everything I could to get him to quit, and be a good, industrious boy again, but he used to get mad after awhile, and once he struck me, and then in the morning I found he had taken what little money there was left of the farm, and had run off.

"After that time I got along as well as I could, cleanin' house for folks and washin', but I didn't hear nothing of him for four or five years; but when he got arrested, and was took up to Oshkosh for trial, he writ to me."

By this time there was not a dry eye in the car, and the cards had disappeared. The old lady herself was weeping silently, and speaking betimes. But recovering herself, she went on:

"But what could I do? I sold the house and lot to get money to hire a lawyer, and I believe he is here, somewhere, looking around. Oh, yes, there he is, Mr.—, pointing to Lawyer—, who had not taken part in the play." And this is the man, I am sure, who argued agin him," pointing to Mr.—, the district attorney. "And you, Judge—, sent him to prison for ten years; 'spose it was right, for the poor boy told me that he really did rob the bank, but he must have been drunk, for they had been playin' keards most all the night and drinkin'. But, oh, dear! it seems to me kinder as though, if he hadn't got to playin' keards, he might 'a been alive yet. But, when I used to tell him it was wrong and bad to play, he would say: 'Why mother, everybody plays now. I never bet only for candy or cigars, or something like that.'

"And when we heard that the young folks played keards down to Mr. Culver's donation party, and that Squire Ring was goin' to get a billiard table for his young folks to play on at home, I couldn't do nothing with him. We used to think it awful to do that way, when I was young, but it just seems to me as if everybody nowadays was goin' wrong into something or other.

"But maybe it isn't right for me to talk to you, judge, in this way, but it jist seems to me as if the very sight of them keards would kill me, judge; I thought if you knew how I felt, you would not play so; and then to think, right here before all these folks! Maybe, judge, you don't know how young folks, especially boys, look up to such as you, and then I can't help thinkin' that, maybe if them that ought to know better,

learn them to do so, and them as are higher learnt and all that, wouldn't set sich examples, my poor Tom would be alive and caring for his poor mother; but now there ain't any of my family left but me and my poor gran'chile, my darter's little girl, and we are going to stop with my brother in Illinois."

A more eloquent sermon is seldom preached than was heard from that gray, withered, old lady, trembling with age, excitement and fear that she was doing wrong. I can't recall half she said, as she, a poor, lone beggard widow, stood before these noble-looking men, and pleaded the cause of the rising generation.

The look they bore as she poured forth the sorrowful tale was indescribable. To say that they looked like animals at the bar, would be a faint description. I can imagine how they felt. The old lady tottered to her seat, and taking her little grandchild in her lap, hid her face on her neck. The little one stroked her gray hair, and said: "Don't cry, granma; don't cry, granma." Eyes unused to weeping were red for many a mile on that journey. And I can hardly believe that one who witnessed that scene ever touched a card again. It is but just to say, that when the passengers came to themselves, they generously responded to the judge, who, hat in hand, silently passed through her little audience.—"Touching Incidents and Remarkable Answers to Prayer."

A BOTTLE OF TEARS.

Many years ago, while holding a meeting just over the Virginia line, I heard the following story, which was afterwards confirmed by a man who knew the parties and was acquainted with all its details.

One evening in October, a sweet girl of sixteen stood by the baptismal font and answered the questions which stood for fidelity to her Lord and the church forever. Only two years later she stood by those same altars by the side of a strong, noble man, to whom she pledged unbroken loyalty. The future was promising indeed, and everybody seemed to catch the spirit of gladness as they passed under the wedding arch, amid strains of music, to the carriage awaiting them, and were wheeled to the station. They soon left old friends and old scenes behind them, as they went sweeping through strange scenery on the way to the homestead of the groom, to which he had fallen heir and to which he was taking his beautiful young bride.

Two mornings later they came to the place that was to be their future home. Everything was beautiful, and it seemed to the young bride that nothing short of paradise could surpass its beauty or be more replete with bliss.

Between this lovely mansion and the well-kept farm three miles away was a place the threshold of which the young husband had never crossed, the gathering place of the rough element of that section of the country. But one evening he did turn in with a friend. Later he visited the place alone. He sipped, he treated, he drank, he gambled, he soon became a drunkard, and one day he was murdered and carried home to be buried in the family garden. This brief recital covers a period of from ten to twelve years.

The morning after the broken-hearted woman had laid her husband away, a note was handed her by the bar-keeper, from his employer, in which he claimed that he held a mortgage on the place, including farm implements, household furniture, and even all wearing apparel, in fact everything she possessed that had not already been lost by her departed husband.

This was a great blow to the suffering woman, as she believed there was still left her the house and a few acres of land on which the house stood. She rested her aching head on her hands and shed burning tears, which unconsciously to herself fell into a saucer that was lying in her lap, and from which her youngest child had just eaten its breakfast. As she looked down and saw the tears that had rained into the saucer, she took them and poured them into a phial, which she placed in the folds of her wedding dress that had hung in her wardrobe since the day of her wedding. Then she wrote him a letter, in substance as follows:

"Sir, you demand the keys. I send them herewith. The one with a red string unlocks my wardrobe. In the right side you will find my wedding dress. I never wore it but once. In its folds you will find a small bottle containing a few tears." Then she went on to relate the story of her courtship and marriage, of their short honeymoon, of the time that she was brought into this home the happy bride of one of the noblest of husbands.

Then came the sad story of the first time her husband crossed the threshold of the one who sold him the liquor that caused his downfall; of the first time she detected the odor of liquor on his breath; of the many promises that it would never happen again; of the time that he

became a tippler; of the first time his step was unsteady, and then his rapid decline until he became a confirmed drunkard.

One child was born, and he promised to leave off his habit of drinking. New hope sprang up in her breast, only to be dashed to pieces in but a few days. The habit had taken such strong hold of him that he could not resist, and was soon in its clutches again. Then another child was soon given to them.

It was the old story of the flight of luxury; of the desertion of friends; of the curtailing of expenses in order to meet the claims of the liquor dealer; of the decline of health; of the times that she had to flee with her children from rum-crazed husband and father. Then a third child came, which added to the weight of struggle to keep the wolf from the door.

One night she cried out in her anguish of heart, and it wakened her oldest child, who came to her bedside and asked to know the cause of it all. She was told that her mother was dying and that she would have to take the place of her mother in caring for papa and the little sisters, that papa was a hopeless drunkard and she would soon be the only bread-winner. The child met her father in the early morning as he came staggering up the walk, and throwing her arms around him told him of her mother's condition, and pleaded with him to give up his drinking habits. His only reply was an oath and a blow felled her to the ground, and then he came into the house and met his wife with curses and blows.

But it did not end with that, and one day he was carried into her home by four of the liquor dealer's henchmen, dead. Some friendly negroes dug the grave in what she supposed to be her own garden and buried him there under his favorite apple tree. But now even that is gone from her and she is left a widow with three children to care for and not even a roof over her head.

So that is the meaning of the bottle of tears, and some day the one who sold this young man the liquor will have to answer for it before the judgment bar of God; answer for a blighted home, a widow's broken heart and three children left without a home, left to struggle along in this world without a father's protection and care with only the memory of a murdered father filling a drunkard's grave.—Selected by The Missionary Worker.

THE STANDARD-BEARER.

He came into a small Western city to take charge of Christian work. He had just finished a course in theology, having graduated from the regular course several years before. He was not young. I fancy he had already entered the thirties. He had worked his way through college and had overcome all manner of obstacles in order to complete his education and prepare for the life work which he had chosen.

His boyhood, I fancy, had not been care-free. His family was poor, and had little more than bare necessities. But Norman was born with a love for the beautiful things of life. His desires ran to fine books, flowers, pictures and music. From boyhood he had hungered for those things which he had not. Then came a time when they lay at his feet.

This little Western city was the home of wealth. I do not know that it was any better or worse than the average towns of the country.

There were many churches; a few drinking and gambling places; but the popular sentiment was in favor of morality and high ideals of living. There were several beautiful streets of fine homes, with beautiful lawns and servants in livery. Here the majority of the men and women were college-bred and many had studied abroad.

In such an atmosphere Norman was placed. He was fresh from privations, poverty and the struggle for self-maintenance.

The people were pleased with him. They recognized him as a man of ability; they admired his self-reliance; they respected his principle. They were ready to listen to him, to follow him as a leader. He was received everywhere. Old conservative families who made few friends received him warmly.

Here came the test of his moral strength, but he did not recognize it as such. He had risen above adversity; he had succeeded against poverty; unknown and obscure, he had made known his views from the isolated portion of his world. All this may a man of average moral caliber do; but to withstand and to grow strong among the seducing, effeminating influence of wealth demands a moral giant.

Norman had looked upon the liquor traffic as the handmaid of the evil one. He had used in private and public his influence against it. He had abstained from the use of tobacco in any form.

But the cultivated people of the town were accustomed to serve

wines at their banquets and dinners. They were not intemperate, but they were not total abstainers.

Norman had been in charge of these Christian workers but a short time, when he was invited to a reception at a home where there were several young men. A room on the third floor had been set aside as a smoking room. Here a number of the men met, Norman among them. Without a demur, he partook of the wine and cigars. Both were distasteful to him, but he made a pretense of enjoying them.

Among the guests was an eccentric character, a man of middle age, who was known as a non-believer, but who was an intellectual giant, fearless in the expression of his opinion and independent in his action. This man, Norman had been striving for months to reach. He had accomplished so much that the man had listened to his discourses and had debated the subject in private with him. He entered the smoking room just as Norman took up his wineglass. The host offered him the wine. "You'll bear us company, Mr. Miller?" he asked.

"You know that I will not," he replied bluntly. "You knew that before you asked."

The others looked up in surprise. Several laughed.

"Miller acts as though he had been insulted," said one young man, "in place of being treated with courtesy."

"That's just the way I feel about it," retorted Mr. Miller. "To ask me such a question places me in one of two positions; either as a man without an opinion, or a man whose opinion changes with the hour."

He crossed the room and seated himself in a comfortable position, as he continued. "I've lived in this town sixty years. Allowing the first twenty years to be the time when my judgment was not ripe enough to have my opinions considered, there yet remains to me about forty years of responsible time. Now from the very first, I've been strong against this drinking habit, both for the individual and for the nation. I look upon liquor as an agent of Satan. I believe more evil has been brought into the world through it than by all other means combined.

"Now, I've believed that for forty years; I am under the impression that I've expressed myself along that line, yet my words must have been weak, or our host would not have offered me a wine-glass."

His hearers felt that he meant every word he said, yet they joined in his bland, genial smile which swept the room, embracing everyone within it.

"Either my words were weak, or my friends entertain the opinion that I play follow the leader; and I'd as soon be called an imbecile as a weakling that does anything because some other fellow does it. No wine, no cigars for me." He waved his hand as though to dismiss them and the subject.

As they quitted the mansion, Mr. Miller joined Norman on his way home.

As he placed his hand on the younger man's arm, he said bluntly, "I wish to ask you a question. Doesn't the religion you have accepted and represent, look with disfavor upon the use of liquors? Did you not read to me during our last confidential hour that beautiful sentiment, 'If meat make my brother to offend'?"

He looked up inquiringly into his companion's face. He was not in a critical mood, nor had he asked the question for the sake of argument.

"Yes; to all your questions," said Norman.

"You yourself know it to be the instrument of evil. You know that the greater per cent of criminal cases, imbecile children and poverty, are the direct cause of its use."

"Yes, I know that," replied Norman.

"Then why did you touch it this evening? You told me once that you did not know the taste of it. I believed you. But why did you do as you did this evening?"

"I never tasted it before. I have no desire to do so again. But my desire is to get closer to those young men. They have never let me come near them. I thought if perhaps I should put my own principles aside, they would feel free and easier in my presence, and after a time I might influence them to accept these same principles and teaching."

"You never made a greater mistake, my friend. We never can elevate anyone by coming down to him. Principle is a thing that cannot be lowered. When we think we are doing so, we are satisfying ourselves with the semblance of the thing; the principle itself has been lost.

"As a nation, we did not win respect for our flag by lowering it. We kept it flying high and compelled others to look up to it."

"You believe that your conduct should reflect your belief. Your presence alone, sir, without words, should tell a man what you have accepted. No man has ever been so morally weak that he did not despise moral weakness in another. We love a hero, whatever the way his heroism flaunts itself.

"No, my friend, to-night was your opportunity to come nearer in friendship to those young men. You missed it. They are further from you than before, and, if I read the stars aright, they will never come closer."

Norman took the advice in good part; but he did not heed it. He continued as he had begun. He lowered his standard so frequently that it was more often trailing in the wind than floating in the sunshine. His influence for good was weakened, for when the desire to fight a good fight is awakened within one, even the most evil of mankind, he wishes to follow a standard which is never lowered.—Jean K. Baird in Philadelphia Westminister.

LITTLE BRIDGET.

It was Sunday afternoon. In a prosperous dramshop in the most densely populated district of the city, a crowd of loafers were tossing coppers for drinks, singing snatches of street ballads and exchanging coarse jests, when a pale, slight child burst into the place, closely pursued by a virago armed with the rung of a chair. There was a cruel purple welt across the little one's forehead, and her eyes were swollen with crying. She flew to one of the men, who set her behind the bar in safety.

The woman hurled blasphemy and invectives at the man, and gave him a heavy blow with the stick she carried. The piercing cries of the terrified child soon brought a policeman to the spot, when the arrest of both the man and the woman followed, and they were led away, the child meanwhile crouching behind the bar.

"Now that you've yelled your father and mother into the lock-up, get out of here, you little brat!" said the proprietor of the saloon, and the girl, a child of less than nine years, shrunk from the place.

"I guess Mag belts the kid every chance she gets, now," said one of the loungers, and another answered:

"It's a good thing John was sober enough to stand up for her, or she'd have been laid out this time sure. The old girl is crazy drunk."

Meanwhile the little one turned into a by-street which led to her home, but she paused at the sound of singing in a neighboring room, and, as she stood sadly listening, a lady asked her to enter. The voice was gentle, the face kind, and the child laid her hand confidently in that

of her guide and was soon seated beside her and listening to the ever-winning,

Of Jesus and his love."
"Tell me the old, old story

There were all classes gathered in that homely room. But of them all no one was so sore-hearted and hopeless as little Alice Barney when she entered there, and no soul had ever been happier than hers when she went away. She was cheered and comforted, and accepted with entire comprehension and faith the whole of the beautiful old, old story of Jesus and his love.

A simple thing to do, but it changed her whole life. Her eyes beamed, her feet seemed to tread on air, she was lifted out of herself, and the dreadful world she had known existed for her no longer.

The next day she learned that her mother had been sent to the workhouse for ten days, but her father came home not only sober, but ashamed. He found the poor room swept, and upon the table were clean cups and plates, with bread neatly sliced and the coffee hot.

The little girl had lost all her shrinking timidity, and seemed to her father a new being. She told the story of her experience at the mission school, and in a sweet, fearless way, born of her joy, she said:

"They are going to tell more of the blessed Jesus on the street to-night, father, and there will be singing, too. Will you go with me to hear it?"

"No, child, I am not fit, but you can go and have as much as you like of it."

What need to narrate the work of grace in this little one chosen of the Lord? Before her mother returned she was at home with the city missionaries, and enlisted heart and soul in the work.

Her father did not oppose her, though he refused to go with her, but her mother was bitter in her denunciation of what she called the canting, ranting Christians. Alice, however, with a sweet wisdom and courage, went her way. She seemed to be living the lines of Sir Galahad,

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

—Selected by Way of Faith.

MARRIED TO A DRUNKARD.

She arose suddenly in the meeting, and spoke as follows:

"Married to a drunkard! Yes, I was married to a drunkard. Look at me! I am talking to the girls."

We all turned and looked at her. She was a wan woman with dark, sad eyes, and white hair, placed smoothly over a brow that denoted intellect.

"When I married a drunkard, I reached the acme of misery," she continued, "I was young, and oh, so happy I married the man I loved, and who professed to love me. He was a drunkard, and I knew it, knew it but did not understand it. There is not a young girl in this building that does understand it, unless she has a drunkard in her family; then, perhaps, she knows how deeply the iron enters the soul of a woman when she loves and is allied to a drunkard, whether father, brother, husband or son. Girls believe me, when I tell you that to marry a drunkard, to love a drunkard, is the crown of all misery. I have gone through the deep waters, and I have gained the fearful knowledge at the expense of happiness, sanity, almost life itself. Do you wonder my hair is white? It turned white in a night—'bleached by sorrow,' as Marie Antoinette said of her hair. I am not forty years old, yet the sorrows of seventy rest upon my head; and upon my heart—ah! I cannot begin to count the winters resting there," she said, with unutterable pathos in her voice.

"My husband was a professional man. His calling took him from home frequently at night, and when he returned, he returned drunk. Gradually he gave way to temptation in the day, until he was rarely sober. I had two lovely little girls and a boy." Her voice faltered, and we sat in deep silence, listening to her story. "My husband had been drinking deeply. I had not seen him for two days. He had kept away from his home. One night I was seated beside my sick boy; the two girls were in bed in the next room, while beyond, was another room into which I heard my husband go, as he entered the house. That room communicated with the one in which my little girls were sleeping. I do not know why, but a feeling of terror suddenly took hold of me, and I felt that my little girls were in danger.

"I arose and went to the room. The door was locked. I knocked

on it frantically, but no answer came. I seemed to be endowed with superhuman strength, and throwing myself with all my force against the door, the lock gave way, and the door flew open.

"Oh, the sight! the terrible sight!" she wailed out, in a voice that haunts me now; and she covered her face with her hands, and when she removed them, it was whiter and more sad than ever.

"Delirium tremens! You have never seen it, girls; God grant you never may. My husband stood beside the bed, his eyes glaring with insanity, and in his hand a large knife. 'Take them away,' he screamed. 'The horrible things are crawling all over me. Take them away, I say!' and he flourished the knife in the air. Regardless of danger, I rushed to the bed and my heart seemed suddenly to cease beating. There lay my children, covered with their life-blood, slain by their own father! For a moment I could not utter a sound. I was literally dumb in the presence of this terrible sorrow. I scarcely heeded the maniac at my side—the man who had brought me all this woe. Then I uttered a loud scream, and my wailing filled the air. The servants heard me and hastened to the room, and when my husband saw them, he suddenly drew the knife across his own throat. I knew nothing more. I was borne from the room that contained my slaughtered children and the body of my husband. The next day my hair was white and my mind was so shattered that I knew no one."

She ceased! Our eyes were riveted upon her wan face, and some one present sobbed aloud, while there was scarcely a dry eye in that temperance meeting. So much sorrow we thought, and through no fault of her own. We saw that she was not done speaking, and was only waiting to subdue her emotion to resume her story.

"Two years," she continued, "I was a mental wreck; then I recovered from the shock, and absorbed myself in the care of my boy. But the sin of the father was visited upon the child, and six months ago my boy of eighteen was placed in a drunkard's grave; and I turned unto my desolate home a childless woman—one on whom the hand of God had rested heavily."

"Girls, it is you that I wish to rescue from the fate that overtook me. Do not blast your life as I blasted mine, do not be drawn into the madness of marrying a drunkard. You love him! So much the worse for you, for, married to him, the greater will be your misery.

because of your love. You will marry him and then reform him, so you say. Ah! a woman sadly over-rates her strength when she undertakes to do this. You are no match for the giant demon, drink, when he possesses a man's body and soul. You are no match for him, I say. What is your puny strength beside this gigantic force? He will crush you, too. It is to save you, girls, from the sorrow that wrecked my happiness, that I have unfolded my history to you. I am a stranger in this great city. I am merely passing through it; and I have a message to bear to every girl in America—never marry a drunkard."

I can see her now, as she stood there amid the hushed audience, her dark eyes glowing, and her frame quivering with emotion, as she uttered her impassioned appeal, then she hurried out, and we never saw her again.

Her words, "fitly spoken," were not without effect, however, and because of them, there is one girl single now.—"Touching Incidents and Remarkable Answers to Prayer."

ALLEN BANCROFT'S PLEDGE.

"So this is our new cabin-boy," soliloquized Lieutenant——, as he caught sight of a dark-eyed, handsome youth, leaning against the railing and gazing with a far-away look at the foamy waves that closed, with rushing sweep, white and bubbling in the wake of the swiftly moving vessel. "Well, he looks like an interesting subject. I'm curious to know more about him."

Soon afterwards rough shouts and laughter attracted the lieutenant to the forward deck, where he found a group of sailors trying their utmost to persuade the boy to share their grog.

"Laugh on," Allen was just replying; "but I'll never taste a drop. You ought to be ashamed to drink yourselves, much more to offer it to another."

A second shout of laughter greeted this reply, and a sailor, emboldened by the approach of the captain, whom all knew to be a great drinker, said: "Now, my hearty, get ready to keel over on your beam ends, when you've swallowed this."

He was about to pour the liquor down Allen's throat, when, quick as a flash, the latter seized the bottle and flung it far overboard. At the

instant, Captain Harden, his face scarlet with rage, grasped the boy's arm and shouted: "Hoist this fellow aloft into the maintopsail. I'll teach him better than to waste my property!"

"I'll go myself, captain, said Allen, quietly waving the sailors back, "and I hope you will pardon me; I meant no offense."

"Faster!" cried the captain, as he saw with what care the boy was measuring his steps, for it was extremely dangerous for one unused to the sea, to climb that height. Faster Allen tried to go, but his foot slipped, and he dangled by his arms in mid-air. A coarse laugh from the captain greeted this mishap and a jeer from the sailors, but with a strong effort, Allen caught hold of the rigging again and was soon in the fatch-basket.

"Now, stay there, you young scamp, and get some of the spirit frozen out of you," muttered the captain, as he went below. But at nightfall the lieutenant ventured to say to the captain, who had been drinking freely all the afternoon: "Pardon my intrusion, Captain Harden, but I'm afraid our cabin boy will be sick if he is compelled to stay up there much longer."

"Sick! bah! not a bit of it; he's got too much grit in him to yield to such nonsense; no one on board my ship ever gets sick; all know better than to play that game on me. But I'll go and see what he is doing, anyhow."

"Ho, my lad!" he shouted through his trumpet.

"Ay, ay, sir," was the faint but prompt response, as an eager face looked down for release.

"How do you like your new berth?" was the mocking question.

"Better than grog or whiskey, sir."

"If I allow you to come down, will you drink this?" asked the captain, holding up a sparkling glass of wine.

"I have forsworn all intoxicating drinks, sir, and I will not break my pledge, even at the risk of my life."

"There, that settles it," said the captain to the lieutenant; "he's got to stay up there to-night; he'll be toned down by morning."

But at dawn there was no response to the captain's "Ho, my lad!" When two sailors brought the boy's limp form into his presence, his voice softened, as he said: "Here, my lad, drink this glass of warm wine and eat the soaked biscuit, and I will trouble you no more."

"Captain Harden," said Allen, in a hoarse whisper, "will you allow me to tell you a little of my history?"

"Go on," said the captain, "but do not think it will change my mind; you have to drink this, just to show you how I bend stiff necks on board my ship."

"Two weeks before I came on board this ship, I stood beside my mother's coffin. I heard the dull thud of falling earth as the sexton filled the grave which held her remains. I saw the people leave the spot. I was alone; yes, alone, for she who loved and cared for me, was gone. I knelt for a moment upon the fresh turf; and, while the hot tears rolled down my cheeks, I vowed never to taste the liquor that had broken my mother's heart and ruined my father's life. Two days later, I stretched my hand through the prison bars, behind which my father was confined. I told him of my intention to go to sea. Do with me what you will, captain; let me freeze to death in the maintop; throw me into the sea, anything, but do not, for my dead mother's sake, force me to drink that poison that has ruined my father and killed my mother. Do not let it ruin a mother's son!"

The captain stepped forward; and, laying his hand, which trembled a little, upon the head of the sobbing lad, said to the crew who had gathered around: "For our mothers' sake, let us respect Allen Bancroft's pledge. And never," he continued, glancing ominously at the sailors, "never let me catch any of you ill-treating him." He then hastily withdrew and the sailors went forward.

"Lieutenant——," exclaimed the bewildered Allen, "what does this mean? Is it possible that—that——"

"That you are free," replied the lieutenant, "and that no one will trouble you again."

"Lieutenant," said the boy, "if I were not so sick and cold just now, I think I'd just toss my hat and give three cheers for Captain Harden."

He served on the vessel three years, and became a favorite with all. In his presence even the rudest sailor would not dare to utter coarse jests, and there was a noticeable decrease in the profanity on board. When he left, as the lieutenant tells the story, Captain Harden presented Allen with a handsome gold watch as a memento of his night in the maintop.

How well this illustrates Lamartine's saying, that there is only one stimulant that never fails and yet never intoxicates—duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart, maybe—into which the skylark Happiness always goes singing.—Success.

MRS. CLAPSADDLE'S EXPERIENCE WITH STUFFLIE'S SALTED WHISKY.

"Dear me!" sighed little Mrs. Clapsaddle, laying down her fork, "I certainly do feel dreadful this spring. I don't know when I've felt so run down. Nothing tastes good any more." She pushed her plate back on the table, and regarded it indifferently. Then she rose, and, after giving the food she could not eat to Lucretia Borgia, the cat, wearily crossed the room and gazed into the little, plush-framed looking-glass.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Clapsaddle, sadly shaking her head at her reflection, "my looks tell me plainly that I'm feelin' real miserable. Dear! dear! I don't know what I shall do. I certainly hate to be sick and have a doctor. If I only had an appetite, I wouldn't worry. I guess I'll see if I can't dig me some horse-radish this afternoon. If I can't, I'll get me some mustard."

Mrs. Clapsaddle, a good, simple-minded, old-fashioned woman, was of the opinion that if her stomach did not cry for food, it ought to be spurred to do its duty. She did not know that long confinement without exercise, in her small, hot, badly ventilated rooms, coupled with improper food and advancing age, were the causes of her run-down condition. What she did realize was that never before had she felt so thoroughly "out of sorts," and she thought the first thing to do was to tone up her stomach with something hot, and then get some medicine. That afternoon she pulled and grated some horseradish—a procedure that "tuckered her out" completely. Thinking that she would better be thorough, while she was about it, she also bought some ground mustard and mixed it with vinegar. Under the influence of this fiery combination, she became quite sick and much discouraged. Besides, a new ailment had appeared—she had a "crick" in her back.

"Dear me!" she murmured, as she picked up a magazine a friend had brought in, "I never felt so blue in my life. Something's got to

be done." She began turning the pages in the back of the periodical, and suddenly an alluring advertisement caught her eye. "Take Dosem's Vivifier for that Tired Feeling," she read. The testimonials of the persons that had been cured were very interesting, and she did not skip a word.

"Frawd's Restorative Will Cure You," appeared on the opposite page. "Have you tried Pippin's Pain Killer?" next greeted her. Then she was informed that "Fakem's Aquazone" would kill every disease germ in the body. Plainly, there was no need of suffering longer. Mrs. Clapsaddle had never used any patent medicines, but these wonderful testimonials decided her to try a bottle of each of those so highly recommended. But "Dosem's Vivifier"—she would—yes, indeed, she would have two of that, for it was the one recommended by the great Dr. Maltage, whose sermons she read every week. And Congressman Beaver, her own congressman, said he was cured by "Frawd's Restorative," so it must be fine.

By the end of the next week, Mrs. Clapsaddle's cupboard shelves resembled a miniature drug store. Frawd's Restorative touched shoulders with Fakem's Aquazone, while Dosem's Vivifier and Pippin's Pain Killer crowded each other with claims for recognition. Beside, there was a box of "Green Pills for Blue People," which Mrs. Clapsaddle thought might be useful as she felt so blue.

Mrs. Clapsaddle had now only to lie on her lounge when her scanty meals were over, take her medicine, and get well. But the medicines were a little disappointing. After the delightful exhilaration which followed each dose, a dreadful depression took possession of her, which continued until it was time for more medicine. She found herself beginning to look forward eagerly to the taking of the doses, as they were such a relief from that feeling of "goneness" which troubled her.

"What you need," said her friend Hazel Morton, who called one morning with some magazines, "is to stop thinking so much about your ailments. It is enough to make anyone sick, living in the house all the time, as you do. Get out of doors all you can. The weather will soon be warm enough for you to work a little in your garden, and outdoor air exercise will be better for you than any medicine. Your back is well now, is it not?"

"Yes," admitted Mrs. Clapsaddle, "it got well before I tried the Pain

Killer. But I am very weak and nervous. Her faded blue eyes gazed wistfully up at the bright vivacious face of the young girl.

"Oh!" comforted Hazel, "you'll come out all right, I'm sure. If I were you, I should quit drinking tea and coffee. What we eat and drink has much to do with the way we feel. I have brought you a loaf of graham bread; let me set it in the cupboard. You need not get up." As she opened the cupboard doors, the girl's quick eyes caught sight of the nostrums, and with difficulty she suppressed the sudden laughter that bubbled to her lips.

"Why," she exclaimed, "it isn't any wonder you are sick. Have you really been taking these things all this time, Mrs. Clapsaddle? They're fakes, every one of them. That is nothing but cheap whiskey," she said, pointing to Frawd's Restorative, "and Dosem's Vivifier is very dangerous, for it contains coca as well as alcohol."

"In this health journal," she went on, turning the pages, "there's a department devoted to exposing medical frauds. See this about Fakem's Aquazone, for instance, 'It is composed of water with the addition of enough sulphuric and sulphurous acids to make it taste sour. It costs less than three cents a gallon to produce. Some children have died from using it.' And the Green Pills for Blue People are made of green vitriol, starch and sugar. It's a wicked shame that you should have been fooled into spending money on such things."

"But there must be good in some of them," objected Mrs. Clapsaddle. "Think of the people that have been cured! See their testimonials!"

"Yes," laughed Hazel, "but some of these testimonials have been proved to be as big frauds as the medicines. Some are written by silent partners in the business; many are paid for, prominent people receiving large sums, and poor people a few dollars or some photographs, or some of the medicine. Others are from vain people who love to have their pictures in the papers and can't get them in any other way. But, Mrs. Clapsaddle, I am learning from these health journals, that if people are careful, they will rarely, if ever, need medicine. If you will read them, I am sure they will interest and help you."

"Now, please don't be offended," she pleaded as she arose to go. "If you are not vexed with me, promise that you'll go to church with me next Sunday if you are able. You ought to be out more; it would

cheer you to go to church." "All right," responded Mrs. Clapsaddle, if the weather permits, and I feel able, I will go."

"However, as soon as Hazel had left the house, Mrs. Clapsaddle, who was really hurt and offended, pushed the health journals uncereemoniously under the lounge. "Just as if Dr. Maltage's testimonial could be a fraud! And all the papers printing his wonderful sermons! She thinks that she knows more than that great man!" And she picked up a patent medicine almanac she had got at the drug store, and read over the wonderful list of cures once more. In spite of herself, when she went next to her medicine shelf, she eyed somewhat suspiciously the array of half-empty bottles, feeling almost glad their contents were so nearly gone. What if Hazel was right? But she could not be. It was impossible that Dr. Maltage and Congressman Beaver should not know.

When the bottles were all emptied, Mrs. Clapsaddle regretted she had not purchased a larger supply, for she knew they were cheaper bought in quantity. She was really feeling better; and, of course, her improved spirits and increased appetite must be due to the medicines. She never thought of giving the credit to her out-door work in the vegetable garden and flower beds. Hazel had been wrong about Dosem's Vivifier, anyway. She always felt better after taking that.

If it had been possible, Mrs. Clapsaddle would have invested without delay in a new supply of medicine. But the rent had to be met, her supply of money was low, and no more pension was forthcoming for some weeks. Could she do without medicine for awhile? It would be hard, for she felt "all gone" without it.

Two days passed. Mrs. Clapsaddle was miserably nervous. Her old symptoms seemed to be returning. "O, I shall be real sick again if I can't have some medicine. What shall I do? I wonder if there is not a cheaper kind that would do till I have more money?"

She picked up the magazine in which she had seen the Vivifier advertisement and turned its pages eagerly. But no cheaper medicine was offered. With a sigh she dropped the magazine and leaned her head upon her hands. A knock at the door awoke her from her reverie. She opened the door and peered into the twilight. In a few brisk words the visitor told his errand. He was agent for a medical company and had learned that she was in poor health, so he called to see if she would let him help her. Mrs. C. was naturally suspicious of strangers, but

this man's kindness and her own great need caused her to admit him. He soon had the poor woman's story of her sickness and her present weak feelings for want of medicine. He expressed great sympathy for her, and said that his house permitted him to give five bottles free of their great remedy for a run-down condition, asking only the person's name to a prepared testimonial, saying the medicine had effected a cure.

Mrs. Clapsaddle was greatly impressed by the philanthropic spirit of the medical firm, but when the agent produced the testimonial for her to sign, she said, "Why, you don't want me to sign it before I try the medicine, do you?"

"Oh! that's all right," he answered. "It is sure to cure you; can't fail. You'll soon feel like a different woman." Mrs. Clapsaddle picked up the testimonial. With a start she read the heading, "Stuffle's Salted Whisky." "Oh!" she cried, "you did not tell me it was whisky. You said it was medicine. I never touched whisky in my life. Why, I'm a church member!"

The man laughed aloud. "My dear woman, didn't you know that the Restorative you said did so much good, is just a cheap kind of whisky, sweetened and flavored, and the Vivifier is the same with coca added? We don't fool the people by calling our whisky any fancy names; we make an article that medical doctors and doctors of divinity alike endorse. Ours is no common whisky. It is a medicine. Read what these ministers say about it. You're a church member, you say."

Tremblingly she took the book offered her and read. The whisky medicine certainly was endorsed by doctors and ministers. The man was not lying. And there, sure enough, was the picture of the minister who buried dear John. And he said it cured him. It must be a good thing. But she wished they called it by some other name. She looked at the name again. "Why do you put salt in it?" she asked.

"O, salt is a great germ cure, you know. What the whiskey will not cure, the salt will, and what the salt won't cure, the whisky will, so you see it is perfect. It takes only a very few grains of salt to a bottle. You may not notice it, but it's there doing its work."

It was not so hard to gain Mrs. Clapsaddle's consent to sign the testimonial, after she had read the testimony of the minister who buried her husband. She hated to do it, but five bottles of medicine free—why, that was five dollars saved! She would be well before it was all

used. So down went the signature in trembling hand, "Mrs. John Clapsaddle, 127 Tremaine St."

The man left one bottle of the "medicine," and said he would send the remainder in a few days.

Hazel Morton, who had been away on a prolonged visit, called upon her return to see her friend, and to ask her to go to prayer-meeting. Receiving no reply to her knock, she pushed the door open and went in. She was greeted by a disheveled woman, walking somewhat unsteadily across the floor.

The unsteady movements, the thick speech, and the unmistakable odor, told a pitiful story. Mrs. Clapsaddle was sobered by the shock of discovery, and she realized that Hazel understood. She burst into a fit of sobbing, and dropped back upon the lounge. "O, Hazel," she cried, "the man said it was only medicine, good medicine."

"Dear Mrs. Clapsaddle," said Hazel, softly touching the trembling woman's arm, "I came to ask you to go with me to prayer-meeting, but shall we not have a prayer-meeting right here by ourselves, you and I? No one shall ever know about—about—O, Mrs. Clapsaddle, I am so sorry for you!"

"I'll do anything you say," she sobbed. "If I had listened to your warnings, I would never have done this wicked thing." The young girl and the elderly woman kneeled together, and asked help of the Great Physician that the craving for alcoholics which had unwittingly come upon one of His children, might be removed.

The next day Hazel brought with her a sweet-faced nurse, who stayed with Mrs. Clapsaddle until she felt well enough to be left alone.

The remaining bottles of "medicine" were broken to pieces in the little back-yard.

The following winter a friend living in California sent Mrs. Clapsaddle a Stufflie's Salted Whisky advertisement with a picture of an aged woman, and a testimonial bearing her name. The friend asked, "Can it be possible that you have aged so rapidly?" The picture was that of Mrs. Clapsaddle's grandmother. The agent had abstracted it from a pile of old photographs while Mrs. Clapsaddle had been reading his booklets.—Tract.

HANDICAPPED.

Little Mrs. Winston turned from her tea-table with a sigh of satisfaction, pushed aside the heavy window curtain and looked out into the twilight of a blustering March day. A trail of pale gold, left by the setting sun, was the only gleam of brightness in a sky full of gray clouds, scurrying over a world of brown earth and muddy pools, fast skimming with ice. She shivered as she came back to the light and warmth within, the blazing woodfire on the hearth making a halo of her boy's sunny curls as he lay stretched upon a fur rug, poring over a picture book.

She stooped to lay a light hand on the hot cheek next to the fire, moved an armchair to a more inviting angle, and went back to the table. Nowhere could a touch improve that. From the glass dish of pussy-willows and hardy ferns in the centre, flanked by crisp, lemon-tinted lettuce and amber peaches in their lucent syrup, to the shining silver service, and the blossom-sprigged china awaiting the hot dishes on the kitchen stove, all was perfect. She picked up an uncut magazine and laid it down again with the cutter half through the first leaf; threaded a needle with embroidery silk and put it back in her work basket; drew her low chair near the larger one in the chimney corner, and piled another stock upon the glowing coals. She could settle to nothing. Clearly Mrs. Winston was waiting in suspense. "Poor fellow," she said, thinking aloud, "he will need all the brightness we can give him," and again she sighed, a sigh of sympathy. Her heart was heavy for her husband, who had been hastily summoned to the deathbed of a brother, in a distant state. From rumors that had come to them for several years, it was feared that bereavement was not the saddest feature of the trouble in his family. Letters telling of the arrival of her husband, and of the death and funeral quickly following, had not lessened these fears.

At last the familiar ring at the doorbell sent her into the hall, eager questions on her lips. These died into silence at the sight of a shrinking little figure, in a pitifully small suit of mourning, whose hand her husband held, drawing the child forward, with the words, "I had to bring her. I hated to add to your cares, but there was no help for it."

"Never mind me," she answered, quickly, "I dare say she will be

more help than trouble, and Bert will be so glad of a playmate. Now we will have tea before either of you go upstairs."

"Yes, indeed, let us have tea, and how good the oysters smell. I am glad you have something hot. I feel as if every drop of blood were a separate point of ice pricking my veins."

Sitting at the table, unable to eat, the little girl had not spoken. Bert's shy attempts at making friends with her brought a convulsive, sobbing catch in her throat, so distressing that Mrs. Winston waited only to pour the tea and attend to her boy's wants before taking the child upstairs.

A little room, opening out of her own, was soon made ready, and preparations for bed went on, still in silence. "What is your name, dear child?" she asked at last.

The dark-rimmed eyes were lifted to hers for a moment, but the quivering lips could not frame the words to answer.

"You will not be afraid, or lonely, with the door open," went on the soothing voice, "and I can hear if my little girl needs anything in the night."

"I'm mamma's little girl, if I did have to leave her," in a defiant tone.

"O, yes. But all little girls like to visit their aunties, and I have to call you that because you do not tell me your name."

"Edna," in a lower key.

"You were named for your father, then. I knew him when he was a nice little boy, no older than you."

The child threw herself across the bed with a heartbroken wail, "O, papa dear, papa dear! I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it! God is not good. Papa did not know what he was doing when he was cruel, and God does know what He is doing!"

Mrs. Winston gathered the writhing little form in her arms. "What is it, dear child?"

"The preacher said no drunkard could enter heaven. Papa was so bonny when he was good, and we loved him so! He used to hurt mamma when he wasn't himself, hurt mamma. But we wouldn't punish him forever and ever. We would remember how nice he was sometimes. Say it isn't true, auntie."

"Can you listen to me, Edna?" holding the thin, trembling hands in

her soft grasp. A movement of the head on her arm assented. "God is good. Mamma and you loved papa, but you could not help him?"

A dreary "No" answered.

"You saw him grow worse and worse every day. God loves him more, far more than anyone else can, and he has taken papa out of a world where he would never be any better. God loves and knows how to help. Let us trust papa to that great and wise love."

When the long-drawn sobs had ceased in sleep, Mrs. Winston went down stairs to find her boy asleep on the couch, her husband cowering over the fire. Hastily clearing the tea-table she had set with so much pride, she drew her low chair to her husband's side and waited for his version of the dreadful story she had heard upstairs.

"It was worse than we thought," he began. "Nothing was left, even for necessities. The whole family were ragged and famished. Neighbors had brought in food and coal before I arrived. There was not a trace of my brother in the bloated face we shut away under the coffin lid."

"If you had only known sooner! But they were so far away."

"I could not have helped him. It was all his own fault. On her deathbed my mother reminded us of the birthright of evil we had inherited, and begged us never to awaken the sleeping appetite. We promised. I met every offer of the stuff by frankly avowing the pledge to mother. I had to endure some good-natured banter and some ill-mannered sneers, but a laugh often turned both aside. Ned would flush up in wrath, making himself a fit subject for teasing."

"But he was standing firm when I last knew him; before I left our home village."

"Yes, and such a foolish thing kindled the flame at last; a sudden fancy for a city guest in a friend's house, when he had really loved another from childhood. The city girl was bright and attractive; she liked to show her power over him, and he gave way to her tempting offer of a glass of wine, again and again. She soon went away, caring nothing for him, but his ruin was sure, even then. He tried to rally time after time, only to fail under the many temptations around him. The girl he loved was willing to risk her life with his, she had always loved him. He married and went to a prohibition state, but he was not safe even there. Prohibition does not prohibit in the drug store and doctor's office."

"Where are his family now?"

"A brother of his wife wanted the boy, a winning little fellow. His wife went home to her mother with the baby. No one wanted the girl. It was more than hinted to me that I could well afford to take her, having no daughter of my own."

"I am not sorry to have a girl in the house, to bear me company when my boy asserts his sex by insisting upon living out doors."

"You would not confess, if you were sorry," he answered with a smile, caressing the face upturned to his.

She exclaimed at the hot touch of his hand and hurried him off to bed. When she came to him, after settling Bert for the night, he was shaking in a chill. A doctor was called, who at once spoke the dreaded word—pneumonia.

The days that followed were like a confused dream to the anxious wife. She hardly noticed the children, though she was dimly conscious that Edna kept her boys busy and content by the arts so aptly learned in a drunkard's home. Stopping once to kiss the child, she was surprised by a passion of sobs, when she said, "Auntie sees how you are trying to help her, but she cannot stay now to tell you how much she loves you for it."

"I am not a burden you will soon get rid of, as Uncle Tom said you would, when he came to take brother away."

"You shall never go until mamma says she must have you again. But Uncle Bob needs all my time now, I must go to him."

With slow-dropping, thankful tears, Mrs. Winston heard at last a word of hope from the doctor's lips. "But you must take the greatest care," he cautioned. "Give him a spoonful of brandy every hour."

"He cannot take it," she cried in dismay. "Isn't there something else?"

"Nothing else will tide him over the next few days. He may go off like a flash without it. I am a temperance man myself, but in such a case, foolish scruples must be laid aside."

"He would not take it, if he knew."

"It would be suicide to refuse. If you care so little for your husband's life, I care for my professional reputation, which is at stake."

She gave way at the cruel words. She could stand firm by herself, but her husband's life was more to her than her own.

The spoonful of brandy was but a beginning. Strength was slow

in returning, and he must have a bottle of beer to quicken his digestion; when able to again take up his business cares, he came home so exhausted, a glass of wine was necessary to restore him. His wife's gentle warnings and entreaties sent him to outside sources for the stimulants his awakened appetite craved. A year had not passed before it was a common thing for him to come home so under the influence of liquor, he had to sleep it off before appearing in his family. He was always good-tempered, but wife and boy shrank from his maudlin caresses. Edna always gave a sigh of relief when he was safely asleep. She knew what it was to dread violence.

Penitence and promises followed, when the stupor was over, but such a little thing would bring about his fall again; an invitation to drink, from a friend, the sight of beer bottles at a saloon door, the flavor of brandy in the pudding sauce, when dining away from home, the sip of wine at the communion table, all served to shatter the most solemn pledges.

Perhaps the hardest to bear happened one spring day, when hope was stronger, because of temptation resisted for a longer period than ever before. Bert had been ailing, and as Mrs. Winston was passing along the street, she met her pastor's wife, who spoke of the boy's pallor. "He needs a tonic," she said. "I always make my own black-berry wine and will send you a bottle."

"Bert is almost well," answered the mother quickly. "His cough will wear off with warmer weather."

"I shall send a bottle to hasten the cure," insisted the lady, and Mrs. Winston was too timid to speak out the indignant remonstrance surging within. She blamed herself all the afternoon for not making the refusal more decided.

Edna met her at the door, in the tempest of tears to which she so rarely gave way. Inside, her husband lay on the bed in a heavy sleep of drunkenness. On the couch her boy was gasping in the throes of a fit of nausea. When he was relieved and sleeping lightly in her arms, she listened to the story the little girl told between her sobs.

"Mrs. Wilde came to the door with a bottle, and Uncle Rob went out to see her. When he came back, he mixed a glassful of something out of the bottle with sugar and water, for Bert. He didn't like it, and uncle said I must coax him to take it. He said I could do it if I wasn't so stubborn. Uncle Rob doesn't love me, auntie. When I cried, Bert

swallowed the stuff, and in a little while it made him so sick. O auntie, is he poisoned? Will he die?"

"He is indeed poisoned, but the first time will not kill him. Where is the bottle?"

"Uncle drank the rest of it and went out. He came in—like he is now."

The poor man blamed no one but himself. "I wanted to taste the thing, and, for an excuse, mixed a dose for Bert, as the woman left directions for you. It maddened me to see the children shrink from me and refuse to obey. It is true, I cannot bear the girl; she reminds me of that fatal journey."

"Shall we send her to her mother?"

"No. That would do me no good, and I can see she is a comfort to you and the boy. The mite has been through it all before, and is wise beyond her—size."

Bert awoke in terror. "I did not know I was breaking my pledge, mamma. Must I go on like papa and Uncle Ned? Edna is afraid I will."

"No, my boy! A soldier does not give up the battle with the first wound. We will fight on, and God will help."

"I do not like the taste of it, mamma. The thought of it makes me sick."

"We'll thank God for that."

"And, mamma, when I'm a man I mean to be a doctor, and help people fight against the dreadful thing when they are too sick to fight for themselves."

For ten years the struggle lasted. Then another attack of pneumonia found Robert Winston without strength to resist its inroads. When the end came, the love-light shone again in his eyes, as he opened them for the last time upon those of his wife, dimmed with tears, kneeling beside him.

"Be glad for me, sweetheart," he whispered, "and glad for yourself. This is the only way out of the disgrace—and the sin."

"God knows you could not help it, dear one!"

"And He has come now with the only help. Good-night."—A story from real life in tract.

A PAYING RESULT.

The landlady looked at him disapprovingly. Young men would be young men, she knew that, but she had hoped better things of this one, who came to her with such clear eyes, with such a clean, ruddy complexion, and so carefully groomed, that it was a pleasure to look at him.

"You are late this morning," she said, with unconscious severity.

"Yes," he answered, sulkily, "a fellow can't be up half 'the night and out with the larks."

"That's the trouble with you, I guess—too much lark," she replied, with grim pleasantry. "You'd better cut it out, my lad. I have boys myself, and I know how mothers feel."

The young man winced. Better than she could tell him, he knew how his mother would have felt to hear him stumbling up to his room in the small hours of the night, but she should never know if he could help it. Already weak resolutions were forming in his befogged brain to "cut it out," as the landlady had said, and he looked up at her with an unsteady smile. "You bet I will, Mrs. Parks. No more wine suppers for yours truly."

Mrs. Parks sighed as she went about her work. Even to her not over critical mind, the slang and tone in which it was uttered showed the deterioration in the young man's character quite as clearly as the blood-shot eyes, and downcast, shamed look on his flushed face. "Too bad—too bad," she mused.

Two years ago Harry Brayton had come to this larger town from an inland village, to work in a bank as junior clerk. He had been so proud of his position, so sure of working up and earning promotion, that at first he had bent every energy to doing his work well, and pleasing his employers. He had been brought up to be a total abstainer, but, unhappily for him, the bank force was made up mainly of "society men."

A drunkard would not have been tolerated among them for a moment, but the moderate drinker, the fellow who could toss off a few glasses of wine of an evening and do his work the next day, was their ideal of strength, and the atmosphere insensibly affected the younger and untried man.

Several saloonkeepers were customers of the bank, and his duties as collector led him often into their places of business, so, little by little,

his "prejudices of education," as the cashier called temperance principles, were undermined, and he began to accept the treats so freely offered, at first with reluctance, but later on with evident pleasure.

"He's coming to it fine," said the barkeeper, with a wink to the proprietor, as Harry left the place one day, wiping his lips. "Don't have to urge him now. He'll make a valuable customer before long."

These were not the dens where such unspeakable things were done, that even the mayor had to take notice occasionally, but respectable, high-toned places, where a gentleman could go in and out without reproach.

Harry had been a church-goer in the home town, but here it was different. Work was strenuous on Saturdays, and "the boys" usually had something planned for Sunday quite foreign to church, and the bells which at first caused him uneasiness of conscience, now scarcely awakened a thought. The downward road is a long and easy slope for some, but for others a toboggan slide, swift, and terribly certain as to the end.

"Mother, I feel worried about Harry," said Nettie Brayton one morning, as the two sat together at the breakfast table. "He hasn't written for weeks, and when we see him, it is for so short a time, that we know almost nothing of his real self."

A sigh escaped Mrs. Brayton. "I know, Nettie," she replied sadly. "I feel that I am losing my boy, but what are we to do?"

"If you can spare me, mother, I would like to go down and spend a week with him," replied Nettie thoughtfully. "Surely in that time I should learn something of his inner life, for we have always been chums. Next Sunday is Temperance Sunday, and I would like to see its observance in a large town."

So it came about that, when Harry came home to his six o'clock dinner that memorable day, an eager face peeped out of the shabby little parlor, and seeing him alone, two loving arms were thrown around his neck, and a warm kiss pressed his feverish lips. "Why Nettie, why didn't you let a fellow know you were coming?" he stammered in his surprise and chagrin, for he could not help realizing that he was not a fit object for a sister's pure kiss. He had just thrown away the stub of a cheap cigar, and last night's excess was yet in evidence in his breath.

"I wanted to surprise you. Don't you remember how we used to play surprise when we were little tads together?"

Harry was really glad to see his sister, after the first shock of the meeting was over, but her heart sank as the truth came home to her of the sad change in him since he had left home, and she fell on her knees by her bedside in an agony of weeping, when at last she was shown to her room for the night, as she realized what this knowledge she had gained would mean to her mother. She was a Christian girl, and prayer her first recourse in time of trouble. "O pitiful Christ, spare my brother and give him back to us," she sobbed.

"I'm glad you've come, miss," said the somewhat voluble Mrs. Parks, next day. Harry had eaten a hasty breakfast and hurried away.

"The boss'll kick if I'm not on time, but amuse yourself till after lunch, Sis, and I'll get out early and chase the elephant with you this afternoon," he had said, as he kissed her good-bye. He had made a careful toilet, and seemed more like himself after his night's rest.

Mrs. Parks was sitting in his vacant chair, her elbows on the table in a confidential mood. "I have boys of my own, and I have a mother's feelings when young men that are away from home come into my house. I took a liking to your brother from the first, and I says to my husband, 'There's a boy that's been brought up by a good mother, and taught to do right, and I know it.' He was that clean and nice about the house—but I don't like that crowd he trains with now, and that's the truth. Society swells, with their money and their loose ideas, aren't very safe examples for a young man who has his way to make in the world, but they never seem to think. To have a rollicking good time, and get just as near the edge of the pit as they can and not fall in head foremost, seems to be all they care about."

"You are right, Mrs. Parks," Nettie said, as her entertainer paused for breath. "Harry and I have been brought up carefully by the dearest and best of mothers, but even a mother cannot follow her boy out into the cruel world; she can only pray—and weep, when she must," and tears filled the sister's eyes.

"I'm not saying that your brother is as bad as some of the rest of them," interposed Mrs. Parks hastily, at sight of the tears, "but he is in danger, anyone can see that. When a young fellow gets where he isn't afraid of the saloons, and of wine suppers, he has lost his best hold. I hope you can help him."

With all her heart Nettie echoed the kindly wish, and by every

means in her power she strove to bring the wholesome influences of home upon him in the days which followed.

"I'll tell you how it happened, Net, that you caught me looking and feeling so like a bum that day you came," he said, one evening. "I ought not to have gone to that wine supper, I know that now; but it was the first really swell function I had ever had a chance at. Ten dollars a plate and all that sort of thing, you know, and when the governor passed around free tickets to some of us—a sort of reward of merit for good, little boys, you see—why, I was just too tickled to think straight, and climbed into my glad rags as fast as I could, and went along."

"Who is the governor, Harry?" Nettie asked, innocently.

"Why, Mr. Nash, the president," Harry colored uneasily, for he knew his sister was not so ignorant as she seemed. "Of course, there were muffs there who turned down their glasses and didn't even drink their lemon punch, but somehow I'm not built that way."

"I wish you were, Harry, with all my heart," replied Nettie, sadly. "I wish you could refuse the evil and deliberately choose the good before men."

"A fellow might as well be out of the world as in it and not do as others do," remarked Harry, pettishly.

"Were those 'muffs' you speak of, so very low down in the social scale?"

"No, not exactly," Harry admitted reluctantly. "Judge Lane, Senator Ince, and others; your pious sort, all of them."

"Yet I do not think they were disgraced because they could walk straight when they went home," said Nettie, with a sigh. "Our dear father would have been a 'muff' in the same place; are you more manly than he?"

"I shall never be half the man my father was," Harry replied, gloomily. "Talk about something else, Nettie. I'm getting into the dumps."

"Do you know what mother found in father's diary—in his own handwriting, and almost the last entry he had ever made?"

"What was it?" asked Harry.

"My dear, dear boy. How I wish that I might bind upon his heart that most true and important scripture, 'Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup—in the end it biteth

like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." "You see, father was loving you, fearing for you even then."

"Don't, Net. You break my heart——" cried Harry in a strange, muffled voice, as he arose and went to the window, where he stood looking out into the night with unseeing eyes.

It was a difficult town in which to preach the gospel of temperance, yet the faithful who were true to their trust, never gave up.

The recent wonderful victories in state and counties had made the cause more popular of late, and the W. C. T. U. women were making an extra effort to bring the subject home to the people on World's Temperance Sunday as they had never done before.

"The trouble is, that there won't be a blessed soul there that needs it," remarked Mrs. Cummings, regretfully. "Only the Christian people who have heard temperance texts and temperance teaching since their infancy."

"I'm not so sure of that, Mrs. Cummings," replied the president of the union, Mrs. Hicks. "We may never know, but I think there is much good done by our public meetings. In union is strength, you know, and the solid front shown to the enemy is a power for good in itself."

"Well, I'm ready to face the enemy, if it's front you want," laughed Mrs. Cummings, who was a large, finely proportioned woman, "and I'll do more than that if you can trace up any real results from the effort. I'll give ten dollars to the cause for every case you find."

"I hope we can bankrupt you, Mrs. Cummings," cried Mrs. Hicks joyfully, "and you may be sure we shall be out with a searchlight after the day is over."

Although nearly all the pastors of the city had promised to preach along specific temperance lines, yet it was thought best to concentrate on one particular church and unite in its service for the day. It was the church of the denomination to which Nettie belonged, and she was looking forward to the service with hopeful anticipation.

It was a very beautiful church and to-day it was profusely decorated with white satin ribbons as for a bridal. There were reserved seats near the front, and presently the temperance forces came marching in, while the organist played a stirring voluntary. There were young and old among them, and all wore the white ribbon, the emblem of temperance and purity. Tears came into Nettie's eyes as she whispered to Harry, "How I wish that mother were here to enjoy it with us."

In the rear of the house, near the door, sat a man who would attract attention anywhere, by his fine, intelligent face and commanding figure. He was a stranger in the churches of the town, and he could not himself account for the impulse which had led him to come in and take a seat to-day, but having come, he looked around with an interested eye and alert ear. Beside him sat a fine, manly boy, and it may have been the passion of the child for music which had lured him, for the eyes of the boy were fixed eagerly upon the great organ and its player, and later upon the throng of white-ribboned women.

"Say, father, we don't have anything like that down at The Cabin, do we?"

The father shook his head. "No, son. Hush, kiddie, the folks'll hear you."

There was a story wrapped up in the seemingly simple incident of the father and son coming to church that particular day, for the father was a bartender in one of the saloons of the city, though how he had drifted into such an ignoble business was a wonder to those who knew him. Upright and honest, strictly temperate, it seemed a terrible anomaly to see such a man handing out to others the dangerous stuff which he so carefully avoided himself.

The boy's bright eyes sought his father's eagerly, as the pastor read the Scripture, "Woe unto him who putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips," and he crept closer to his side with a loving, protective gesture as the reading went on. The pastor was terribly in earnest, and his words fairly burned into the consciences of two of his audience, as he poured out his heart in an eloquent denunciation of the evils of drink selling and of drink buying.

Nettie could feel Harry's form tremble beside her, as the sermon aroused his slumbering conscience to an almost white heat. It was such a sermon as his father would have preached to him, had he been living, and it came to him with a strange power that day, as if he were the only one in the crowded church to whom the pastor was speaking.

There was an opportunity at the close of the service for any one who wished to sign the pledge. "The merest formality," whispered Mrs. Cummings to her neighbor. "As if any one would have the courage to rise up in this respectable crowd and proclaim himself in need of a pledge."

"You doubting Thomas!" replied her companion, and even as she

spoke, a young man arose and walked up to the table, his face white, his hands trembling with excitement. Nettie hesitated a moment, then arose and followed him, and together they signed the pledge that meant so much to them both. Others followed, but in all the large congregation there was probably not another one who needed the protection of the pledge more than Harry Brayton.

"I want to thank you for this service, and for what it has done for my dear brother," said Nettie, her eyes moist, her voice trembling with deep feeling, as she addressed Mrs. Hicks. A member of the Young Men's Bible class had captured Harry for the Sunday School hour, and the two were standing alone together. "He is alone in the city, and he—needed it so. May I ask if you will mother him a little, you temperance ladies? He is not bad—only away from home and——" her voice failed altogether.

"Indeed we will, dear girl. Take heart, my child, for there must be much of good in your brother, else he would not have taken the public stand he did."

They gathered around her, the white ribbon mothers and sisters, with kindly words of cheer and hopefulness, and Nettie's heart was lighter than it had been for weeks, as she listened. The pastor was at the entrance as the congregation passed out, and the man with the little boy lingered for a word, as the minister pressed his hand.

"Thank you for the sermon, sir," he said. "You have put an old subject before me in a new light. I should like to call upon you when you are at liberty."

It was a touching story the pastor heard the following evening in the quiet of his study. Of aspirations unrealized, and hopes deferred. "I was never taught to see the wickedness of it when I was a boy," he said humbly, "and when I was offered a fine paying position with easy work under such circumstances, can you wonder that I accepted it?"

"No, no, sir. Some of us who are better trained might not have done any better," replied the pastor, with ready sympathy, "but now that you see the evil, what will you do?"

"The Lord knows, sir, I don't," shaking his head disconsolately. "The expert mixer of drinks has been my trade for years. I know no other—I never touch the stuff myself, so I have not the appetite to overcome, but what can I do?"

"You are strong and capable," the pastor looked at his caller with

admiration. "Why, man, if I had your splendid physique, I should feel able to conquer the world."

"It takes more than physique to keep soul and body together, sir. I have two little boys and a wife depending on me for support, and it is a question of dollars and cents as well as of principle."

"You are right, quite right, and I will stir myself at once and see what I can do to help."

"Any honest work, no matter how hard, that I can earn a living at," said the man with wistful gratitude, and then the pastor touched the deeper strings of his heart with tender, reverent hand, and found them strangely responsive.

* * * * *

Mrs. Cummings paid over two glittering ten-dollar gold pieces, fresh from the mint, as a special compliment to the occasion, and did so gladly and willingly. "I wish it might have been more," she said earnestly, "for what are dollars compared with such splendid results as these?"

"And on the other hand, it takes dollars to bring results, and I can see where every penny of this can be used to the very best advantage," replied Mrs. Hicks, as she passed the money over to the smiling treasurer.—Mrs. F. M. Howard in Union Signal.

TIMMY FLANNIGAN AND HIS PROMOTION.

About twenty years ago this experience came into my life, when I was a teacher in a primary school in Maine. My brother was school superintendent at the time, and of course, as he visited the different schools, he saw many bright, wide-awake boys. But Timmy Flannigan, a boy about nine years of age, attracted him especially. No matter what the question, Timmy knew what to reply; no matter how long the column of figures, Timmy was always the first to give the right answer. This was rather discouraging to the other scholars, so one day Mr. C., the superintendent, said:

"Now, Timmy, you keep still awhile. I can't find out how much the other boys and girls know, if you answer all the questions."

Tim obeyed, but it was hard work, and his eyes fairly danced with excitement and impatience.

At last came the end of the school year. When the examinations

were over, Timmy Flannigan's name was the first on the list of those promoted to the next higher grade. A dainty diploma for each scholar had been prepared by the teacher, and when Mr. C. passed Timmy's to him, his "I thank you" was heard throughout the large school-room, he felt so proud and happy.

As Mr. C. was returning to his home that day, he met Mr. Flannigan, Tim's father, a hard-working man, employed at good wages in one of the large cotton mills. Though naturally a warm-hearted man, Mr. C. knew that he loved liquor better than anything else in the world, and most of his earnings found their way to the saloon-keeper's pocket. So, in the faint hope of arousing him to some sense of his duty towards his family, he stopped to speak to him.

"Mr. Flannigan, do you know you have one of the brightest and most promising boys in town? You must do well by him, keep him at school, give him every possible chance for an education, and in years to come he will repay it all."

"Indeed, now, but I mean to do that same thing, Mr. C. I am going to have that boy graduate at Bowdoin College, sure as I live. He shall have a better education than his poor, old father had. Thank you for your good words about him, sir.

Saying this, he turned the next corner and went into the first saloon.

Four hours later, Timmy was working at home, helping to care for the little Flannigans, of whom there were five besides himself, when he suddenly heard footsteps stumbling up the stairs. His mother called out to him in anxious tones which he knew only too well:

"O Tim, your father's bad again! Keep out of his way, for when he is like this, there's no knowing what he will do."

Trembling with fear, Tim hastened to escape, but the motherly warning had come too late. Even as she spoke, Mr. Flannigan had caught sight of the boy at the head of the stairs, and, imagining in his drunkenness, that he was in his way, he lifted his heavy boot, gave one kick, and dear, bright, helpless little Timmy lay a crippled mass upon the floor below.

His mother gave one terrified scream and fainted; the father staggered stupidly along into the bedroom, where he fell in a drunken sleep upon the floor. Kind neighbors gathered in haste, lifted the poor lad in their arms, and carried him to his bed. The doctors soon arrived.

"Concussion of the brain," was all they said; then they went carefully to work to see what could be done for the little sufferer.

While they were setting the broken arm and leg, attending to the scalp wound, and binding up the little hand upon which two fingers were broken, the father, who had promised to do so much for his boy, was sleeping a drunken sleep, unconscious of the terrible crime he had committed. Many reproaches were hurled at the senseless form, but nothing could be done to avert the consequences of the act.

Weeks passed, and Timmy was at last able to get about the town on crutches. But it was not the same Timmy who had received his diploma with such joy only a few short weeks before. All the brightness was gone from his face. That cruel kick had stolen his brain.

The fall term had commenced, and one morning, as I sat in my school-room, I heard the sound of crutches in the entry. I went to the door, and there stood Timmy. In response to my smile, he muttered, "Tim—school—boys—Tim." "Yes," I said, "we all want you, Tim; come in." He shambled in as best he could, fell in a chair, and gazed vacantly about. I went on with the lesson as usual, but it was all a mystery to poor little Tim. When he tried to talk, the result was only a few disconnected words; it was impossible for him to frame a sentence.

Day after day he visited my school, making no trouble in any way, but you can imagine what a temperance lesson, what a lesson of love, of kindly sympathy, of continued thoughtfulness and generosity, his daily visits were! There was an object lesson, indeed! The scholars vied with each other in doing for him—a pair of shoes one day, a pretty necktie the next, and toys, fruit and flowers in abundance. I could tell you of many sacrifices made by these little children for poor, helpless Tim.

At last we missed his accustomed visits, and upon inquiry I found he was sick with typhoid fever, from which his mother had just died. The other members of the family were being cared for by strangers, the wretched father was in jail, and there was no place for Timmy but the town farm. He was tenderly cared for there. My little scholars kept him supplied with fruit and flowers, and whenever they went to see him, he would say, "Tim—boys—Tim."

As the weeks passed, he grew weaker and weaker. One day an old woman who had lived at the farm many years, was holding him in her arms and crooning to him in a quavering voice:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child."

Those who stood near, said a look almost of intelligence passed over his face. He smiled; he was not suffering, and if he were thinking, his thoughts were happy; no clouds obscured his vision of the heavenly home. I think he had a glimpse into the "Home Beautiful," where cruelty and bitter wrongs are not known, and where his plaintive cry of "Tim—boys—Tim" was answered by the group of boys who had gone on before him.

Poor little Timmy. His time of rejoicing had come, for he had a glorious promotion,

"Unto that school,
Where he no longer needs our protection.
And Christ Himself doth rule."

—By Margaret Arnold, in *Zion's Herald*.

REBELLION OF "FRONT NO. 3."

The big hotel swarmed with guests, and Front No. 3 certainly had enough to keep him busy. At least, it seemed to him as if the clerk's bell was never quiet. People were continually coming and going, thronging the corridors, and keeping everybody connected with the house running and hurrying about with trunks, valises, bags, messages and errands of all sorts. Front No. 3 had his share. He was the new bell boy, but he promised to be of the right sort, as he proved to be alert and quick to learn.

Senator Robinson, the idol of the district, was coming to town, and he was booked for a banquet and a speech-making in Parlor A that very night, and everybody from far and near had been invited to attend and meet the great man. It seemed as if the big register would not hold all the names of those who made application for rooms. When the clerk began reluctantly turning people away, Front No. 3 knew that the only vacant rooms left in the hotel were those that had been reserved for the occupancy of the Senator and his friends.

The morning had almost passed, when a cheer went up from the crowd that had gathered outside the doors, and when a large, genial-faced man entered, everybody at once became aware that the Senator had arrived. The new boy did not stare, much as he would like to, but

ran to his side in an instant to take charge of the hand luggage, a privilege that the other fellows would almost have fought for, had they not happened to be in various parts of the hotel on as many errands at the time.

"Show the Senator his rooms, Front," was the word.

The boy obeyed with alacrity, and the elevator man performed his little part with all due dignity. Showing every required courtesy and service, Front No. 3 safely bestowed the distinguished guest in his room and was backing in the direction of the door, when the Senator stopped him. "Boy, bring up a bottle of whiskey, some water and glasses."

The shoulders of Front No. 3 straightened almost imperceptibly and his eyes grew suddenly tense. He had not planned for anything quite like this. He had thought the waiters would be called upon for anything of that sort. But here was a guest, a great man in the eyes of the people of the district and state, asking a temperance boy for whiskey, and poor little Front No. 3 was stunned a little and started to hesitate.

The Senator noticed the momentary silence, and glancing up from a letter he held in his hand, said a bit impatiently:

"Well, that's all."

The bell boy found his voice, and "dared to be a Daniel" yet again.

"I'm sorry, sir."

"Well, sorry for what? What's the matter—no whiskey in the house? Or, what's the trouble. Out with it."

Few boys could prevent themselves from trembling in their shoes with a difficulty of this sort presented and in such a presence. Front No. 3 trembled and looked sadly confused, but he managed to lift his eyes as he bravely said:

"The trouble is, sir, I've made a promise, and I can't break it if I lose my place—no, not for the President of the United States."

It was the Senator's turn to be somewhat astounded now, though he laid aside his letter and gazed at the boy with more curiosity than displeasure in his face.

"Why, boy, what do you mean? What are you here for in this hotel? Have you been here long? I ought to be angry with you and send a complaint to the office. But—well there, I am accustomed to have folks speak up when they have a grievance. I'm waiting."

"I confess I am a new boy, sir, and I never expected to be called

upon to order intoxicating liquors or I never should have tried for the place. But I suppose it's all up with me now. I can't take your order downstairs, sir."

"Tell me why," temporized the Senator, with something like amusement on his face.

Front No. 3 almost broke down at this question, but he answered half sobbingly:

"My father died in delirium tremens, and I have a brother in prison for drinking and gambling, so that I am doing my best to help support my mother. I go to Sunday school, where I have made a promise never to touch, taste nor handle strong drink of any sort."

"Well, I don't believe you ever will, my boy," replied the Senator, encouragingly, "if you always exhibit the sort of courage you are showing now. It is unusual, and to be honest with you, I haven't anything like animosity toward you for making such a manly stand. I'm always glad to meet such a boy, but I certainly never expected to meet one here. Someone ought to have told you that you would be called upon to order drinks for guests, because most people would not be likely to take your refusal so easily. Still, I am always willing to learn from anyone, and by the way, you have suddenly reminded me of something that I had nearly forgotten. I do not drink myself, but when my friends call, they generally expect liquor of some sort. They must do without it to-day. So, if you will just order some water and glasses, you may consider yourself the winner."

To say that the "winner" was overcome, would be putting it rather mildly. He ejaculated, "Oh, thank you, Senator Robinson," and was moving away, when—

"Hold on," called the Senator. "You won't be able to stay here, you know, with the principles you hold. I know where just such a boy as yourself is badly needed. Give me your address and I'll not forget."

When the little rebel who had won so startling a victory went to the office and surrendered his position, it was only to accept, later on, an enviable position of trust in a hospital of the Senator's own founding. The Senator looked out for him, and Front No. 3 is a temperance physician and surgeon to-day, owing to his success to his not forgetting his pledge under any circumstances whatever.—Frank Walcott Hutt in Youth's Temperance Banner.

HIS OWN WAY.

"You're too strict and particular about trifles, mother. To be a broad-minded, whole-souled man, a fellow must be blind to a lot of things his conscience doesn't exactly approve."

"You are mistaken, my boy. There is never a call for a true man to do anything of which he would be ashamed in any company. And there's never a need to follow a bad example, because it is popular."

"You've never rubbed up against the world, mother, and don't know what's necessary to success. But I'll promise you to keep on the right track, and never be guilty of one dishonorable act. Good-bye, dear mother."

"Good-bye! God bless you, dear Ben!"

Ben Howard's eyes were dim with unshed tears, but in his heart of hearts there was a wild throb of joy at the thought that he was to enter into unlimited freedom. The restraining hand of a "puritanical" old mother had grown irksome, and he longed for the privilege of exercising his own ideas of living.

He would doubtless miss his mother, sister and younger brother, at first, but this offer from a well-known lawyer in the Northwest was the chance of a lifetime, and not to be declined because of the distance from his boyhood's home. With only his education and his law diploma as capital, a full partnership with his father's former partner seemed a Providential provision.

The town of Hoffman, in which Ben located was a new country seat, situated near a mining district, and was fast filling up with a varied population. Five thriving saloons were among the town's leading enterprises. It was in reference to these, that Mrs. Howard had so earnestly cautioned her son.

For several months, Ben was subjected to no temptation to enter a saloon, but at his partner's suggestion the firm began to deal in real estate. In a short time it seemed the most natural thing in the world for a deal in lots to be closed by an all-round treat. Gradually the habit developed until Ben began to regard with contempt his former ideas as to prohibition.

The young lawyer met with phenomenal success in all he undertook, and was as popular as a new dollar. No one was surprised when he fell in love with the prettiest and most accomplished girl in the town, and

married her in the face of a dozen rivals. Ben returned to his old home in Tennessee on a bridal trip, and his charming wife won all hearts.

"It will do your heart good to know how Ben stands in Hoffman," the happy bride confided to the old mother. "He is the most popular man in the country, and many consider him the most brilliant. Everybody has unbounded confidence in his honor and integrity, although, being a lawyer, and a real estate man, he has many temptations."

"It is certainly gratifying to hear that, dear," replied the mother. "But does Ben make a stand against the saloon?"

"Why, no, he doesn't object particularly to the saloons, but no one ever heard of him being drunk. Ben is too broad-minded to join the prohibitionists."

"The saloons are essential to the growth of the town, mother," asserted Ben, who had entered and heard the last remark. "It's human nature for a man to want what he is forbidden to have, and as men must have liquor the saloon is preferable to the blind tiger,—such as you have here."

"There's no need of either, son."

"Mother's out of date in her notions," Ben continued after his mother had left the room. "She would be shocked at the idea of 'setting up' a crowd. But a man must keep on a broad road, if he would get on in the world."

A year later, Ben Howard became a candidate for district attorney. There were several competitors for the office and the race was uncertain. The saloon played an important part in the campaign, as the candidate who tendered the most drinks secured the majority of voters. Ben was elected, but spent the savings of two years to win the so-called victory.

"You must keep your hold on the masses, Howard," Ben's partner had advised after the election, for we will need you as our next state senator."

And so Ben found excuse for continuing to "treat" and be "treated," long after the political contest had been decided.

The following spring a new citizen took up his abode in the Howard home. It was Ben, Jr., as handsome a specimen of babyhood as one could wish. The proud father wrote his mother glowing descriptions of his boy's beauty, and winning ways, long before anyone else noticed his good looks.

His first born! How Ben gloated over his treasure! The instincts

of fatherhood stirred in his heart, and filled it with longings and aspirations for living upon a higher plane. This boy should be his other, more perfect self.

In the autumn, Mrs. Howard, the most adoring of grandmothers, came on a visit to her son. It was her experienced eye that first noticed little Ben's failure to be interested in moving objects and colors. At her suggestion a physician was called to examine the beautiful, limpid blue eyes, and he discovered that the child was totally blind! There was sorrow and bitter disappointment in the home, but the doctor held out the hope that when the child was eight or ten years old, he might undergo an operation which would give him sight.

With the coming and going of the years other children came into the home, but little Ben remained a constant care and source of anxiety. There seemed to be a mental deficiency also, which time and medical treatment failed to remedy.

At last the time came when the physician advised the parents to take the boy to a specialist on brain diseases. Half way across the continent they journeyed with their afflicted child.

The great man made the examination in silence. At its conclusion he shook his head.

"Any hope from an operation, Doctor?" asked the anxious father.

"None whatever for either sight or mind."

"What could have been the cause?"

"Do you want my candid opinion?"

"Yes."

"What was your mental and physical condition the year previous to this child's birth?"

Howard was silent.

"Wasn't your mind clouded by drugs or intoxicants, and wasn't the child's mother worried and troubled, because of your habit?"

"And the child must bear the sin of the father!" groaned the man who had had his own way.—Jennie N. Standifer in Union Signal.

THE SALOON KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

Poor Lucy Daw! It seemed as though she had no friends; nobody seemed to care what became of her. She felt even more friendless since her mother died just one year ago. She realized after one year of hard

suffering, that in losing her mother she had lost her best and truest friend, and as it seemed to her now, her only friend; that is, with the exception of her father, Jack Daw, a saloon keeper, a whole-souled, good sort of fellow, who gave her most everything her heart could desire. He did a fine business and Lucy could not understand why the girls snubbed her as they did, as she led in all her classes and conducted herself always as a lady. But one day during recess she overheard a group of girls talking.

"Girls, I think it is a downright shame that out of all of the good speakers in our literary society Lucy Daw was chosen to represent us in the inter-society contest.

"Why, yes!" agreed Lucile Preston. "She's a saloonkeeper's daughter."

"Of course she is. Everybody knows she's old Jack Daw's daughter. His very likeness is stamped right in her face," and Mabel Lewis gave utterance to a sigh of disgust.

"I, for one," continued Lucile, "do not mean to be present when she speaks. A saloonkeeper's daughter to—" Lucy could hear no more as the big bell sounded and recess was over.

The girls all fell into line and were soon in the chapel pursuing their studies as usual. The conversation that Lucy had heard hurt her gentle nature very much. She now knew why all the girls avoided her as they did. She had thought more than once that she would go to the girls and ask them to excuse her; but then she reflected what a great honor it was, as she was to be the contestant of Zetaethian against the other four societies, and she was anxious not only to speak, but even more anxious to win for her "daddy's" sake. Her father had already said: "Lucy, my dear, this speaks well for you, and daddy is proud of his daughter."

Lucy worked hard in trying to decide on a subject. She had already chosen several, but there were some objections to each of them.

The girls, it seemed, snubbed her all the more this time, more through jealousy, perhaps, than anything else, but it hurt Lucy very much.

"And to think, the cause of all my misery is that daddy is a saloon-keeper!"

A saloonkeeper! She had often wondered why such a good man had chosen this occupation. Her father loved her devotedly and granted her

every wish. They had a suite of rooms over his saloon and she kept house for him.

Jack Daw was what might be appropriately called a diamond in the rough. While he loved Lucy and gratified all her wishes, yet to the outside world he was a rough, hearty, go-lucky sort of fellow, who didn't seem to care for, or to take any interest in, serious subjects or the church.

"Just so I make a good living and keep things going, what else is needed, my dear child?" he would say.

"I know, daddy; but there is the other world," she would answer, "the hereafter. We should think of that—and I tell you it is certainly worth thinking about, too."

One night, about two weeks after this conversation, Lucy was busy on her composition while her father was reading the daily paper. After a while he spoke: "Lucy, have you selected your subject for commencement?"

"Yes, daddy, and a very difficult one, too; one that I cannot manage alone, I am afraid, and so I want to ask your help. I am sure you will be willing to aid me," and she arose and, seating herself on the arm of her father's chair, placed her arm around his neck, and gazed into his brown eyes.

"I will certainly do all in my power to help you win, my dear," he said. "But what is your subject?"

"The subject is an interesting one," replied Lucy. "I have chosen 'The Evils and Sins in a Saloon.'"

Her father looked bewildered. What had tempted his daughter to discuss such a subject?

"But, my child, what do you—"

Lucy interrupted: "Yes, there is evil, much evil, in even you, my dear, good, and kind daddy. If there were not, you would not stay in this business which wrecks other lives. And, O, you didn't realize when Jim Landers spent his last cent for whisky in your saloon Saturday night that he was giving up the small sum of money that should have been used to supply food and clothes for his family, and that he went straight home and cursed and abused his poor wife and children, besides letting them almost starve. I am sure you couldn't look at it in this light, or you, my dear, good daddy, would close down your saloon and turn to God. The Bible says: 'No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the



"I know, daddy, but there is the other world."

other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.' Just so in the saloon business. You cannot continue in this business of ruining other lives and serve God. No, daddy, you must give up one or the other. And for my sake, who loves you better than all the world, won't you give up the saloon? O, I know it's no easy thing to do—especially when one has the business you have. Do not sell out to others. Think of their souls! Just simply close the door and trust to God for the rest. He is just and will not let us suffer. I can get employment, and I am sure a man of your ability would have no trouble in finding a position of some kind. You did not know that I am being snubbed by everyone, not for any fault of my own, but all because my father is a saloonkeeper. I heard the girls talking at recess not long since, and one of them said she thought it a downright shame that the judges have chosen me, a saloonkeeper's daughter, to represent our society on commencement day. And, daddy, those cruel words hurt me very much when I first heard them, and I could hardly resist going over to them and resenting their speech, but what I heard set me to thinking. I never before fully realized what a misfortune it was to be a saloonkeeper's daughter; but now, like them, I feel that our society should not be represented by one occupying such a position. So, my dear, good daddy will have to help me carry out my good resolution. Please don't say you can't. It is hard for me to be treated so, and to be made unhappy, just because I am the child of a man who sells drink. I cannot tell you how much I suffer, and I know you do not want me to be so troubled."

All the while her father listened with averted eyes. As she finished a tear shone on his cheek, and he put his arm around the pleading girl. To see his Lucy, who was the one object of his life, in trouble was too much for him.

"My dear Lucy," he said, "you have indeed put your old daddy to thinking. I will consider your proposition, especially as it will help you to win this honor, and——"

"Daddy, it is not this honor that is most in my heart. It is your and my life's happiness, not only in this world, but the world that is to come. If you want to meet mother, as you promised her on her deathbed, you will have to give up this business.

As she ceased speaking they heard a low groan, as if from someone in misery. They looked out of the window only to see the form of a drunken man who had fallen in the gutter right in front of his saloon.

The man proved to be no one else than Jim Landers. It was plain to see that the poor soul was in real agony, and his face told of much pain.

"Daddy, we must not let him stay there. We must get him up to bed. The poor fellow is certainly full of that miserable rum."

They, with much effort, succeeded in getting him up and laying him across the bed, where he remained all night in a drunken stupor.

That night was a very restless one indeed for Jack Daw. What Lucy had said to him had not been lost. He could see Juliet Landers, a frail, delicate little woman, worn by ill-treatment and hard work, and a group of hungry children around her crying out for food, and her cupboard totally bare. And it came to him that he was responsible for this horrible condition of affairs. Then the picture of his wife on her dying bed seemed to present itself only to make him more miserable, for with bitter remorse he remembered his promise to her. It was indeed a night of hard struggle and battle, but one that at the break of dawn resulted in one of the grandest of all victories. The Jack Daw that retired that night was by no means the same Jack Daw that arose the next morning, and, with that victory came that new life that was to mean so much to Lucy and him in years to come.

Imagine Lucy's delight and surprise when at the breakfast table he announced his intention of closing his saloon that very day. Lucy was overcome by his words and going to him, laid her head on his shoulder and shed tears of happiness.

"Daddy, it's so like you. I know what a sacrifice it is for you. I know better than anyone what a sacrifice it will be to us both; but then, daddy, I don't mind." And her tears flowed all the more.

"There, do not cry," said the father, tenderly. I am doing all this for my Lucy and I wish to God that I could do more," and he kissed Lucy affectionately.

"Daddy, you can do more, one thing more at least. You can become a Christian. You will not be carrying out your promise to mother until you do. Can you not join the church Sunday? Promise me this one thing more if you wish to make me the proudest and happiest girl in all the world."

"Daddy is in your hands now, my dear," he said, simply. "Your wishes shall be his wishes."

"Was there ever a girl blessed with such a dear, good, and noble daddy as you are? And O, daddy, you can never fully realize how very

happy you have made me. Now that I have won this victory, I know I shall have less trouble in winning the other."

The sixteenth of June, commencement day at Howard Seminary, proved a most beautiful one. The chapel was crowded to its utmost, for it had been circulated that Lucy Daw, Mr. Jack Daw's daughter, was to represent Zetaethian against the four other societies.

Now, Zeta had several victories to its credit in this contest, and some had come to think it could not be defeated. Jack Daw sat near the front where he could get full view of his daughter. Lucy, who sat with her rival contestants, never looked more beautiful than she did then in her simple organdie dress, and her face was flushed with the spirit of enthusiasm. She must win not only for Zeta, but for her "daddy's" sake, who made such a sacrifice for her. This thought increased her enthusiasm, and she was anxious for the program to begin. At last Professor Milsom arose and announced the first speaker, Miss Mary Williams, who represented Thalonian, and whose subject was "The College Bred Girl." Miss Williams spoke well, and seemed quite satisfied with her effort. Three others followed, and—

Lucy realized at the last moment that she had quite a task before her, but the sight of her "daddy" on the front seat seemed to encourage her anew.

Finally she arose and announced her subject—"The Sins and Evils in a Saloon." From the very start she plainly captured the audience, and when she had finished, the strongest approbation was manifested. Some there were who wept, unable to control their feelings under the stress of her words. Even Lucile Preston's eyes were wet, for after the program Lucy had thus addressed the girls of her society:

"And girls, you need not have been ashamed. I was even more determined than any of you that our society should be represented by one who was acceptable to you. Whether Zeta wins or loses it matters not to me now, since I have already won a most glorious victory as it is, one that I had rather have gained than a thousand such as this one," and with tears in her eyes she pointed to where "daddy" sat, also in tears. "He is my father," she said, "whom I love more than all the world, and I am his daughter; but at the same time I am no longer the daughter of a saloonkeeper. That misfortune has been lifted from my shoulders, and I shall never be burdened with the same again." She sat down, weak

from the nervous strain, for she had thrown her whole soul into a speech which meant so much for her.

In announcing the winner Professor Milsom said: "I think you will all agree with me, even to Miss Williams, who spoke most excellently, that the honor of today is justly won by Miss Lucy Daw. She has, indeed, won two victories in one. She has not only benefited the society but the whole town in general. Miss Daw, I take great pleasure in announcing you the winner, and Zetaethian should feel proud of such a contestant.

"She is at least that, and even more in my estimation," said Mr. Daw, later, as he patted Lucy on the cheek.

"O, Lucy, that was a fine speech, and we are all so proud of you," said Lucile Preston.

"Yes, indeed, so proud that our society should have had such a fine representative," said Mabel Lewis, as she embraced Lucy affectionately, "and we are going to have a tea tonight complimentary to our rival contestants. You must be sure and be there."

"I should be charmed to accept your invitation, girls, but daddy—"

"We want you to bring 'daddy' with you, Lucy, as we all want to get acquainted with each other."

"Lucy, my darling, daddy was so proud of his daughter today. Your speech was splendid. How could you have done so well, my dear?"

"It was not altogether my speech," said Lucy, happily. "No, daddy; if it had not been for you, Zeta would now be sailing under different colors."

"I am sure I have done very little, my dear."

"You have done all," replied Lucy, "for by making it possible to win one victory you opened up the way in helping me to win the one of today."

He did not answer, but a fond smile was more expressive than words, and together they entered the home which henceforth was to be one of happiness and peace.—Selected and adapted.

"PUFF," THE ENGINEER.

Evidently there was something seriously wrong at the home of "Puff," the engineer. The curtains had been drawn for days; the doctor came and went; the few friends stopped at the door and made hasty inquiries. What did it all mean?

Let us introduce you to the back room of the home. Three persons are there, an intimate friend of the family, the careworn and anxious little wife, and "Puff," as all the men on the road called him—he was so large and had a way of breathing that reminded one of the engine upon which he had spent a greater part of his life. Now he was the most dejected and pitiable of men. His face was drawn, his voice choked and husky, while the tears rolled down his wrinkled cheeks, as he muttered: "It's no use—it's no use—now! See that little wife? See that empty cupboard? See me? There is not a mouthful of bread or butter or anything else in this house to eat. We are starving, yes, we are starving, and that's all there is of it! Oh dear! Oh dear! What shall we do—what shall we do?"

Puff's friend tried to tell him of a position offered him; his wife spoke bravely and encouragingly; all to no purpose. He had been thinking of his troubles so much of late that he had become temporarily deranged, and two days previous had attempted suicide by shutting himself in his room and turning on the gas. He was found in time and nursed back to life.

What was the cause of all this? Let us go backward and then follow the pathway of his life up to this time; then we shall find that his experience is not altogether exceptional.

Puff was sympathetic and generous, but a little weak. Twenty years earlier he had a good home, good neighbors, and friends among "the boys," as he called them. There was no better, no more trusted engineer than he. He ran a passenger train, and had the name of always "getting there" on time. When a fast run was to be made, with not much time to make it in, Puff was called upon by the officials with the word, "send her through," and he did it, every time. Puff was proud of his record and proud of his engine, proud of the confidence imposed in him. He was no drunkard, and would have been greatly insulted, had any one suggested such a thing. For a long time his wife and most intimate friends never suspected that he was drinking to excess. In fact, he did not drink "to excess" as the phrase is generally interpreted, but he did take a social glass frequently. However, the time came when, had he been questioned closely, he would have admitted that sometimes his legs did feel a little wobbly; that it was not easy to count the money of the society of which he was treasurer; that he did lie to his wife when giving a reason for not coming home earlier; that he did lie in giving an account

of the money he expended. Sometimes, when he took the lever in his hands, and looked down the shining rails, the tracks did seem mixed and running together. But Puff persuaded himself that he was no drunkard and could quit any time, and would quit before the habit became more firmly fixed. How self-deceived he was! We know that the drinking habit is as deceitful as sin, and as quiet in its creeping power as a serpent.

Puff drank more and more. His companions found it out; his wife, to her great sorrow and humiliation, found it out; and Puff's employers found it out, though he gave them no cause for complaint. He was always ready for his train, and always "got there" in time. It is true, that in recent years his frightful running had caused the death of nine people; but he was not to blame; they simply got in the way of his "thunderbolt."

The home felt the growing weakness most. One day, after Puff had received his check for one hundred and thirty-five dollars, he came home more boozy than ever, and said, "Say, wifey, I—I will pay the bills to-day; you needn't go out." He paid every bill, but he did not come home that night, nor the next morning until long after daylight, and when he did come in, all the one hundred and thirty-five dollars was gone except a lonely ten dollar bill. This thing grew more and more frequent. It was spoken of more and more openly. The officials of the road heard more of it than they wished to hear, and they kept a close watch on Puff.

One afternoon, he reported for duty, not having fully recovered from the debauch of the night before, and was told simply: "Puff, we have concluded that your services are no longer wanted by this company. You have been warned and you did not heed the warning. We cannot entrust our trains and the lives of our patrons to a drunkard!" Puff felt like one who had been struck by lightning. He was sober now, but he made no appeal. He stood dazed for a moment, then turned and left the office. Going home, he was forced to tell his little wife, who heard the words as if they had been her death sentence; but he tried to cheer her, saying, "Oh, never mind, wifey, I guess it won't be long—perhaps not more than sixty days—and I'll be careful next time." But his wife saw only final discharge and humiliation and disgrace. She wept night and day, for her poor little heart had long been under the shadows from Puff's conduct, and she had feared the worst.

For several days she went about the house sighing and sobbing. She kept the shades down and refused to respond to the bell. Then there came a sudden change in her demeanor, and she was heard laughing in the night, laughing a silly, hollow laugh. Her husband was aroused, and said, "Why, wifey, what's the matter?" But she only laughed on and on. The doctor was called next day, and she laughed when she met him. She had lost her mind, was pronounced insane, and was soon taken to the asylum.

Poor Puff, it seemed his cup of sorrow was too full, and the worst of it was, he knew that it was his fault, all the result of his drinking. For six months Puff walked the streets or sat and brooded and wondered what the next would be in his life's experiences. He had not touched a drop of liquor since his wife had been taken away. He was sure he never would touch another drop. How glad he was when his dear wife was brought home! How glad he was when he was told that the company had decided to give him another trial! How glad and happy Puff was, when once more he stepped on the engine, opened the throttle, and felt the thrill of the iron monster's bounding speed! Ah! Was he too proud? Was he too confident? Did he depend upon his own strength too much? Let others judge of these things as they will; we have but to relate the facts. Puff was soon slyly drinking again. Soon again, all the money went each and every pay-day. Nothing was left to put in the bank, and the little wife was in an agony of gloomy apprehension all the time. In less than two years Puff received his final discharge, and this in no uncertain terms. It was after this discharge came that we found him as described in the opening of this story, despondent, humiliated, on the verge of utter collapse. His friends interceded for him, and he was finally given a position as a day laborer, where he was able to earn forty dollars a month. He is working for that now. It is a bitter pill for him, but it is all there is for him, and he trudges back and forth to his daily toil, not so young and not so proud in spirit as he was thirty years ago, when he was first given an engine.

In conversation with the brave and faithful wife, recently, this is what was heard: "Yes, I know it is awful for Puff to come down to forty dollars a month, but really, I am happier than when he drew his one hundred and thirty-five, for we have all that we really need. I do not worry now as I did, and I feel that he is mine now more than ever

before. He is home every night; when he can, he goes to church with me, and I do not care for the money he earned so long as it did no one any good but the miserable saloonkeepers. I have often thought that, had Puff just taken his money and given them fifty or sixty dollars every month and not touched the poison they gave him in exchange, we would have been better off and so much happier."

And Puff, himself, said: "The greatest mistake of my life was when, twenty years ago, I was invited to become a Christian, unite with the church and lead a better life. But I thought I knew what was best, and now see what it has cost me!"—C. W. Stephenson in *Church Tidings*.

JIMMIE'S ACCOUNT.

The dead twigs of the bare trees snapped and whirled hither and thither in the cold, sleety wind. Some of the twigs struck Jimmie in the face as he ran toward home, carrying his school books. He had found that the stinging cold did not pinch his feet so badly if he ran fast. Poor feet! A toe peeped out here and there through the rents in his old shoes.

Though Jimmie's feet were aching, his heart was full of joy, for he had in his pocket the last dime needed to pay for his shoes. Mr. Boulder had kept the shoes for him two months now, waiting until Jimmie could make up the full amount, one dollar and a half. He had paid all but twenty-five cents, and the dime in his pocket, added to the fifteen cents hidden at home, would settle his bill and give him the shoes.

Jimmie was the son of a drunkard, Tom Hillbrecht. Although but twelve years old, this neglected boy was able to earn many a dime, which he sadly needed. His father often took his money away from him, and passed it over to Mr. Saybright, the saloonkeeper. Jimmie had learned that the only way to save money enough for his shoes was to hide some of his earnings. He did not leave his money in the house any length of time, for his home was a small, shabby place, and his father had always succeeded in finding his hidden money.

When Jimmie reached the door of his home this cold, wintry day, he did not burst in with a shout as most boys would have done; he was too cautious for that. He opened the door noiselessly and looked at his mother inquiringly. She seemed to know what he meant, for she shook her head and smiled at him. Then he eagerly cried:

"I have enough money to pay for my shoes, mamma! Can't I go right over and get them before father comes home?"

"Not tonight, Jimmie. The last stick of wood is in the stove, and you must gather some more at once."

Jimmie never disobeyed his mother. After he had gone up the rickety stairs to his corner overhead, and hidden away his precious dime, he got his cart and hurried off to the woodyard to gather up some refuse wood which the owner had kindly given him.

He had not been gone long when Mr. Hillbrecht came home. For once he was sober. He had no money to buy drink that day, and the bartender would not trust him. He had been a kind husband and father before the drink habit mastered him, and his wife still clung to him, never giving up hope.

He glanced at the table spread for the evening meal and saw how meager was the supply of food. Then a thought came to him, and he stumbled up the stairs to the loft overhead, where hung his long neglected rifle. He used to be a good shot; perhaps even now he could win the turkey in the shooting match next day. He took down the rifle, dusted it, and looked around for something with which to clean it. A wad of old rags was stuffed behind a rafter. He pulled it out, and down rolled something metallic on the floor. He stooped and picked up a dime. His eyes glittered. Now he could get his usual glass, and with that thought he started toward the doorway. But stop! There might be more money; so he shook out the rags, and there fell from them a paper wad. He undid it and found another dime and nickel. As he thrust them into his pocket, he noticed writing and figures on the paper. This is what he saw:

Oct. 2.—Paid Mr. Boulder a dime. Earned it carrying water for Mrs. Green. O how my back ached.

Oct. 15.—Paid Mr. Boulder 15 cts. Earned a quarter but had to give father ten cents for likker.

Oct. 23.—Paid 10 cents more on shoes.

Nov. 2.—Got up at three and raked leaves for Squire Green. Got 25 cents. He's going to pay Mr. Boulder so father won't get it for likker.

Nov. 9.—Sold the bread bord I made at sloyd. Mother said she could get along without it as well as she had done. Got fifty cents and paid to Mister Boulder.

Nov. 20.—Tom Saybright twitted me to-day of being a drunkard's son. My! wasn't I mad! "Who made him a drunkard?" I sang out. Tom laffed and said something more hateful still about the frills on my

shoes. O dear—shall I ever get new ones! Paid in 15 cents to-day. Only 25 more to pay.

Nov. 23.—Earned 15 cents. I wonder if I had some real heavy stockings if I couldnt get along with these shoes. Mother needs so many things before snow comes. Couldnt see Mister Boulder to-night. Father didnt ask me for enny money. Seems to have enough and is drinking awful. Mother cries a lot.

A flush of shame crept over Mr. Hillbrecht's face as he read by the fading light. He began to review his past years, and to see to what depths he had fallen. He did not hear Jimmie coming up the stairs, and was only aroused by his little son's cry of dismay as he saw that his father had found his money.

"Don't take it from me, father!" he begged piteously.

The poor drunkard looked at the handsome boy with his thread-bare garments and tattered shoes, and then thought of the pampered son of the saloon-keeper. What made the difference? He knew, and he vowed that Jimmie should have a fair chance with the other boys.

Taking Jimmie's hand, he said, "Come with me." Jimmie did not dare disobey, but as he left the house and went toward the business part of the town, his little heart throbbed with fear and pain, for he felt that his father was going to the saloon to spend the hard-earned money. His father had never before taken him to the saloon, and as they stood in the doorway, Jimmie held back, but his father drew him in and up to the counter.

"I've come to tell you that this is the last time I'll ever cross this threshold," said Mr. Hillbrecht to the astonished saloon-keeper. "I'm going to give my boy a fair chance with yours. It's my money and the money of such fools as these," he added, as he looked around at the loafers who had been his companions, "that keeps your family in such fine style, and gives them a chance to sneer at our ragged children. You'll never get another cent from me."

Then he stalked out of the saloon, still holding Jimmie's hand, and went on to Mr. Boulder's, to whom he gave the 25 cents.

"My boy wants to settle his bill," he said, "and get his shoes. Put them on, Jimmie, and carry the others home for firewood."

It was a happy family in the Hillbrecht home that night, and it was not many days until a fine turkey was bought for the Hillbrecht table.—
Selected by S. S. Messenger.

FOR THE SAKE OF JIMMY.

"Hello there, Central. Give me Main 542. Ah, there, is that you, Tad? This is Rogers, Scott Rogers. Just to tell you I'll go to-night. Yes, I'll bring my violin. Meet you at five minutes to eight? All right, I'll be on hand. What's that? Tad Williams, when did you ever know me to back out when I said I'd do a thing?"

The receiver was hung in its place with undue violence, and the door of the telephone room closed with such force as to cause the manager to look up with a frown.

"And why shouldn't I go if I please?" argued Scott Rogers with his better self all that morning, as he mechanically posted his ledger or footed up columns of figures. "I'm my own master if anybody ever was. It isn't as if there was anybody to care one way or the other. Now if I had a mother, like Tad Williams, who was begging and praying him to give up those club affairs, it would be different. Or even if it was a case like Will Jennings with a whole lot of youngsters growing up in his family, and he the oldest. Of course, they'll go just where Will does. But it's different with me; not a relative in all the world who cares a continental whether I get in at seven at night or three in the morning, or in fact whether I get in at all. Nobody has a heartache if they see me smoking a cigaret or smell whisky on my breath. It used to give me rather a lonesome feeling, but after all, it makes easy living; responsible to nobody and for nobody."

"Rogers," said the manager in the middle of the afternoon, "can you take the time from your books to attend to a little matter? It is a matter of repairs at 586 Dismond Street, one of Greeley's houses, a leakage in the roof. I want somebody from the office to look into it before we send the roofing men down, and there is nobody but you available just now. The Grove Street car will take you right there."

"All right, sir." Scott was slipping into his overcoat as he spoke. "Dismond Street—seems as though I knew somebody down that way. The number 586 has a familiar sound, too," he mused. As he left the car and approached the modest two-story frame building, the place connected itself with something in his memory. "If it isn't Belding's house," he said to himself. "I didn't think I'd forget that number so soon," recalling the occasion of a visit to the place in the lonesome morning hours. Three times he pressed the electric button before his ring was

answered by a sweet-faced little woman. She offered profuse apologies for keeping him waiting, but the best of excuses was written plainly on her tell-tale face, flushed with some deep emotion, and in the worried eyes quite evidently hastily bathed to remove signs of violent weeping.

"From Morton's Real Estate Agency?" she repeated after him in a bewildered manner. "Oh, yes, pardon me, I remember—the leak in the roof—I telephoned about it, didn't I? Yes, it leaked in badly that rainy night, Thursday, I guess it was. I had almost forgotten it, so many things have happened since, so many worse things than leaks in roofs." The tender mouth of the little woman trembled.

Young Rogers looked sympathetic. "I fear you're in trouble, Mrs. Belding," he said, gently. "If there is anything I can do—I'll be so glad to be of assistance to you. I think I know your son."

The little woman gave one quick, furtive, hungry look into the face of the handsome young fellow. "You know my Jimmy?" she queried, her searching, mother's eyes now looking straight into his, with a steady, penetrating gaze as if she would peer down into his very heart.

"Yes," replied Rogers promptly, although a tell-tale flush came to his cheeks, as he recalled the occasions that had led to his acquaintance with her "Jimmy."

"Your name is——" Rogers finished the sentence. "Scott Rogers. You may have heard James speak of me." Again the flush came to the young man's face.

"Indeed, I have." The little woman responded cordially. "Many, many times." She reached out her hand impulsively toward her visitor. "I have wanted so many times to meet you, to know you, to talk with you——" she hesitated, then concluded with a tremor in her voice—"about Jimmy. Could you spare a few minutes? Could we have a little talk together? The leak in the roof can wait—it doesn't matter much compared with other things. Perhaps I ought not to take your time, you are a busy man, no doubt, but if I could?"

"Certainly, madam," was the prompt response, "but I think you are misinformed. You would think less of me if you knew the kind of a friend I have been to Jimmy—not as helpful as I might have been, I am afraid."

"Oh, but you might be. I know if you could only understand how it is, you would be. I don't believe there is anybody in the world, not even myself, his mother, who has such power to make a man of my

Jimmy as you. Oh, I have just been praying that in some way I might meet you and talk with you, and I believe the Lord himself must have sent you here to-day."

Scott Rogers looked uncomfortable. The idea of his having been sent as a special angel of light to comfort this worried little mother, was not only startling, but discomfiting.

"I don't suppose you know," she continued, "boys never do, how much of a hero you are in the eyes of my boy. The first few weeks after he became acquainted with you, he talked continually of what Scott Rogers said and did, and it was a foregone conclusion, I knew, that Jimmy, with his capacity for hero-worship, would follow just where you led. Please don't think I am preaching or even chiding, but Oh, how I hoped in those days that you were the real hero that Jimmy thought you were, who would lead him to noble things and help him to withstand his temptations."

The young man before her dropped his face into his hands, to conceal the emotion he knew was written there.

"You see, Jimmy is different," the voice faltered and the hands nervously fondled one another. "He isn't strong in some things, because of an inherited weakness." She spoke the last two words, with almost a gasp, as if they hurt her. "He can't meet temptations of wine and such things as you and the other boys can, but he doesn't realize it. I know, Mr. Rogers, I am doing a most unconventional and perhaps an inexcusable thing, but it is a matter of infinite importance to me and to Jimmy, and I know no other human being who can do so much for my Jimmy as you. They brought him home last night, perhaps you knew about it; for all I know, you were one of his escorts."

The young man before her shook his head.

"No. Well, I am glad you were not at the affair. He slept half the morning, and then went to work with such an aching head that he will be practically useless all day. To-night is the night he always goes to the club—the Jovial Fellows, I believe they call themselves, and he told me it was to be an extra occasion, and that he was to sing—that's why they want him, because of his beautiful voice. And he will go to-night, I can't prevent it. I, only a weak woman, cannot always persuade him—Oh, what will be the end?" Her voice ended in a wail, and she threw herself upon the couch, hiding her face in a pillow.

Shame, self-contempt, concern, anxiety, consternation chased each

other across the face of Scott Rogers. Then he pulled himself to his feet and braced his broad shoulders as if for an encounter with an enemy.

"Please, Mrs. Belding," he pleaded, "please don't. The end isn't going to be what you fear." He threw out every word with an almost explosive energy, as if he feared to give himself time to change his mind. "I had made myself think—I argued it out this very morning, that I hadn't any vital connection with anything or anybody, and that it didn't matter one little bit whether I walked straight or crooked. What a fool I was, not to know and understand that nobody ever stands alone in this world. You've burned the truth into me as you talked about Jimmy, and I see how I've almost lost my chance to be a good friend to him. Maybe I can afford to spoil my own life, by going at any old pace I please, but I just tell you, Mrs. Belding, I haven't got quite so low down that I can in cold blood make up my mind to help another fellow to go to the dogs, and break a mother's heart in the bargain."

Mrs. Belding was sitting up now, looking into his face with pathetic eagerness and confidence. "And you will help then, you will be a friend to my Jimmy, a true friend?"

Scott Rogers grasped the nervous, feverish little hand of the mother in his own strong, firm fingers. "I'll do it, Mrs. Belding. You can depend on me. We'll pull him through as sure as my name is Rogers. I never knew what it was to have a mother to love me, but you've shown me what a beautiful thing a mother's love is, and I'm going to help your Jimmy to be true to it. Now for the leak in the roof, Mrs. Belding, if you please, for I must get back to the office, and attend to some other things before evening."

Things happened in the remaining hours of that afternoon with a rapidity that startled at least two people. Jimmy Belding, sitting at his desk in the big counting room of Blair & Buck, trying, with dull, aching head, to get through the day's work, was surprised by a caller. The caller stood not upon ceremony, but looking down from his six feet of dogged determination, said calmly:

"Hello, Jimmy. I just dropped in to say that that affair this evening out at Hubbell's is called off, for you and for me. You're not to sing and I'm not to play, and we'll neither of us be there."

Jimmy tried to gather together his befuddled wits.

"Called off? Why, I promised to meet the boys at eight!" he expostulated.

"So did I," said Scott Rogers. "And I'm going to break that promise all to smithereens, and so are you. I tell you, neither of us is going to those things at Hubbell's to-night."

Jimmy looked worried; his somewhat weak lips moved nervously. "Oh, say, Scott, I can't. I promised to go. I can't go back on a promise. What'll the fellows say?"

"You can and will," said Rogers grimly and firmly. "All you've got to do, if you feel unequal to the emergency, is to keep away from the telephone, and I'll do the rest. I'll make Tad Williams and the rest understand. Don't you fear. Then I am to meet you here at 5:30; don't you leave without me, mind, and we are to take dinner together; then I'll tell you the rest. You said you would, didn't you?"

"You know you can make me do anything you want to," said Jimmy, dropping his eyes under the other determined gaze.

"I hope it is true," thought Scott, as he walked out of the office with the brisk air of a man who has important business on hand.

Ten minutes later, he was asking Central to connect him with Main 542. "Hello, that you, Tad? Yes, it's Rogers. Just to tell you, that Jimmy Belding and I cannot be at that club affair to-night. No, I say we can't—C-A-N-T—the word that is't in the dictionary. Yes, I hear you, I know perfectly well what you think of me. Don't take the trouble to repeat it. Yes, I hear. Say it again, if it relieves your mind. The reason, you ask? Well, to be frank and perfectly serious, tremendously serious, Tad Williams, the reason of it all is just this: A different person is talking with you over this 'phone this afternoon from the one who talked with you this morning. I've grown about fifty years since then, and it is absolutely impossible for me to go, and for Jimmy Belding to go. Yes, I broke a promise, I admit it, and I'd break a hundred more of the same kind and be proud of myself for doing it; though I'd be ashamed to think I ever made them. Yes, I hear—I understand— Yes, I have a very clear and distinct idea of just what the fellows will think and say of me. If you remember, I have said all those things—the things they'll say, and in just as disagreeable fashion as they can say them, of other fellows. No, I'm not going to be a goody-goody boy; I'm going to be a man for the first time in my life, and I'm going to accept a few of the responsibilities that go with being a man; and what's more, I'm going to help the next fellow to be one, too. Is that sufficiently clear? Yes, sir, that's going to be my business here-

after, and the Jovial Fellows not being in that line, the Jovial Fellows and I have parted company forever. That's all. Good-bye."—Julia F. Deane in Union Signal.

TOW-HEAD.

A young woman, awaiting the opening of the Juvenile Court, threw her fur coat over the back of a chair, behind which sat a row of little probationers. Small hands stroked the jacket's soft smoothness, while low-toned bets were exchanged as to the kind of animal it had once adorned. Finally, emboldened by the smiling face turned partially toward them, one youngster asks:

"Say, what's it made out of?"

"Seal."

"Gee! Real or play?"

A rosy flush mounted to her brow, as, feigning deafness, she lifted merry eyes to the round reflections dancing in wild gyrations of light over the ceiling of the great room. A majority of the lads came armed with circular little mirrors which they flashed in the sun, as well as in the eyes of the court officials, their natural prey.

"There's the old Tramway cop, the fat Phoenix! Give it to 'im in the eye!"

The good-natured officer blinked in more senses than one at the dazzling glare, as with a knowing leer at the boys, he turned out of range.

At Judge Findley's entrance, the glasses were pocketed as by a common impulse. His brief address to the boys, couched in a language intelligible to the most benighted, was followed by the taking of reports and a partial clearing of the room, as the first case on the crowded docket was called. At 2:30 Eddy Collins' name was called, bringing forward a white-headed, weazen-faced, bony child, with eyes too big for his odd little phiz.

"Tow-head!" was heard from some of the waiting boys, as the little fellow stepped before the judge. His Honor smiled, a genial warmth lighting his tired face, as he passed a hand over his own thinning hair.

"It's better to be tow-headed than bald-headed, any day! Isn't it, Eddy?"

An old, automatic smile wrinkled the thin little face, but no humor

lit the solemn eyes, and the judge sighed with renewed weariness as he demanded the charge against the child. Eddy stood, toeing in and out with an absent-minded monotony.

"Drunkenness and frequenting saloons, your Honor," answered the probation officer.

A heavy frown lowered between Judge Findley's clear, dark eyes, which, despite all, still held some message of faith and hope for every little chap who sought it there.

"Can it be true, Eddy, after all my talk about this most serious offense?"

The tow-head nodded, while the downcast, hungry eyes remained fixed, in vague concentration upon his shoes, through which bare toes poked.

"Did your father send you to buy liquor?"

Again the silently bowed head.

"He committed a grave crime, but was that any reason why you should drink the whiskey, even if you had to buy it?"

No answer.

"Look at me, my boy!"

Eyes of dumb pain gazed unwinkingly from the stolid, changeless face.

"Aren't you one of the boys that promised to help hold down my job, by playing square, after I gave you another chance?"

A mute assent was given.

"Well, I've done my part, haven't I? Answer me!"

"Yes, Judge!"

"But how about you, Ed? Have you any further claim on my patience and faith?"

"No, Judge."

"You know what this means, Eddy?"

"Yes, Judge!"—and a slight quiver of life stirred the little stoic's face.

"Have you no excuse, my boy, for breaking your word and going back on the man who has been your friend?"

Hope died hard with Judge Findley.

"No, less'n—" the great eyes burned in hot scrutiny over the intent, listening faces of the other boys.

"Bailiff, take those children farther back. Come close, my boy."

She of the fur coat was thankful for keen hearing and nearness to the judge, as alert, with downcast eyes, she waited, engulfed in waves of pity for the boy.

"Unless what, Eddy?" the judge's arm encircling the child's shoulders.

"Less'n being cold 'n' hungry 'n' druv wid blows to the s'loons goes for somepen—I thought I'd fergit fer a spell—like pa—'n' it felt warm—then I run agin the cop——"

"Did your mother try and prevent your going to the saloon?"

"No, Jedge."

"When did you eat last?"

The question was almost inaudible.

"Yisteddy mornin'."

Every trace of gentleness fled from the judge's face, as he leaned eagerly toward the officer:

"Swear out a warrant for the father and mother of this boy, charging them with contributing to a delinquency. I hold them more guilty than their son.

"You will also get the name and address of that saloon-keeper who dares break the juvenile laws of this state."

"Pa's skipped, jedge."

The boy started to his feet as he spoke, to be again thrust back.

"When, Eddy?"

"Soon's he'd licked me fer swipin' the whiskey!"

"Did he say where he was going?"

"Jus any old place clear o' women 'n' kids!"

"We'll find him, never you fear! How does your mother treat you?"

"She hain't got no time fer me, what wid diggin' 'n' cryin' 'n' workin' wid the little kids. She says all she wants o' me is ter keep out o' her way."

A long silence followed, Judge Findley's eyes wide and unseeing, as troubled thought went on behind the fixed inner absorption of his glance.

"Eddy, my heart goes out to you, my poor boy, and I feel that you're not to blame for much of your wrongdoing. But you've got to be corrected and helped. If they hadn't got after me when I was a kid, I'd have got into bigger troubles, troubles they want to keep you out of, too."

Eddy perched on the very edge of the chair, with eyes devouring his Honor's face; but ears closed to the pity of the firm voice because of a great roaring. A faint grayness tinged the wan, unchildlike face.

"Because I believe it for your good, I shall send you to the School of Detention, here in Denver, for one month. It is under the charge of a very kind woman, who will see that you are kept warm, well fed and cared for. There'll be no chance to get into any trouble, and in this way I hope to keep you out of the Industrial School at Golden. When the month is up, we'll see what is best."

The child pushed close to the court, his cheeks hot with a fleeting glow, the eyes big with excitement, while eager, pleading little hands were outstretched.

"Oh, jedge! Please, jedge——"

"Brace up, Ed, and take it like the man I know you can be! Don't beg!"

"But, jedge, please, won't yer please to make it a year? I'd ruther——"

The judge started, leaning toward the child as he paused, but Eddy went white, clutching at the table for support. Swinging the reeling little figure into a chair, Judge Findley held water to the boy's lips. Low-voiced, gentle words sought to penetrate the giddy whirl of Eddy's thoughts, but these alone made an impression:

"You need not go back to your home, my boy, at the end of the month, if you still feel as you do. We'll find you a better home, little chap!"

The child closed his eyes and never knew that his head rested against Judge Findley's arm, or that the potent power of a patient, virile tenderness upbore his stumbling little life, never to be withdrawn, while great heart or clever brain throbbed within this man who remembered his own boyhood.

Then the world cleared and steadied as something hot and beefy was forced upon him by a tender, womanly hand. He dimly heard the next case called and wondered dreamily why the "Jedge" sat with eyes covered by his hand.

"We'll be going now, Eddy. Can you walk to the car, dear boy?" asked Mrs. Bright of the Detention Home, bending over her new charge with motherly gentleness.

"Sure!" with plucky cheer.

She held him so tight under one arm while leading him past his

Honor, that the boy looked up with a feeble attempt at "joshin'."

"On the square, ma'am. I won't work no bluff an' give ye the slip!"

He thought the whirling must be returning as he cast a look of farewell at Judge Findley, for the blurred smile in the shadowed eyes of His Honor was not the clear one he knew.—Mary Talbott Campbell in *Children's Home Finder*.

HOW HIS EASTER CAME.

"It's so stormy, Godfrey," objected the invalid.

"And so late in the week," counter-objected the stalwart youth of nineteen who smiled down into the white face on the pillow. "If it is to be done this week, mother, I must go to-day. There's not an hour to spare."

"But you won't stop at Jonas Wyland's? Promise me that, Godfrey." One thin hand caught at the broad palm resting on the coverlet and the pale lips quivered.

"No, I will not stop at Wyland's, if that will comfort you, mother," answered the youth, a flush dyeing his dark cheek. "But," he added—for subterfuge was unknown to Godfrey Brent—"But Jonas has promised to meet me at Y——."

A swift pain traversed the sweet face of the woman. Her eyes closed for a moment as if in prayer. The young man patted the hand still in his. "I'm not such a bad fellow, mother, that you need be afraid to trust me out of your sight," he said, a trifle impatiently.

"No, but—Godfrey, I am afraid, all the same, afraid. There's always the scent of strong drink about you when you've been with Jonas Wyland."

"You've never seen me the worse for liquor, mother," cried the youth. "No one ever has, and no one ever will! If I can take a glass with the fellows and no harm from it, why shouldn't I? It has not harmed me yet."

"How can it help harming you, Godfrey? You are my own dear boy, but—but you're not what you were a year ago." The woman spoke slowly and with effort, ending with a little catch in her voice.

"Not what I was a year ago! How can I be? A fellow must grow, must change. I can't be a man and a boy, too. It's time you trusted me a little. I'm not the fellow to be tied to an apron string or to walk

in one rut lifelong. The constant round of grind on this farm is treadmill enough. 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.' I've got to have my play."

"And welcome, if it's only clean play, Godfrey. Playing with edged tools is not fun; it's foolhardiness."

The youth's lips set. "Have it your own way, mother," he said, "only remember, I can't and won't be cooped up forever. I'm half-stifled as it is! Take my liberty from me and I might as well die at once."

"You're all I have, Godfrey."

"Plus Sis, you mean."

"All the man I have. All that either Sally or I have to lean on. You'll have to be brave and clean for our sakes. Strong drink destroys both body and soul."

The youth laughed as he stretched his long limbs and flung back his broad shoulders. "I look like a weakling," he said, glancing at himself in a mirror on the opposite wall. "Your fears are the result of your illness, little mother," stooping suddenly to kiss the pain from the lifted face. "I'm a pretty good boy to spare you so much of my time this morning. If I don't start soon, Sis will be up till midnight, waiting for my coming home. Rest easy and don't fret; I'm big enough to take care of myself."

The invalid clung to his neck. "God keep you!" she cried, "and may He bring you back to me safe and—sober!"

The dark head came up proudly. "If you see me at all, mother, you will see me sober," he exclaimed wrathfully. "No one has ever seen me otherwise, and no one ever will." He flung himself from the room.

"He is blind! God help him; he is blind!" sobbed the mother, as she nestled in the pillows. "O Thou who answerest prayer, deal with him to-day; open his eyes to-day; show him whither his steps tend, and how vain is his boast of strength while he tampers with alcohol; give him a glimpse of the truth ere it is too late! O Father, Father! save my boy!"

The woman was still praying—though silently—when her daughter entered the room a half-hour later. "See mother," cried the girl, "Godfrey has sent you the first arbutus blossoms of the season. Nell had wandered into the woods, and while after her, he discovered these darlings peeping out at him from under a drift of leaves. He says they are harbingers of good; messengers of cheer; and you are to keep them in sight till you see him again." The maiden held the fragrant beauties

to her mother's nostrils for a moment, then yielded them to her hand while she smoothed the hair from the pale face and placed the pillows more comfortably for the dear head.

"Godfrey grows so handsome!" she went on proudly; "he looked like a prince as he rode off. He's sure Nell's colt will satisfy Mr. March, and that he will finish paying off the mortgage to-day and have enough money left to buy the grain and the shingles for the barn roof. And you and I are to allow ourselves only the happiest of thoughts all day, he says; 'for though it is Friday, it is Good Friday, and must, therefore, be lucky Friday.' Those were his words."

"Good Friday!" Mrs. Brent echoed, a soft amazement in her voice. "Good Friday! I had quite forgotten it!" The words fell on her heart with strange soothing. Good Friday! The day when He who was truly Good, paid the price of Brotherhood to the weak! Could God deny anything asked in Christ's name on Good Friday?" She held the arbutus close to her cheek, light growing in her tender eyes. This blossom, born in the cold, struggling up through darkness and frost to greet the light, must be truly a harbinger of good, a messenger of cheer. When Sally came in softly a little later, she found her mother sleeping quietly, her precious flowers pressed to her bosom. With a sigh of relief the young girl went out to finish the work about the house; she had feared her mother might have a restless day.

As she busied herself with the dishes, with sweeping and dusting the dining room, Sally's thoughts followed the loved brother who had ridden forth an hour since. He was all the world to her. Loyally and jealously she had watched over and cherished him his life long, for she was two years his senior. She had discovered and exulted in every grace and charm of her baby brother. She had led him to school, pulled him on her sled, swung him till her arms ached. They had waded the brook and hunted for wild flowers and birds' eggs together; he had come to her in every difficulty for comfort and help; until, suddenly, he was a whole head above her, could lift her with ease, brought in the wood and water nightly alone and did all the "chores."

She never quite understood how it came to pass, but after that the petting and comforting changed hands. He called her "little sis," kissed her—as he did his mother—when leaving home and at bed-time. Her pride in him took a different groove. He was clever and led in his classes. The "examples" that puzzled her, explained themselves to him

without effort; the sentences in English and the dates in history that were ever getting mixed in her memory, held separate and exact places in his. He became leader, she follower; he the authority, she his echo—such a loyal and admiring echo as few boys are fortunate enough to possess.

When their father died, Godfrey took another stride toward manhood. His shoulders broadened, his protectiveness developed; he became man and boy in one—the support, expectation and stay of two gentle hearts. Everything good and bright in the lives of the invalid and the fond sister centered in him. It was almost idolatry but idolatry so mingled with prayer and praise to the Giver of every good thing that it could scarcely have offended Heaven.

Then a cloud arose, no bigger than a man's hand. Sally could well remember the first time her brother came home with that peculiar scent upon his breath. She was too innocent to know what it was, and asked him. He flushed crimson at the question, though he laughed at her ignorance. "He had stopped at Jonas Wyland's and had a glass of something good," he said. "Nothing to scare you, sis," he added, as she felt herself turning pale and caught at his hand, pleading, "There was no alcohol in it, was there, Godfrey?"

That was a year or more ago, and she had detected the same taint on his breath often since, only stronger and accompanied sometimes by a strange light in his eyes, and sometimes by a little irritation in his voice and manner. She had come to dread his trips to the city and his stops at the home of his old chum—a friend he had made when he attended the academy, the last year of his father's life. That very morning, after her brother was all ready to depart and had placed the arbutus for her mother in her hands, she had brought the nearly banished clouds back to his brow by a reference to this youth.

"Let Ches go," she had said, speaking of the great dog that was fawning on his master, pleading to go with him, though he had been bidden to return to the porch and stay there. "I always feel safer for you when he's with you. Let him go."

"To keep me from harm? What nonsense!" laughed the youth. "You women need him more than I do. What danger can possibly come to me?"

"Who knows? One can never be sure what may happen, especially when——" The girl stopped short in her speech and flushed crimson.

"Oh, say on!" cried Godfrey. "You have great faith in me. It's likely to make a hero of a fellow to be suspected and watched as I am! Ches will stay at home, mind that! I've never been in a state where I couldn't take care of myself, and don't expect to be."

Sally was much distressed. "You know I do not suspect you or doubt your courage," she said. "You're the best brother in the world but for one thing. If you'll promise not to go near Jonas Wyland to-day, I'll be satisfied."

"You'll have to be satisfied without any such promise from me," was the decided reply. "What's got into you and mother? You seem to think I am unable to look out for myself. I tell you, all this talk won't wean me from Jonas. He's a nice fellow and square. He doesn't make me drink. I drink because I want to, because other chaps of my age do, and because it doesn't hurt me. When it hurts me, it will be time enough to cry out."

"It has hurt you already, Godfrey."

"How?"

"I don't know. I only know you're not quite yourself after it, and I can see a difference in you the last year."

"A mighty great difference when neither you or mother can define it!" he exclaimed angrily. "I want you to stop this talk! I give you notice now to quit it. I'll not stand it any longer. Mother's sick and I can't shut her up, but I won't have you at me, too."

He was driving off without giving her a good-by kiss, but she ran after him, begging him to stop. "Oh, Godfrey, how can you make me feel so badly?" she panted, when he drew up at her entreaty.

"Then don't lecture me," he replied. "I don't want to be hard on you, sis, but I can't stand everything. There, now, don't cry. I'll promise to be good, I truly will, and I'll have that mortgage paid off when I get back. Give me a kiss for good luck, and mind, you're not to allow yourself or mother any but the happiest thoughts to-day, for though it is Friday, it is Good Friday, and must, therefore, be lucky Friday."

He sprang into the wagon. "Good-bye. What! You here again, Ches? No. I won't take you. Go home!" He snapped the whip at the great shaggy creature as he drove off, and Sally put out her hand to the dog.

"Poor Ches! You and I have to stay at home and eat our hearts

out," she said. But Ches was not listening; he was looking after his master.

"You want to go?" questioned Sally. "Well, go; only keep out of sight. Go! I'll feel better if you follow him."

The day proved long to the girl, though to her amazement, it passed quietly, almost cheerfully, with the invalid. She wondered at the light in her mother's eyes, especially when night settled down and her brother had not returned. "He has been detained," said the woman. "He will come presently." But hour after hour loitered along, and the youth did not appear. Sally strained her ears as she sat at the window listening for the echo of hoofs on the road, but the stillness of death prevailed.

Her mother awoke several times, and each time the daughter shrank from the question, "Has he come?" Yet after each negative the same reply came—sometimes breathed with a gentle sigh, always with quiet confidence—"He is kept for a reason. He will come."

The first streak of dawn stained the east, the cocks in the poultry-yard crowed. The sun burst through the clouds and streamed over the weary girl whose eyes had not closed night long. She arose and went to the kitchen to prepare her mother's food. A neighbor's boy who helped with the chores, came to feed the stock and departed. The creeping hours of another day began. It was still young, when a farmer living a few miles distant, brought Nell Home. He had stopped her in her wild career past his place during the night.

"The wagon warn't much hurt," he said, "jest a wheel off an' a shaft broke, an' I found the grain an' shingles all right a bit further up the road. But there wasn't hide or hair o' the boy. But that's nothin' queer," he added, looking kindly into the tense face of the girl. "There's folks a-passin' by most allays on that road an' likely somebody has found him with a sprained ankle or suthin' an' carted him home. He'll turn up afore long and you kin count on me doin' my level best to find him."

And Sally begged him to speak lower lest her mother wake and hear him, thanked him for his kindness, and went about with a deathly, but controlled face, her soul heavy with the agony of dread beyond expression. The arbutus in the invalid's hand had wilted, but she would not part with it. "I must have it when Godfrey comes," she said. "It is the harbinger of good that is on the way, which is coming to me,

though I am not strong enough to go out and meet it except by faith." Sally wondered as she listened. Was her mother's mind shaken? Was she losing her reason?

All that Godfrey Brent had prophesied for that Good Friday came to pass. The beautiful three-year-old colt proved to be exactly what Mr. March wanted, and Jonas Wyland, who had heard of this gentleman's need, met the youth at Y—— and introduced him as he had promised. Jonas also accompanied him when he settled for the mortgage and helped him load the grain and shingles on his wagon. Everything had turned out as anticipated, and Godfrey Brent was ready to start for home in time to reach it by midnight. He had refused to drink with his chum at their meeting; it seemed bearish and ill-mannered to refuse him again at their parting, especially after the good turn he had done him. So the youth hitched his horse and went with Jonas to take a single drink. It was while he was gone, that a big shaggy dog climbed into the wagon and stretched himself beside the bags of grain.

Godfrey could never tell at what hour he left the saloon or in what condition. He had a faint recollection of Jonas unhitching his horse and helping him into the wagon. He remembered also that the sight of Ches aroused in him anew the anger of the morning, and that he took the whip to the faithful creature. After that all was a blank until he was awakened from what seemed sleep by a sort of jarring which was not so much a sound heard by his ears as a sensation felt through his body. He opened his eyes to the night sky and felt beneath him the sharp steel of a railroad track. He tried to lift his aching limbs, only to fall back with a groan as everything swam before his sight.

He lay still awhile with closed eyes, recovering himself, until that jarring—grown more pronounced and accompanied now by sound—again forced him to look up. To his horror, the great red eye of an engine glared at him, and the awful sense of imminent death took hold of him. In an agony he groped about for a support and scrambled to his feet, only to fall again in a grovelling heap. What could be the matter with him? Was he drunk? The shock of this possibility pierced him even in his awful peril, adding to his misery. Was he about to die? and drunk? A roar was in his ears, the iron monster was almost upon him. With an agonized cry for help, he lost consciousness.

What restored him to himself again he did not know, unless it was

the rough tongue of the four-footed friend who could not be driven away from him, and to whom, without doubt, he owed his life. It was dawn, and as he saw how near he yet lay to the track, he clung to the neck of his faithful deliverer with tears. Yet his bitterest tears were for the faith he had lost in his own integrity. He had been drunk, he—Godfrey Brent, drunk! Strong drink had harmed him, had brought him near to death and——. Suddenly he remembered the horse, the wagon, the grain! What had become of them? Had he driven across the tracks in drunken imbecility? Had the horse been killed? The wagon wrecked? All lost? The cancelled mortgage! Was it lost, too? He felt in his inner pocket and a fervent "Thank God!" burst from his lips as he found it there.

He did not get up immediately. Remorse and memory had him in their grip and faithfully reproduced for him the history of the past year; his first glass—taken almost fearfully—the second,—the easy fashion in which he had drifted to the place he now occupied. Liquor had harmed him, conquered him! His lips set. It should never conquer him again! He prayed—the big boy, conscious of his sin and his weakness—prayed to his mother's God, as he lay there under the sun, the first real prayer of his life, and it was for deliverance, for strength, for grace to be the true man his mother and his sister longed to see him. With the prayer came the realization of his mother's and sister's probable anxiety for him. He started up. He must get to them!

It took him hours to reach home, but should Godfrey Brent live to be a thousand years old, he will never forget the cry of joy which greeted his ears, as his sister—standing at the gate, peering down the road—caught sight of his approach. She was at his side in a second, her arms about him.

"You are alive! you are alive!" was her rapturous cry.

"I am alive," he answered, brokenly, "but I have been dead, sis; worse than dead!"

His mother was asleep, and as the youth washed and as he ate, he told the story of the hours he had been gone—as far as he knew it—to the glad-faced girl who sat beside him. He was so worn from exhaustion and excitement that she insisted he should go to bed as soon as his hunger was appeased. "Mother will be content to know you are safely home," she said, "and I want to find and feed Ches."

The Easter sun was shining into his room and across his bed, when

Godfrey awoke the next morning, a sense of peace in his heart such as he had never known. He answered gayly to the gentle tap on the door, "Yes, sweetheart."

"Then you are awake?"

"Awake and glad, sis."

"Mother is impatient to see you. She clings to that bit of arbutus still."

"Bless her! I'll be down in a moment."

The invalid looked up eagerly as the chamber door opened. The man who advanced to her bedside was not the boy of two days ago, nor yet the remorseful youth of a few hours since. He was radiant with a new-born faith and energy.

"Mother," he said, as he stooped and pressed his lips to hers, "Little mother!"

"My son," she quavered, holding the faded arbutus toward him. "It is Easter Sunday."

"Yes," he cried, "my Easter, mother! I am risen from the dead! For,"—his voice sank to a tender whisper and Sally, in the doorway, caught a rapturous breath,— "for I have been dead and am alive again—alive forevermore!"—Mrs. S. R. Graham Clark in *The Union Signal*.

AUNT LIZZIE'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

Coming home one evening, she found a poor, forlorn girl waiting to see her. She had no shelter fit to call home, and was clothed in rags.

As she told of her misery, she lifted her tattered skirts and showed her feet, which were purple with cold, and incased in a pair of old, worn-out shoes.

Aunt Lizzie had on the clothes-horse a pair of warm, woolen stockings. "Here," she said, "put these on, you poor child." A lady present remonstrated with her: "What are you doing, that is the only pair you have except those you are wearing? You have given away all the rest." "Never mind," Aunt Lizzie answered, "she needs them more than I. God will provide."

The poor girl went away warmed and fed. The next afternoon Aunt Lizzie was invited out to tea. The hostess was showing her some new clothing she had been buying. In the bureau drawer near one end was a bundle of knit woolen stockings.

The lady said, "Take them; they were knit by a relative in the country and sent me, but I never wear them." Thus she had returned to her thrible what she gave away. Her every act in life was to forget self, visit the poor and sick, pay the rent, strip herself of clothing, and supply their wants.

"In all my life," she wrote in her diary, "I cannot recall where I have made a gift I ever regretted; it invariably did some great good."

To return to the young girl she gave the stockings to. She took her name and address, and in a few days she was in the neighborhood and found the number.

The house was weather-beaten, windows broken out, and everything around dilapidated. She knocked at the door, the young girl opened it, and Aunt Lizzie stepped in. On a pallet of straw, in one corner, lay the drunken father.

Pale and emaciated, on a lounge covered with rags, lay the forlorn mother. Aunt Lizzie's heart was touched with pity. She went to the woman and speaking kindly to her, said: "Why do you lie here in distress when this world is rolling in wealth?" She faintly said: "My people have been good to me in years past, but because I would not leave my husband, they have disowned us all."

"My poor little Laura, I could bear all this trouble better if it was not for her. Oh, what shall I do?" "I will do all I can for you," replied Aunt Lizzie, "but before I go I want your husband to arouse himself out of that drunken stupor; I want to pray for him." Laura ran to him and said: "Papa, Aunt Lizzie is here." His bloated face and sunken eyes peered out from the darkened corner: "Where is she? Has she got whiskey for me? I must have more whiskey, and they will not give me any more at the saloon."

Aunt Lizzie stepped forward to where he lay: "Get up," she said. He screamed: "I want whiskey." She saw at a glance she could do nothing with him by talking, so she was determined to pray for him. She knelt beside him and implored God to open his blind eyes and restore him to manhood and repentance.

She turned to the poor, forlorn wife, and said: "Will you go to the hospital till you get better?" "Oh, yes, but my sweet child—my little Laura?"

"I will take care of her," said Aunt Lizzie. She immediately made arrangements for a patient at the hospital, and had Mrs. Goldberg sent

there at her expense. She took Laura's grimy little hand in hers and went to the church store-room, where the ladies were sorting clothing, and tying it up in bundles.

"Aunt Lizzie," said one of the ladies, "in yonder box is everything you will need for the young girl's outfit." She selected shoes and stockings, under clothing and outer garments, and hastened with them and the child into the toilet room.

When Aunt Lizzie and Laura Goldberg emerged from the bath room, no one would have known the child. Aunt Lizzie took her to a childless couple, who gladly gave her a home. Mrs. Goldberg, through Aunt Lizzie's prayers, was converted, and immersed, and in a few days joined that happy throng in the heavenly kingdom.

No trace of Laura's father could be found, and it was supposed he must have perished in the gutter, as the weather was very cold and damp.

Aunt Lizzie diligently searched for him, but found him not. After a year had passed by, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Howard adopted Laura and gave her their honored name.

These people were not Baptists, but good Christians. Laura, under Aunt Lizzie's teachings, became a shining light in the church and Sunday school. When she was about eighteen years of age, after her graduation from the high school, she and her foster parents were taking a trip to Europe. When in London, England, they stopped into a café, where but one table, seats for four, were unoccupied. They immediately sat down and ordered their dinner.

Presently a gentleman stepped in, tall and handsome, and about forty years of age, and asked if the company had any objections if he occupied the vacant seat. Mr. Howard said: "We will be glad of your company." Laura looked up into the man's face and cried out: "Papa, papa."

"Is this my little girl Laura, that I have not seen for eight long years? Need I tell you, my child, not one drop of liquor has touched my lips since that day you and your mother were taken from me? Aunt Lizzie's prayer restored me to my manhood, and God in His wisdom snatched from my arms my wife and child. After you were gone, I got up and went to the docks and secured work. I remained there three months and when I drew my pay, clothed myself respectably, I then went in search for my wife and child. I learned your mother died

in the hospital, and you were given by Aunt Lizzie to Mr. and Mrs. Howard; I found you were in good hands. I left Chicago, working my way the best I could until I reached New York, with Aunt Lizzie's prayer ever ringing in my ears. I secured a position on a man-of-war as head cook. I had not been with them three weeks until I enlisted for three years. Our destination was to cruise around the East India islands, and when my time expired, I took up the enlightenment of those poor deluded natives. I established schools, and after a time, Sunday schools, and taught them as Aunt Lizzie taught me, the way to Christ. The consequences were: I left two flourishing churches, ten day schools and two Sunday schools. I have but recently returned to England, my native land, where my beloved parents still live. I would not come to them until I was sure I could withstand every temptation, and by the grace of God, I know I can, as He says in His sacred word: 'But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' I have told my parents of my marriage and your birth, and your mother's death. They insisted I go to America, search for you and bring you to them. I was here for that purpose, but this opportune meeting has changed my plans. Will you all go with me to their home on the river Thames, five miles from Windsor Castle?" The party took passage on a passenger steamer that glided down that beautiful river. Five miles below London they observed Greenwich, famous for its naval hospital for infirm seamen, and its observatory from which longitude is reckoned. They passed by magnificent castles, priories and abbeys, and in the distance they saw Windsor Castle, for many centuries the chief residence of English sovereigns. In the year of 1344 Edward the Third designed the new Tower for his Knights of the Garter.

"When looking from the tower," explained Mr. Goldberg, "twelve counties are within the range of vision. In St. George's Chapel rests the bodies of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Fourth, Charles the First, George the Third, etc. Queen Victoria, during her lifetime, fitted up another part and called it Prince Albert's Chapel." The time passed so quickly and pleasantly, that Laura was surprised when the boat whistled at their landing place.

A carriage was in waiting for them, as Mr. Goldberg had dispatched to his parents they were coming. A lovely drive of half an hour brought them to a neat and commodious farm-house on the banks

of the river Thames, surrounded by barns and out-houses. They alighted and were met by Mr. and Mrs. Goldberg, a fine appearing couple, about sixty-five years of age.

When introduced to Laura, they gave her a royal welcome to her ancestral home, which, until that day, she had never heard of. They all enjoyed their visit sight-seeing. Two Sundays they went into London and attended services in Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle, it having a seating capacity of six thousand people.

He received into his church, while living, 13,000 persons, and erected thirty-six chapels in different parts of London. Rev. Mr. Spurgeon was one of the most talented Baptist preachers of the past century. Mr. and Mrs. Howard decided they had stayed as long as they could in England, as they wished to visit other countries; but how could they leave their darling behind? Laura put her arms around them and said: "My more than mother, my more than father, to you I owe all I am, as you took me from the mud and mire of Chicago slums. You dressed and fed me well, you educated me, you and Aunt Lizzie have made me what I am, and not only that, you adopted me, and made me by so doing, your sole heir. Do you think I will forsake you? No, never, I shall be your own Laura just the same. I will stay part of the time with papa and my grandparents, and part of the time with you in Chicago. I have made a nice visit here; now I am ready to accompany you in a tour of Europe." So it was decided, and in a few days they set sail across the English channel and made an extended trip across the continent.

In two months they returned to Laura's home in England, and after a stay of a few days, they returned to America, accompanied by Mr. Frank Goldberg, as he was determined to see Aunt Lizzie and thank her personally for what she had done for himself and family. Laura had written Aunt Lizzie, informing her of how she so mysteriously found her reformed father, and the day they would arrive in Chicago.

Aunt Lizzie had a sumptuous meal prepared, but she had a turkey roasted instead of the fatted calf. When they reached the house, Mr. Goldberg clasped Aunt Lizzie's hand and said: "I thank you again, and again, for what you have done for me and mine. Not one drop of liquor will ever pass through my lips again; and your prayers saved me when I was on the brink of ruin."

They all did full justice to Aunt Lizzie's dinner, after which Laura

Goldberg-Howard returned to England with her father. For several years Laura frequently returned to the land of her birth to visit her foster parents and Aunt Lizzie.—The World Review-Herald.

WHY I DESTROYED THE CARD.

You ask me why I stamped that card in the mud? Well, it's a sad story, but as you seem interested, I will endeavor to tell it to you.

Let me see, said Mrs. Marshall, wiping her eyes; it is just twenty years ago to-day since John and I first met. Ah, I remember that childish face and laughing eyes as though it were but yesterday, and it hardly seems possible that I have lived through such sorrow as these years have brought me. Yes, I repeat it, it is a sad story.

I was spending the summer at the little village of W——. There were a great many young people there from different cities. One afternoon, as things were rather dull, someone proposed a game of poker. I noticed the expression of John's face change in an instant, and when I invited him to play, he politely declined to do so.

I had been reared, like almost all of the girls there, to indulge in dancing, card-playing, and theatre-going, without thinking, as St. Paul did, of the "weak brother," whom I might cause to stumble.

But by and by, as the game progressed, John grew more restless, and finally rose to leave. I asked him to stay, at the same time reminding him of his promise to go boating with me that evening.

He stayed, and while we were alone on the water, I mentioned the cards. I had seen his dislike for them and was determined that he should play, as many of the girls had given him nicknames and laughed at him in my presence. I am not trying to excuse myself, but you know, Maggie, very few of us can bear to see the object of our love ridiculed. I see now how foolish I was to notice it.

But that night when John told me he didn't care to learn to play cards and was sorry that I knew, I told him he was very foolish and knew little of the ways of the world. There can be no harm in these little amusements, I said, and if you wish me to give up all these things for you, I'll never do it. (Oh, was he not dearer than all this to me? But I knew he loved me and would do anything for my sake; and how could I marry a "goose," as the girls had called him?) And I gave him back the ring he had given me. As I expected, when he thought I was in earnest, he yielded.

"O Ethel," said he, "you know I love you better than life, and cannot bear this separation. Yes, I'll go to the theatre with you, and — and play cards with you, too, if you will teach me how. I suppose, as you say, there isn't really any harm in it."

You see, Maggie, he was trying to be a Christian, but he was not "strong in the Lord"—he had not forsaken all to follow Christ. Oh, if he had only trusted Christ to help him overcome this temptation, he might have saved us both many years of sorrow and taught me the nobler living.

The next day he came for his first lesson. I found him an apt pupil. He soon learned to play better than the best players at the hotel, and I noticed with some uneasiness that it was his greatest delight to play. But as more visitors came to the hotel, and my time was spent mostly in pleasure seeking, I had little time to think of this. But before the close of the season he spent more time at the card table and in the ball room than ever I could approve of. But our marriage was to be celebrated the first of October, and I hoped after that he would be different; but in this I was disappointed.

The first few months all was well. He spent his evenings at home, and we were very happy. However, we still kept our card tables. John could not think of giving them up. Our friends were invited to join in the games with us, and the social glass would be passed, until at last it seemed as if John could not do without it.

By and by he spent so much of the time at the club that he was hardly ever at home, and when I complained, he replied, "O, there is no harm in card playing, dear."

After a while we gave up the cards and wine. I didn't care what the girls said now. We never had any socials at home now, and I spent most of my evenings alone.

One evening John came home and told me we must give up our beautiful home. He had lost so much for the last month; but I must not ask any questions; he had rather not talk about it just then. "Just be patient," said he, "and I will tell you all about it; we can get our home back in a short time."

We left there and went to a smaller house, and discharged all of our servants; but this was not so hard to bear as the thought that my husband could not confide in me. There was some improvement in him after this; he stayed at home more, and as Inez and Freddie grew older,

I thought he would surely give up his old ways, for he loved the children dearly.

His old friends, however, could not let him go this way. They kept him at the bar-room as much as possible, and he drank more than ever. But I could not complain, for he kept repeating to me those hateful words, "There is no harm in it." Oh, have I not been paid for my folly!

It was not long until he was forced to tell what he had kept back—he had lost our house gambling, and in trying to get it back, had lost everything.

We then moved to this alley, and I take sewing to support myself and children. In my sorrow I have gone to the Lord and have obtained pardon, and am trying to bear patiently with my husband, hoping that some day he will learn his lesson and come back to God and receive pardon.

I teach my children to abhor all intoxicating drink. They, knowing the sad story of my life, could hardly do otherwise; and they have been converted and are going to be active temperance workers, and I trust their first work will be to reform their father.

Do you wonder that I destroyed that card? Let us resolve to do what we can to suppress these evils that are blighting our land.—Miss Eva Carpenter in Way of Faith.

UNROLLING THE SPOOL.

John Lee had become unsteady. He had found the acquaintance of some fast young men, and every time he went down street, some one would ask him to drink, and then he would have to treat, and the habit of drinking so grew on him that he was fast becoming a drunkard. A good many nights, while he was sleeping off the effects of liquor he had drunk, his poor mother was awake, weeping and praying for him. Sometimes she would talk to him, and he would promise to do better, but he always broke his promise. Pretty Mary, who had promised to become his wife as soon as they could save enough money to go to housekeeping, noticed a change in him, and mistrusted that all was not right. But she kept hoping for the best, and saving her money to buy the furniture for the happy home she hoped soon to enjoy.

One night John was brought home drunk; so drunk that the next

day he was sick and heartily ashamed of himself. His mother talked to him long and tearfully. She told him of Mary's love and patience and faith in him, and ended by saying, "Now, John, if you will sign the pledge and keep it, at the end of six months I will make you a present of fifty dollars toward setting up housekeeping. I know I can get it somehow."

John laughed and said: "All right, mother, I'll do it, and hold you to your promise." So John signed the pledge, and his mother began to save. It required close calculation to lay up several shillings a week; but she now trimmed her old bonnet, and turned her old dress, and mended her shoes, and patched her aprons and drank her tea weaker, and gave up drinking coffee, and ate the tiniest bit of meat, and in one self-denying way and another the little pile of savings slowly grew.

John's appearance rapidly improved. He walked more briskly and stood erect; his eyes grew bright, his breath became sweet, his temper cheerful, and Mary thought him smarter and handsomer every day. Sometimes he peeped into the cracked teapot which held his mother's savings, when his eyes would twinkle, and a queer smile would curve his lips.

He said to a friend, "It made me just ashamed when my dear mother offered to give me fifty dollars if I would give up drinking; and I made up my mind that I would be even with her. Says I to myself, 'If you can save fifty, I can save a hundred.' So I gave up smoking and bought me a tin savings bank, and every day I would drop in about what I thought my tobacco and beer would cost me. The day my six months were up, I emptied my savings bank; and would you believe it, there was over a hundred dollars in it! Well, I took it to the bank and got one hundred new dollar notes, and then I got a spool and pinned the notes together and wound them around the spool, and then I ran a stick through the spool, so that the spool would turn around on the stick. I tucked it into my pocket and went around to see Mary, and invited her over to mother's to supper. After supper, says I, 'mother, do you know the six months are up to-day?' Says she, 'Yes, John, and I have fifty dollars for you.' And she got up and handed me the money. 'Thank you; it will be quite a help to us about housekeeping. Mother, will you please remain standing, I have a little present for you—some tobacco,' said I; and I took out the roll of notes and had her take hold of the end of the one on the outside, and I held on to the stick in the



"I held on to the stick in the spool and walked backward."

spool and walked backward. She kept pulling until we reached the end, and by that time she was crying and had to sit down.

"Well, we had a jolly time, you'd better believe, and the next week Mary and I were married, and I have not drank a drop of liquor since. Then we commenced to go to a place of worship, and the Lord converted us, and now we have the neatest, happiest little home you ever saw. Come down and see us, won't you?"—Kind Words.

THE LAWYER'S STORY.

The young men had made great preparations for their fishing trip into the Indian Territory, and their disappointment was deep, when on the very morning they were to start, the lawyer, whom they all liked, told them he could not go. To make the matter worse, his explanations were very lame and unsatisfactory; it was evident that he had given up the trip for some reason which he hesitated to name.

As a last resort, the others went in a body—six of them—to his office, and demanded that he tell them exactly why he had deserted, when he had been most enthusiastic in planning the outing.

"If you're really to understand it," he said, "I shall have to begin with my own boyhood. My father, the best father, I think, that a boy ever had, always showed me a tenderness which, even as a child, I knew was somehow different from the love which my playmates had from their parents. It was not until I was, perhaps, fourteen years old that he told me why this was so.

"Although he himself lived a most exemplary life, his father, his father's father and two of his uncles had been drunkards. The taste for liquor he believed to be hereditary in our family, and in me he had recognized many of the traits he himself possessed, and which had made his own life a long fight against the habit of drink. He pointed out the danger that lay before me, and begged me to give him my promise never, under any circumstances, to touch liquor. 'It is your only safety,' he said. 'Unless you make this resolution, and have the strength to keep it, the odds will be fatally against you, for, like myself, you are easily influenced by others. If I thought that to-morrow you were to take your first drink, I should pray to God that you might die to-day.'

"Of course I promised. He had never talked to me in that way before, and, of course, it made an impression on me. I was frightened,

and for several years I kept my promise. Then I went with some other young fellows on an all-day fishing-trip. While we were eating our luncheon, one of our number, a boy whom we all admired, took a bottle of whisky from his pocket, drank from it, and passed it to his next neighbor. The bottle went around the circle, for no one dared refuse to follow George Reit's lead. When it came to me, I tried to pass it on without drinking, but the others began to tease and ridicule me, until from sheer cowardice I took a drink. A second and a third followed, and I began to realize that I liked the stuff, and wanted more of it. My father's warning flashed across my mind:

"If you take one drink, you may be forever lost!"

"The rest of the day passed wretchedly enough, and I was glad when it was time to start for home. When I reached the house, I found that my father, whom I had left in good health in the morning, was lying at the point of death. He had had a sudden attack of heart-disease. They told me he was very anxious to see me alone, and with a breaking heart I entered his room.

"He could not move and could hardly speak, but as I took his hand and bowed my head upon it, crying, he smiled tenderly and lovingly to me. When I grew calmer, he spoke, although the effort was pitiful to witness:

"Be strong—mother's sake—my sake—kiss me."

"As I bent down to kiss him, he noticed the odor of liquor in my breath. I shall never forget that look of agony, of despair, in his eyes.

"My poor—lost—boy!" he groaned; and these were his last words.

"Since that day, God helping me, I have never touched a drop of liquor. But I know my weakness. I don't dare to expose myself to temptation, and I never knowingly go where liquor is to be used. This morning, while the provision wagon was being loaded, I saw that some one had sent along a case of whisky. Forgive me, boys; I'm not preaching nor finding fault with you, but you see now why I can't go."

"You can go and you shall go," spoke up the judge, who had provided the case of liquor, "for the whisky is going to stay here." So the lawyer went, and a jollier, happier outing none of the men ever had.—Selected by The Bethel Record.

WHAT ONE BOY DID.

They were just sitting down to the table, twelve boys, their faces bright, their eyes sparkling with the anticipation of the dinner that was before them. It was Clifford Ray's birthday, and his mother had said he might invite eleven of his friends to a dinner party.

Clifford was an only child and an only grandchild and, strange as it may seem, he was blessed with three grandmothers. The way he came to have more than his share of grandmothers, was that his mother had married again, so there was her mother, his father's mother, and his stepfather's mother; stranger yet, they lived together, to all appearances in peace and concord, and vied with each other in petting and spoiling Master Clifford.

The boys lost no time in starting on the good things, and they ate as only healthy, growing boys can eat. They did not talk much at first, they were too busy for that; but they enjoyed themselves thoroughly, which made Mrs. Ray and the three kind old grandmothers who waited on them, beam with pleasure.

After they had got fairly started, Mrs. Ray unlocked the door of a little cupboard, built in the wall, and said smilingly, "Now, boys! I'm going to give you your choice of some very fine wine. I have all kinds here, you can take your choice, in honor of Clifford's birthday."

"Oh, that's fine, mother!" exclaimed Clifford. "Come, boys, what kind will you have?"

No one answered, so Mrs. Ray turned to the boy at the head of the table, George Karner, the biggest of the twelve, and the most popular; George usually took the lead in everything.

As Mrs. Ray turned to him, he answered politely, but without the slightest hesitation, "I won't take any, thank you, Mrs. Ray."

The boys looked at him in surprise, and Clifford's mother said, "What! Not any wine? Oh, you are so particular! Of course, it wouldn't do for boys to make a practice of drinking it; but this is something extra, and a glass won't hurt you, it will make a man of you."

George was tempted to reply that he knew just what kind of a man it would make of him, he had seen men like that, but he did not like to say anything rude to Mrs. Ray, so he answered politely, but as firmly as before, "No, thank you. I really can't take it. Please don't urge me!"

"Come, now! You won't refuse a lady, I'm sure!"

All eyes were turned on George. He colored slightly as Mrs. Ray poured out a glass of the sparkling beverage and set it before him; but his resolve was not shaken, and he repeated, "I'm sorry to have to refuse anything, but, indeed, I can't take it."

Mrs. Ray was evidently annoyed. "Well, I won't press you, if it's against your principles to drink it," she said, and turned to the next boy with, "Well, you'll take it, Harry Clark?"

George's refusal had given Harry courage to act. He knew his mother would not want him to take the wine; but he would not have been strong enough to refuse, if it had not been for his friend's example, so he said, "I don't believe I'll take any, either, Mrs. Ray."

Frank Miller, who sat next to Harry, said the same, and so it went all around the table until it came to Clifford.

"You'd better shut up the cupboard, mother, I don't believe any of the fellows want it."

Then they went on eating their dinner and were soon as merry as if the interruption had not occurred. The incident was seemingly forgotten.

But there was one who did not forget it. In the next room there was a listener, of whom none of the boys were aware. Mrs. Ray's brother had long been a source of trouble to his family. It was the old story of bad company and then all sorts of dissipation. He had tried one business after another, to make a failure of all. At last he had gone away, and his family hoped that the separation from his old companions might reform him; but he came back an utter wreck and failure.

Howard Morse had come in while the boys were at dinner. He was sober then, but he intended going out later in the afternoon with a number of boon companions, and "making a night of it" as usual. The door between the dining room and the library, where he had thrown himself down on the divan, was open, and he heard his sister's offer of the wine and George's refusal.

It reminded him of the time when he took his first glass of wine, and then he thought of the events which followed. Like all drunkards, at times he would have given anything he possessed to break the awful bondage, and now he wished heartily that when he had been offered his first glass, he had, like George, had the courage to refuse. Then the thought came to him, "Am I going to be outdone by a twelve-year-old

boy? What he can do, I can; it isn't too late yet. If God will only forgive me and help me, I'll never touch another drop."

A few minutes later the boys and Mrs. Ray and the three grandmothers were greatly surprised to see Howard Morse walk into the dining room and greet them cordially. Since he had started on the downward path, he had kept taciturnly to himself when he was at home, and avoided meeting any of the people who visited there. This was a new Howard, surely.

After dinner, instead of hurrying out of the house, he joined the boys in the library. He was so entertaining, instituting new games, and telling thrilling stories, that no one could believe the clock right when its hands pointed to the hour for leaving.

Reluctantly the boys went home, after bidding "Uncle Howard" a hearty good-night.

As George was going, Howard caught his arm and drew him aside "I want to tell you, George, that you saved me to-night."

George's eyes opened wide in astonishment. "Saved you? I?"

"Yes, it was your example in refusing the wine that set me to thinking, and I resolved to never touch another drop of liquor or have it in the house. I would like to join your temperance society. I want to help save others who have been as low as I was."

George was very happy that night, and when he prayed to his Heavenly Father, he did not forget to thank Him for the privilege which had been given him to save a soul by his example.

Howard Morse kept his word. He not only joined the temperance society, but later on, the church, and was known throughout the community as an earnest worker.

Some years afterwards he started out as a temperance lecturer, and was the means of leading many souls from the "broad road that leadeth to destruction." And in all his lectures, he never failed to give credit to the boy who had stood firm for his principle, and by his example pointed him to the way in which he was now walking.—Anne Guilbert Mahon in Union Signal.

A HELPMATE FOR HIM.

When Kitty Hastings married the Rev. John Carter, the people said she had made a mistake. It was well known that John was not her

only chance. She had had more than one wealthy wooer, but with the perversity of her sex, she had chosen John Carter, and John had no more money than she had.

Kitty was a pretty girl, small and slight, with graceful, gentle ways. She had a pair of honest, clear, gray eyes, and anybody who got one look from them, trusted her at once. Everybody liked Kitty Hastings, and a good many people loved her.

As for John, he was tall and slender; a scholarly-looking fellow, and indeed he had taken honors in his college course. There was nothing otherwise noticeable in his appearance, but there was a world of quiet determination written in the lines of his face, and he was, as Kitty often proudly said to herself, "as good as gold."

And John had decided to become a Home Missionary. "What a mistake!" people said again. "He should take a Professor's chair in some college, where he could indulge his scholarly tastes." But John felt that he had a "call" and Kitty stood by him; so he applied to the Home Board, was accepted, and appointed to—of all places in the world—Bitter Creek.

Bitter Creek was a typical Western town. The new railway running through it made it the natural outlet for a series of mining camps, and the stream from which it took its name ran through a wild and fertile valley, sure to be occupied by settlers. The first house built in Bitter Creek was a slab shanty for a railway station; the second was a liquor saloon, and on the third was the "Occidental Hotel," and in four weeks from the time these buildings were erected, Bitter Creek had seven hundred inhabitants and more were pouring in daily.

When John and Kitty arrived at Bitter Creek, they went to board at the Occidental Hotel, but the prices of that establishment were far beyond John's slender purse, and he made haste to build a little cabin like the others. It was, perhaps, one of the poorest shelters ever called by the beautiful name of home, but John and Kitty were very glad and thankful to be in it, and just as soon as John had Kitty fairly settled, he set about his Master's business in good earnest.

But how could a man like John, a little shy, a little stiff, a little formal in manner, trained in all the wisdom of the schools, but with no great knowledge of human nature, get into touch with such a community as this?

There was no room in the town where he could hold service, so one

Sunday he invited them to meet him in the open air. He stood upon a dry-goods box, surrounded by a crowd of rough faces, and Kitty standing close beside him, sang like a thrush:

"I am so glad that our Father in Heaven
Tells of His love in the Book He has given,
Wonderful things in the Bible I see:
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me."

They listened in silence while she sang, and were quiet during the opening prayer, but when John began to preach, interest flagged, and he found it hard to hold his audience.

Still, they did not despair. John succeeded, after a little, in erecting a building where he could hold services, though few came to the meetings. But John put in a word wherever he could, and Kitty made friends wherever she could. There were a few children in the place, and they gathered them into Sunday school. People soon found out that Parson Carter and his wife were friends worth having in sickness. Kitty would go with nourishing and delicate food, ready to nurse or to do anything to relieve the sufferer; and John was always by her side, strong and helpful.

So they lived until after baby Jack was born; and there never was such a baby, so merry, so hearty, so loving, and afraid of nothing in all the world. He was a little evangelist in his own right. Bitter Creek could not resist him. The rough miners coming down from camp used to pause at the window to see him while Kitty was putting him to bed, and she used to call them in, and put him, all rosy and warm in his little flannel nightgown, right into their arms. After the frolic, she would treat the company to cups of hot coffee, and taking the baby, would just sit down and sing while they listened,

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,"

until the boy was fast asleep.

One evening a messenger came for John, saying that a very sick man had need of him. On inquiry, it was found that the sick man was at a little settlement ten miles distant. John had never left Kitty alone at night before, and he hesitated.

"You must go, John," decided Kitty. "You must not miss this chance to do the Lord's bidding."

So, after a little consideration, John went for Mrs. Mulligan, a

decent, and kindly Irish neighbor, to come and stay with Kitty, and then started upon his lonely ride.

That was a dreadful night at Bitter Creek. A company of miners were in town. There was a great deal of drinking and excitement, and finally a quarrel, a pistol shot, and a poor drunken wretch fell dead, pierced through the heart by a bullet. The saloon-keeper instantly put out his lights, fearing the fray would continue. There were a few moments of wild confusion, but presently the dead man's friends bore him into the air. They soon saw that the shot had proved fatal. Some started to apprehend the murderer, but others remained by the poor dead body. They tried to return with it to the saloon, but the keeper of that establishment prudently refused to open his doors again. So they placed the remains upon a shutter and bore them to the Occidental; but the landlord there refused them a resting-place. It was a cold night, and something must be done, but no one knew where to go next for an asylum. At last one of the men spoke:

"Boys," said he, "let's go to Parson Carter's; he'll take poor Harry in, I know."

And so, about two o'clock in the morning, Kitty was aroused by a knock at the door. She hastily dressed, and opened it.

"Where's the Parson?" inquired a rough voice.

"He's at Brownville, with a sick man," explained Kitty. "What do you wish with him?"

"Nothing," stammered the man, embarrassed by the unexpected reply. "It's no matter; don't you be frightened. We just wanted the parson for something, that's all."

But Kitty had been looking at that black, motionless heap, which they had brought with them, and which they had laid upon the path as they parleyed.

"Is anyone hurt?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," said the man. "Leastways he ain't hurt now."

"Is he dead? Why do you bring him here?" asked Kitty—she had not lived a year in Bitter Creek for nothing.

"Because," answered the man in despair, "we ain't got nowhere else to put him."

He tried not to swear before Kitty, as he told how he had been refused shelter for his poor dead friend, and how as a last resort they had brought him to the parson's.

"Kitty made her decision instantly. "You have done quite right," said she. "It is just what my husband would wish; bring him in."

"Are you sure you won't be afraid, ma'am?" asked the man.

"I am not afraid," answered Kitty. "Bring him in, lay him in the sitting-room, and I will take care of him until morning."

They obeyed her, and laid their burden on the floor of the little room.

Kitty went into the bedroom and returned with a pillow for the poor head which would never need one any more. She knelt by the dead man, and, folding back the old coat which covered him, she lifted his head and slipped the pillow gently under it. When she saw his face she knew it, and she could not repress one pitiful little cry, and then with hands that never trembled, she closed the staring eyelids, and going to the bedroom once more, she returned with a handkerchief of John's which she laid gently over the quiet face; while the rough men stood awkwardly by, speechless, and watching her as if fascinated.

"There," said she, turning to them, "you can go now; I will take care of him—poor fellow—until my husband comes."

One or two of them tried to thank her with rough, husky voices, and one, the dead man's special comrade, asked if he should not stay with her until her husband came. But Kitty gently refused the offer, for indeed she was more afraid of the living than of the dead. She afterwards discovered, however, that this same man sat quietly upon the doorstep until he saw John riding down the road in the early morning.

Kitty and her friend kept the vigil together. Mrs. Mulligan, upon her knees, murmured prayers for the dead man's soul, and Kitty, kneeling beside her, prayed also; but she prayed for the living; and so John found the two women when he reached home.

That afternoon at sunset the murdered man was buried in the little graveyard which lay upon the bleak hillside just outside the town. John conducted the services. He spoke gently of the poor man whom they were laying away; but he did not neglect to speak a few solemn words, which came right from his heart, to the little company who listened. He told them what their responsibility was for that sad tragedy, and reminded them that such an end might easily be theirs if their lives remained unchanged.

That week a deputation came to call upon John and Kitty. The spokesman was the dead man's special friend.

"Parson," said he, "we know you'd like to preach to us. We know

it's your business, and we ain't behaved very polite to you about it, but now we're ready to listen. We know you're the right sort, an' as for your wife"—the speaker hesitated, and his voice shook—"she's the kind of a woman who makes a man believe in the angels, whether or no. There must be a God, or there couldn't be wimmen like her. And what we want to say is, if you have a big audience on Sunday, don't you be skeered. They'll behave perfectly respectful, an' you can say what you please to 'em;" and he added, shyly, "if Mrs. Carter would sing us a song, the boys would be mightily pleased."

On Sunday the rude little church was filled to overflowing, but it was a quiet and respectful audience. And Kitty did sing; and John preached as he had never preached before, for he was filled with the power of the Holy Spirit; and many souls were born again as the result of that blessed day's labor.

These incidents happened a number of years ago. As was expected, the fertile valley filled with settlers, and John broke the Bread of Life to them, while Kitty went out and in among them, winning all hearts.

"She is the one," said John, "who opens the way for me."

Many of the settlers were poor foreigners, ignorant of many things. It was Kitty who taught their wives to make wholesome bread, how to cut their children's garments, and how to sew them neatly. She was full of a sweet wisdom as to the care and training of children and the nursing of the sick. And everyone who was in trouble turned to her for help and sympathy as naturally as a child goes to its mother. And what she was, and is, to her husband, with her indomitable courage and cheer, her sanctified common sense, her lovely intuitions, and her utter unselfishness, only he knows.

By-and-by there were schoolhouses built in that valley, and John and Kitty had the help of intelligent men and women in their work. At last a beautiful church was built, and paid for, and John had the happiness of preaching the first sermon ever heard within its walls.

Then the Home Board said to John: "Another man can carry on this work, while you are peculiarly fitted for the frontier. Will you not go again to the front and open another new field?"

And John, like the true Soldier of the Cross that he is, answered, "I will go;" and to-day he stands again in the front rank with his face to the foe, and Kitty stands by his side.

Among friends of Home Missions, John's worth, I am glad to say,

is recognized, and the magnificent work which he is doing is spoken of appreciatively. But Kitty's labors are not noticed. Her name is not "mentioned in the dispatches," and yet the fight is hardest upon her, and she shows a courage which even transcends John's. In fact, John could never do the work he does, without her.

She has four little mouths to feed now, and four dear little bodies to clothe, and yet John's salary is no larger than it was when he was married, and even that is not always promptly paid, for the Board itself is sometimes in debt to them, because the great Presbyterian Church does not pay all "its tithes into the storehouse." Kitty has to work far too hard. She scrubs, she cleans, she cooks, she sews; she stops at nothing by which she can make her family comfortable; and she helps John in the parish work besides.

Kitty has grown too, early old, and she is very tired. She does not falter. No; but unless help comes soon, she will slip from John's side like a wreath of snow in the spring sunshine, and to her husband and children, and to the church of Christ, her death will be an irreparable loss.

Kitty is not the only woman whose precious life is being poured out like water upon the Home Mission fields of the Church, and in these days, when the cause of Christ needs every helper, is it right for us who stay at home, to allow our sisters who are bearing the burdens and the heat of the day, in the tremendous conflict which is now going on between the evil and the good, to make so costly and so needless a sacrifice?—Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

THE STORY OF "OLD WIESMAN."

Mr. Melvin E. Trotter, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is a converted drunkard and an earnest worker. In the course of a characteristic address, given in colloquial language (at the Norfield Conference), he told the story of a noted convert known as "Old Wiesman."

"Old Wiesman would come to our mission over and over again. And he would come forward and 'get religion' just as often as we would ask him, and then he would beg a quarter (of a dollar) and go out and get drunk again. He could cry on short notice, and had a long moustache that would catch his tears. Then, when I got out of patience,

he would bring up my past life to me, and tell me how much worse I had been than he ever could be. He had a way of working himself up into great religious fervor, by getting a chair in front of him and pounding that, and making all kinds of promises to be good. But he would always end up by saying, 'Now give me a quarter!'

"And he would go out, and we would not see him for a few days. But he always turned up at the end of that time in a worse state than before, and would 'get religion' all over again. When we argued with him, he would say, 'Well, you men know how hard it is, and I really do try.' And then he would try me for another quarter. I never had the heart not to give it to him. I never refuse. If I did, I would have more money now. All old 'spongers' always ask for a quarter. That is the proverbial amount. And they always 'have not had anything to eat for three days.' It is never two, or two and a half days, but always three days.

"Well, the old fellow came in and stayed in for a year and a half or two years. But he fell again, and for a while we lost track of him. I had office hours, and one morning I set out to write my annual report. Now, if any of you have had your early education neglected, you know how hard it is to write. Then came 'Old Wiesman' once more, more drunk than ever. He said: 'Brother Trotter.' I cried: 'Don't bother me;' and turned him out.

"In the meeting I got down on one knee and I prayed: 'Lord, I treated that old fellow just right. I am glad I threw him out. He is a disgrace to our mission. He just gets drunk over and over again, and he 'works me' until I am tired of it. My prayer never got any higher than my hat. But I went and told the Lord all about what I had done without any bad conscience. I went across the street to the hotel for dinner, and I never had a worse meal. Nothing was right.

"That night when I went home, I did not lead the family prayers. Little Phoebe, a little girl we have in our house, read the Bible, and my wife prayed. She said: 'O Lord, if there went anything wrong with my husband to-day, please help him.' I went to bed, but I could not sleep. I got up, and knelt down in a big leather chair I have. I fell on my knees, but for once I could not pray. But I heard a voice say to me: 'Trotter, did I treat you like you treated old man Wiesman, when you were drunk and down, and had not a friend in the world? Did I kick you out in the cold? I suffered much more for you than you did for

old man Wiesman. I suffered and died on the cross for you, and is that the way you treat a poor man in need?"

"Then I began to pray for forgiveness. I never loved a man so much in my life as I did old Wiesman when I had been praying for about five minutes. I just loved him with all my heart, and I have loved every drunkard ever since. And that is the only way I am able to help these men. I just love them to God. I never forget that I was a drunkard, and that Jesus found me when I was the drunkest; for which I have been praising Him ever since. Then I remembered that Wiesman had told me over and over again, that I was the only friend he had, and that when I threw him over he would kill himself.

"I just prayed and prayed that God would give me back old man Wiesman. I sent each of my men out in a different quarter to look for him. I told them not to come back until they had searched every saloon and cheap lodging-house in the quarter. But they searched and searched without effect. One night, shortly after, I was on a gospel wagon holding a service, and all of a sudden I spied my man. I sprang down from that wagon and ran to him, and just put both arms around him and said:

"'O Wiesman, I love you.' He was drunk and dirty, and his moustache was longer than ever. He sobbed and sobbed until it was full, and he said: 'Do you love me, really, Brother Trotter?' And I said: 'Yes, Brother Wiesman, I do. Why, man, I have looked this town over for you.' He said: 'Do you really love me?' and I repeated: 'I do.' 'Then lend me a quarter, Brother Trotter,' he said. And then he sobbed real hard, and he did it very well. I said: 'Old man, will you forgive me? I am so sorry I kicked you out that day. I have been mad with myself ever since. For the Lord's sake, forgive me.' And Wiesman said: 'Yes, if you really love, of course I will forgive you; but give me a quarter.' I gave him half-a-dollar, and said: 'For God's sake, don't drink that up.' Then I made him promise to come to the meeting at the mission that night. He did, and the very first one to come forward for prayer was old Wiesman. He was really and genuinely converted that night. He showed me thirty-five cents of the fifty I gave him, and the other fifteen had gone for supper. He was sober, too, and he stayed sober. And I tell you, my friends, I have never kicked a man out since then. My message is to love drunkards, for that is the only way you can save them."—London Christian.

A SALOONKEEPER'S PLEA.

The Newman M. E. Church is the largest in the city of Bloomsbarre, having over eight hundred members.

The official board is in session.

A very animated discussion is going on over the withdrawal of twenty-seven members of the church. Dr. Williamson, the eloquent pastor, is speaking.

"I admit, that in point of numbers, twenty-seven out of over eight hundred would make but very little difference, but see who the twenty-seven are—the very ones who carry on our prayer meetings and attend to the spiritual affairs of the church. It is true, that they are not the wealthy part of our church, but a church can not be run by money alone."

"Brother Williamson," spoke up the Hon. Chas. Smith, a member of the legislature, "I say, let them go; we will get along better without them. They have gone grown crazy over the Prohibition party, and right here in our prayer-meeting some of them have grown so bold as to declare that any man who did not vote their ticket was supporting the liquor traffic. Now, I claim to be as good a prohibitionist as any man in the Prohibition party, and, indeed, a better prohibitionist, for the reason that I had the honor of voting for the enactment of our present license law, which has done more for temperance than the Prohibition party will ever accomplish."

Then Judge Grant, one of the county judges, spoke up: "Gentlemen, this recent discussion about the church being the bulwark of the liquor traffic is nothing short of blasphemy in calling the faithful followers of the Lord Jesus Christ the upholders of the rum traffic, the greatest curse the world has seen. I agree with Bro. Smith, let these Prohibition cranks go, and our church will go on in peace." (Applause from the other members of the board.)

"Of course," said Dr. Williamson, "we will have to give them their letters, for we can find no fault with their Christian character. But we have none to take their places in the public prayer service. This is one of the evils of bringing politics into religion; they won't mix. The Grand Old Republican party is a good enough temperance party for me, and while it is not up to the standard on the temperance question that I would like to see it, yet I am not going to throw my

vote on a party that hasn't a ghost of a chance of electing its candidates." (Applause.)

"I don't understand what these fanatical Prohibitionists want," said the Hon. Mr. Smith. "Our church, as a church, has declared that the 'liquor traffic cannot be legalized without sin,' and nothing stronger could be uttered. The man who sells liquor for a living is worse than a——"

Just then there was sharp knock on the door.

"Come in," responded the double bass voice of Dr. Williamson.

The door opened and the portly form of the saloonkeeper across the street appeared in the doorway. He was the first to break the oppressive silence.

"Gentlemen, knowing this to be your regular meeting, I decided to come over and inform you that I and my family have made up our minds to join your church and help along the good work you are doing."

This speech was greeted with dumb astonishment by the members of the board. Dr. Williamson was the first to speak:

"Have you given up the saloon business?"

"No, sir," replied the saloonkeeper.

"Are you going to?"

"No, sir! I am conducting a respectable place, and see no reason why I should."

"Well," slowly replied the doctor, "our church rules prohibit us from taking in dealers in liquor, and for that reason we must refuse you."

"Oh," said the saloonkeeper, a flush of anger coming into his already florid face. "I was not aware of that. On what ground does your church refuse to admit saloonkeepers?"

"On the ground that they are engaged in a business that sends souls to hell," replied Dr. Williamson. "The Bible says that no drunkards shall inherit the kingdom of God, and therefore no drunkard maker can. More than that, the liquor traffic cannot be legalized without sin."

The saloonkeeper was thoroughly aroused by this time, and in a suppressed, angry tone he asked:

"Do you know that a great many of your members are regular customers of mine?"

"I have heard that some were," said Dr. Williamson.

"Do you know that two of this official board, now in this room, are among my regular customers?"

No reply, but two very red faces showed who had been hit.

"Do you know that I got my license from Judge Grant, who sits right here, for which I paid the regular license fee?"

"Hold on," said Judge Grant, "you are going too fast, my friend; I do not make the laws, and I am compelled by the license law to grant licenses; therefore, I am not responsible."

"Well, the law was enacted by Mr. Smith, there, and other republicans."

"You can't place the responsibility on me," said Mr. Smith. "I carried out the wishes of those who elected me. Had I been elected on a Prohibition platform, I would have voted for a prohibitory law. My party stands for license, and I voted for the law."

"I understand that fully," said the saloonkeeper, "but I voted for you; so did Judge Grant; so did Dr. Williamson, the rest of this board, and the majority of voters in your church. I took it for granted that all who voted for you believed in license. Now, I am politely told that I cannot join this heaven-bound band, and that I shall go to hell. Dr. Williamson here voted for you, Smith, to pass a license law which compels Judge Grant to give me a license—to go to hell! I am the fourth party to the agreement, and, without the consent of you three, I could not engage in the whisky business. You three are bound for heaven, where you will wear crowns and play on golden harps, while I am to suffer the torments of the damned! Gentlemen, if your Bible is true, and I go to hell for selling whisky, you will go with me to hell for voting to give me the legal right to do so. Good-night."

With that he vanished, closing the door behind him with a vigorous slam.

The members of the official board looked steadfastly on the floor, each one seemingly afraid to break the silence. They were Christian men; believed they were doing their Christian duty. But the saloonkeeper, in his fierce arraignment of those present, had placed a tremendous responsibility on their shoulders. Each one was doing some pretty serious thinking, when Dr. Williamson ended the silence by saying slowly:

"Brethren, that saloonkeeper told us some terrible truths. Brethren,

our hands are not clean, nor our skirts unspotted. Let us go home and pray for light."—Tallie Morgan.

ELI PERKINS JOINS A DRINKING CLUB.

**Being Told There Is More Drinking Than Ever in Maine and Kansas,
He Makes an Investigation.**

"Sellin' whiskey in Kansas!" exclaimed the purple-nosed railroad passenger, as he bit off a chew of plug tobacco while the train was pulling out of Topeka. "Drinkin' whiskey! Why, they're drinkin' more whiskey than they ever did before!"

"But we never see any barrooms," I remarked.

"No, they ain't no bars, an' they ain't no sign of a bar; but they's drinkin'."

Then I rode through the state without seeing a barroom, a drunken man, or a sign up where whiskey was for sale. Valuable corners were occupied by stores, and the money that used to go into the open saloons was going into the stores. I found that Kansas used to send out \$15,000,000 a year to Peoria and Kentucky for whiskey, and now she is sending out about a million a year. I found that Kansas is now saving through temperance \$14,000,000 a year, and in ten years will save \$140,000,000; and still that red-nosed lounge in the smoking car is continually screeching through the car:

"They's drinkin' more whiskey in Kansas than they ever did before!"

Up in Maine I heard the same whiskey-drinkers' refrain. It never came from a church member or from a prosperous moral business man. It always came from a drinking man. So during my last trip through Maine I decided to investigate and find out if the law preventing drunkenness doubled the drunkards—if the law preventing the sale of whiskey really increased the sale of it.

Well, a lecture engagement called me up to Farmington, twenty-five miles north of Lewiston. As the engagement was for Saturday night, and as no trains run on Sunday, I had to drive up from Lewiston. It was a ten-dollar ride through the snow.

"This is a temperance state, isn't it?" I said to the stableman as he was hitching up his team.

"Temperance state!" he exclaimed; "why, they'pourin' down whiskey here—drinkin' more'n they ever did before."

"Hadn't you better take a hot milk punch before we start?" I said.

"Hot milk punch!" he said, his eyes snapping with joy; "yes, it would taste good; but you can't get those fancy drinks up here. No bars, you know, an' you've got to make them fancy drinks at home."

"But when there is so much drinking there must be bars near by," I said.

"Well, they're drinkin', all the same, but we don't have bars. We have to manage a little, and it takes time, you know."

So we started off for the long twenty-five mile ride through the snow. We passed several hotels, and stopped and warmed. There were no barrooms, and hot lemonades were the only drinks to be had.

We found Farmington without a bar, and a thorough temperance town. The audience that greeted me showed temperance, intelligence and prosperity in their faces.

Coming back the next morning, I said to my driver: "It is strange that people will so traduce this temperance state."

"They don't traduce it," said the driver. "They's drinkin' goin' on here. I can get you a drink."

"You can get me a drink," I said with an accent on the "can." "Why, of course you can," I said enthusiastically; and when we get to Lewiston we'll have some nice hot whiskey, won't we."

"I'm afraid I'll be too busy putting out my horse; but I could get you a drink if I had time."

"But I'll pay a boy for unhitching the horse," I said, as we drove into the Lewiston stable. "Now, let's have the drink, come on!"

"All right," said the driver. "I think I can get a drink; but mebbly the whiskey is out, and we'll have to take bottled beer."

Then I followed him through the dried weeds and snow along the river bank.

"This isn't the way to a saloon," I said.

"No, I'm going to Mike Grady's. Mrs. Grady has some beer left over from a funeral."

When we reached the rear end of Grady's cabin, the driver knocked on the door.

"Be aff from there!" said an Irish woman's voice. "It's no use comin' round here. The perlice has been round here, and poor Moike has gone wid 'em."

"Con—found it!!" said my driver, striking his left hand with his

right fist; "the police are always gettin' on the end of a wake. But I can get you a drink yet." Then he looked at me quizzically, and said:

"Will you join a club?"

"A what!"

"A club."

"Yes, I'll join anything to get the drink. I'll join the Masons, join a hose company, join a church—anything."

"Come along, then. I know where it is."

Then I followed him across the bridge and up on Maine street. Then he turned up a pair of stairs, and I followed him up three stories to a door with a little wicket door in the center, where he gave three knocks and the wicket flew open. Then commenced some low whispering, and then the big door slowly opened.

"Fifty cents is the price of membership," he said, holding out a card with my name written on it. Then we went to the next room, where there was a bottle of whiskey on the table. I took it in my hand and smelt of it.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Oh, don't be afraid of it. It's whiskey."

It was whiskey—Maine whiskey, but such whiskey! My man had kept his word. I looked at the bottle, then looked at my membership card. I have that card now. I'm a member in good standing.

"Well," I said, "this is pretty near prohibition. If walking eight blocks, climbing up three pairs of stairs, joining a club of drunkards, and paying fifty cents to look at a bottle of vile poison, isn't prohibition, I never expect to see it."

If any clergyman reading this article doubts the truth of my story, I will send him my membership ticket by return mail—with my affidavit appended.

Prohibition does prohibit whiskey about as much as the law prohibits stealing. They still steal, but they steal less. If the penalty against liquor selling were as strong as it is against murder, there would be as few liquor sellers as murderers, and there would be less tears and less poverty in this world, and less sulphur in the next.—Eli Perkins, in the New Voice.

WHAT A TREMENDOUS PRICE.

For two terrible days I was a drunkard's wife. Yes, Joe was drunk

once; and that for so brief a space that it could easily be blotted out of the years; but, with his one swing of the black scythe, Joe wrought more than some do in a life of drinking.

We had been married about four years when it all happened. During those years there had been no intoxicants in our home, nor had Joe partaken of them elsewhere; but I didn't know that his grandfather died a victim of drinking, nor that his father, through life, fought an inherited appetite.

It was the second time Joe had attended his club since his recovery. I remember little Grace held out her hands and cried to go with him. He gazed at her a minute, then said to himself:

"I wish I could take her with me."

I knew afterward that the temptation was upon him.

When Joe came home that night he was—drunk, my husband drunk. Old Mr. Symons helped him up the steps.

"Just be patient, Mrs. Hunter," he said to me, "he'll be all right, he's too good for this. I'd a kept out o' sight only I thought you'd feel better if you knew it was only me; I'll keep what I know," and with that assurance, the good old soul went away and left me with my drunken husband.

I cried out in my strange despair:

"Joe must be saved, by God's mercy and help, he must. He must stop, and at once, and little Grace must never know that her father was one day, and one day only, a drunkard.

"How can it be done?"

"The crystal tears of wives before and with me are flowing against the purple tide of woe. The cry of little children shrieks out against the clamor of the bar-room. These are apparently of small avail; but little Grace and I must save our loved one."

I depended much on Grace, how much I did not know. But God must sometimes use severe measures.

Joe didn't go down to his office till after noon next day. Grace had been very sick with the croup, and I took that as an excuse for begging him to stay at home that day.

"Your mother will be over and help you take care of Grace," he assured me.

"Mother won't be here till evening; you surely won't go out again tonight?"

"I'm very busy, Mary."

"Well, kiss Grace good-bye."

My heart sank, but I thought Grace in her mute appeals, could do more than I could by argument.

"I'd like to take her with me."

Again I knew how hard it was for him to resist the temptation to drink.

Joe didn't come home for tea as usual. My mother came and went and I was left waiting, waiting far into the midnight hour. Then I heard someone come into the yard and fumble at the window. I started for the servant's room to arouse her, but my heart forbade me; then I went boldly to the window and raised the blind; there he was. I went out and helped him in.

He slept heavily for two or three hours. I listened to his broken breathing, then to the soft slumbers of Grace, in her little cot, interrupted occasionally by her croupy cough, for which I administered her cough medicine. Toward morning my nerves became so exhausted that I fell asleep. Grace had a severe attack of coughing, but it did not suffice to arouse my weary senses till I heard Joe speaking in a thick voice, and, in the gray dawn, I could see him standing beside Grace's cot.

"Joe!" I cried, "what are you doing?"

In the same thick tones he replied that he was giving her some medicine for her cough. I was at his side in a second; but it was too late; he had given her the medicine and her little body was already beginning to writhe under its effects. I took the bottle from his hand. To my horror, it was not a medicine bottle, but a small jar containing a carbolic disinfectant that I kept on a table remote from the medicine chest.

I did everything I could for Grace, and, being a trained nurse, I felt that nothing more could be done. But in ten minutes she was gone; gone where she would know what her father had done, and what she had done to save him.

The awfulness of the next two hours! I felt paralyzed. Joe's stupor was wearing off; he knew that something was wrong with Grace, but he was ignorant of his terrible crime. I couldn't find it in my heart to cry out against him, to arouse the servant, or call the neighbors. Those two awful hours in a home of every comfort and with the tenderest of husbands—but he was drunk, and, unknown to himself, had committed a crime.

Then I sent for my people; they came, they did everything that was

to be done. I took care of Joe. They asked few questions; just left us alone in our sorrow. They little knew how great that sorrow was; no one but myself knew; Joe didn't know, how could he? He was drunk, but the effect of the liquor wore off and Joe was himself as he always had been except for those two days. Still, I didn't tell him; as it was, his remorse was all that he and I could bear; so I kept the terrible secret alone during the days that all that was mortal of Grace lay there.

Joe and I were alone that evening in our little sitting room. The others were around the house somewhere, doing what they could; it mattered not to us what they did. Then the burden of my secret came upon me; it crushed me.

"Joe."

"Yes, Mary."

Then I told him.

* * * * *

It was not for Joe only that the price was paid. In the lonely years that have followed Joe has gone into the thickest of the fight against drink and has saved many a poor, innocent child from the clutches of a drunken father.—Maine Temperance Record.

WHY THE JANITOR WAS NOT DISCHARGED.

"The Principal said it dreadful cross," announced Bobby Burke to a group of boys and girls in a corner of the school yard. "He said, 'Peterson, if this happens again, I shall certainly report you to the Superintendent, and you know what that means.'"

"He's been doing it lots lately, most every day," said Nan Crockett, "only Professor White never caught him at it."

"It's straight against the rules that he should drink beer, my papa says," said Don Russell, "and why such a nice man as Mr. Peterson should do it, I can't see."

"I guess I know partly," piped up Jean Gladding. "Mr. Peterson's wife, she's mostly sick and they never have regular meals, and he just has to bring a dry, old lunch, and probably, Uncle Ned says, he wants the beer to wash it down with, or thinks he'll get a free lunch with his glass of beer."

"It would be just dreadful if they 'fired' Mr. Peterson and had a man

for janitor like the one they have at the Babbitt School, who don't like boys and girls a bit," said another.

"Mr. Peterson's just splendid. He taught me how to skate last winter," chimed in Nell.

"And he pulled Don and me to school on our sleds lots of times," added Dorothy Russell.

Then the bell rang and Mr. Peterson and his troubles were forgotten. Not forgotten by all, however, for Donald and Dorothy Russell kept thinking of him all the afternoon.

"I could let him have my orange every day," said Dorothy, as they trudged home that afternoon.

"And mother always puts in an extra sandwich; he could have those; and let's go without pie; we always have cookies, too," said Don. When they talked the matter over with Mother, she entered heartily into their plans.

"What he ought to have is something hot to drink," she suggested.

"Mother," said Dot at last, "if Don and I would promise to wipe every single dish after dinner at night, do you suppose that Ann would bring us over a little pail of real hot coffee every day just before the bell rang?"

"Ask her," said Mother, with a smile.

Mr. Peterson had half a notion not to try to eat the dry, hard lunch he knew he would find in the newspaper parcel in his overcoat pocket. But when he went to get it, it had disappeared, and in its place was a neat white box that was altogether too big to go clear into the pocket. Across it and across the shining surface of a little tin pail that hung on the next nail was written on a slip of paper in a boyish hand: "For Mr. Peterson's lunch." The janitor got very red in the face, and had a queer lump in his throat as he took down the pail of fragrant coffee and tasted the delicious sandwiches and fresh doughnuts and pie. It seemed almost too good to be true, when the same delightful miracle happened every noon for weeks. During those weeks, Mr. Peterson quite lost his appetite for the things they sold in Dannehy's saloon around the corner.

Then came a whole long week when Mrs. Russell was away from home to take care of a sick sister, and Don and Dorothy quite forgot about the lunch. It happened about that time, too, although Dot and Don couldn't know it, that Mr. Peterson's baby was sick with croup, and Mr. Peterson was so tired when he came down on Friday morning that

he could hardly hold up his head to attend to his work. It was harder than ever after having had Mrs. Russell's well-cooked lunches, to take out the newspaper parcel and munch its dry contents. It had been weeks now, he reasoned, since he had taken a drink of beer; he would just run over to Dannehy's back door and get a taste; it would brace him up for the afternoon and night. Alas for Mr. Peterson, just as he was sneaking out of the saloon door back to the schoolhouse, he met Professor White. "It's all over with me now," thought the janitor. "What a fool I am." But somebody else had seen Mr. Peterson.

"Oh, Donald," exclaimed Dorothy, "we forgot it—the coffee and lunch, and he went for his beer and Professor White—"

"We just ought to be ashamed of ourselves," said Don. "I heard somebody say this morning that the Peterson baby was awful sick, and maybe that's why. Well, we couldn't be always taking care of Mr. Peterson anyway!" and Don tossed his head impatiently.

"But it's too bad we forgot just when the baby was sick," said Dorothy with a tremble in her voice. "Donald Russell, I'm going straight up to the Principal's room and tell him all about it, and tell him we—you and I—will be re-spon-si-ble." Dot stumbled over the big word. "Isn't that the right word, Don, that we'll be re-sponsible for Mr. Peterson, if he'll let him try again?"

Don stared at his sister. "You, Dorothy Russell, you go up to the Principal's room! You know you'll be scared to death to go near there."

"I know it," said Dot in a very shaky voice, "but Mother says it's brave to do things you're afraid to do if it's right. I may cry, I'm not sure; but anyway I'm going." Dorothy hurried off. Donald hesitated a minute, then he called, "Stop, Dorothy Russell. You needn't think I'm going to let you go all alone."

The Principal was looking out of the window, trying to make up his mind to go down and have a talk with the janitor, when there came a timid knock at the door.

"We know all about it," began Dorothy, plunging into the middle of her story.

"Know all about what?" asked the Principal.

"About your having to tell Mr. Peterson to go if he went after the beer, and we've just come to tell you that we—Don and I—are partly to blame, and that we'll be re-sponsible for Mr. Peterson's acting right, if you'll let him off."

"He don't understand," interrupted Don, man-fashion. "Let me tell him, Dot. You see Mr. Peterson's wife and the baby are sick and he don't have nice lunches." Then Don explained about the way these had been supplied, until the unhappy day they both forgot to do it.

"You'll please let him off this once, if we promise to be re-sponsible for him?" chimed in Dot.

"Bless your hearts, children," answered the Principal, with a tender smile. "I certainly will give Mr. Peterson one more chance on the promise of such good friends to be responsible for him, and after this there'll be at least three—for I shall join you—who will stand by him and help him fight his battle, and I'm sure he'll not disappoint us, when he knows how much we all care for him."

The Principal was right, and the children of the Wilcox School still rejoice in having the best janitor in the city.—Julia F. Deane, in *Union Signal*.

· WHEN BILLY VISITED THE MAYOR

"Peter Brown says there's sure a law agin it," said Mrs. O'Brien plaintively, as she scrubbed vigorously at her washing.

"Sure, and Peter Brown he knows," answered Billy sympathetically from the stairway. "Why don't yer go and tell Mulligan that he ain't no right to sell your Tim the stuff?"

Mrs. O'Brien wiped her eyes with a sudsy apron as she stopped to answer: "And haven't I just done that very thing, Billy, and didn't he grin and say, 'A law agin it, is there? Well, what of that? You ain't supposing I've got time to go down to the City Hall an hunt up laws agin my business? I've got enough to do to look after thirsty folks who comes for drinks.'"

Billy gave his crutch an impatient thump upon the stair. How he longed to be a big, strong man who could show saloon-keepers that there was a law against making poor widows' sons into drunkards, but as he was only Billy, weak and lame and poor, what could he do? However, that very afternoon he had a long talk with his friend, Mike Donovan, the corner policeman, concerning the matter. "If the Mayor, he could know 'bout it," said Billy thoughtfully, "I suppose he'd just fix it up quick; now wouldn't he?"

"The Mayor, he's an awful busy man, he is," answered big Mike doubtfully.

That night Billy's dreams were of the Mayor, sitting on a lofty throne in the City Hall all day, poring over great volumes, and every now and then pausing to send his servants out after those who did not mind the laws written in the great book, for that was what innocent Billy supposed was the work of the great Mayor and his many servants, the police.

"And of course it's writ there somewhere in the big book about selling the stuff to boys," the lad thought sleepily, "but mebbe the Mayor—he ain't got to that part yet, or mebbe he just skipped it—" and then Mayor, law books and broken laws grew vague and shadowy, as Billy fell asleep.

The City Hall clock was striking the hour of noon the next day, and the Mayor and his secretary were wearily making their way through a mass of correspondence, when Billy's crutch came thump—thump—thump down the corridor. Although a hungry horde of office-seekers hovered around the door, denied admittance, the timid entreaties of the lame boy secured him an audience with the great man of the city, and, somewhat frightened and trembling, Billy found himself standing in the Mayor's private office. To make things all the more confusing, there was no throne, as he had dreamed, and although rows of books lined the walls, there was no sign of the massive, velvet-bound, gold-clasped volume which Billy expected to see lying before the Mayor. It was a very ordinary, kindly-faced man who looked into Billy's face and asked his errand.

"Say," said Billy, swallowing a lump in his throat, "I was 'fraid you'd jess skip it in the book, you know; the law about giving boys things to drink, or mebbe you ain't got there yet—but Mulligan down on our corner—he keeps the saloon—he says he ain't no time to come down here and find out what's the law, and so he jess keeps on givin' Mrs. O'Brien's Tim whisky and beer and things—that is, he gives it when he's got money, and he won't pay no attention to Mrs. O'Brien when she says ter him there's a law agin it. Tim—he's a right smart fellow—only fifteen—when he ain't a drinking, and Mrs. O'Brien—he's all she's got, and I thought mebbe you wouldn't mind when yer got to the place about selling to boys, if I jess let yer know that Mulligan he didn't know 'bout the law, and you'd send somebody down to tell him, so't he won't do it any more."

The Mayor had quite thrown off the air of weariness, and sat listening with real interest.

"So Mulligan hasn't time to learn the law, eh? Well, this is a case that needs attention. I rather think I've heard of this Mulligan before, in other cases where he didn't have time to learn the law of this city. Brandenburg," turning to his secretary, "make a careful note of that man's name and location, and the charge the boy makes. Take immediate steps—immediate, you understand—to look into the matter, and if the charge is true, and I have no doubt it is, that man's license is to be revoked."

Then, turning to Billy, "And now, my boy, I'm glad to have met you," and the great man stretched out his prosperous hand to clasp Billy's thin, scrawny one. "I wish I had more loyal citizens who are interested in having the laws obeyed rather than in getting a job. I want you to keep your eyes open, my boy, and if you hear of any more saloon men who haven't time to learn that law about selling to boys under age, just let me know."

The excitement in the old tenement was great when it was learned that Billy had actually visited the Mayor in person; nor was it lessened when it was later discovered that Mulligan's license had been revoked. No one was more deeply impressed than Mrs. O'Brien's Tim.

"It's the Mayor hisself, Tim," Billy solemnly told him, "as would shut up every drink house in the ward to keep you the fine boy ye was before ye got ter going to Mulligan's. And say, Tim, if I'd a mother like your'n and a Mayor who wanted to make a man of me, I'd give it a try myseif along with 'em, that's what I would."

And Tim, hanging his head, answered humbly, "Say, Billy, I ain't worth all the fuss; but if you think I am, say, I'll just do it, I will; I'll give it a try too."—Julia F. Deane, in *Union Signal*.

HOW JIMMY KEPT CHRISTMAS.

"A merry Christmas to you, Jim," said Mr. Thomas Dalrymple carelessly, as he counted out the change for his papers.

"Thanks," said the newsboy, and his grimy fingers closed over the money. "Wisht yer sayin' would make it so."

"Well, I suppose it can't be any too merry for a boy who has to sell papers for a living," answered the young man. "I say, Ned," turning

to his companion who was sitting with his feet perched high up on the radiator, while he puffed at a cigar, "Let's invite Jim to our little supper tonight — to fill Charley's place." He lowered his voice, and turned his head away from Jim, as he added: "It will be great sport to see how the boy will act in such a place. He's an original chap."

Ned nodded a "yes," with a sly wink of understanding.

Many a worried shopper and tired business man paused that day to look a second time into the happy face of a certain newsboy on the city's crowded corner, and to note the almost exultant ring in the lusty voice as he cried:

"Here's yer 'Merican, 'Erald and Chronicul! Here's yer papur!"

What did it matter if the frosty wind nipped the poorly protected toes and fingers, or if customers forgot to buy, and careless crowds jostled the hungry, tired boy. Jim was going to have a merry Christmas. He closed out his papers a little earlier than usual and hurried home to tell his mother.

"I wisht yer and little Bud had been invited, too," he said, "but mebbe there'll be oranges and things to bring yer. Lame Dick says there mostly is at such doin's."

Never had there been such frantic attempts at making an elaborate toilet; such scrubbing of face and grimy hands, such brushing and hurried darning of ragged coat and trousers, such painful efforts with the comb.

Jimmy's usually level head whirled with delight and amazement, as he was ushered into what seemed to him a fairyland. Half a dozen jovial voices made him welcome, and he was hurried to the one vacant chair at a table which glittered with cut glass, silver and china.

"What'll you have, sonny?" asked Tom Dalrymple, pushing a glass of something sparkling toward him. "Here's all kinds of things to make a merry Christmas."

Jim drew a ragged coat-sleeve across his dazzled eyes, and straightened his shoulders, as if to cast off the spell of magic which the warmth and light and fragrance had thrown about him.

"What is it?" he asked, pointing at the beaded liquor in the offered glass.

"Something to warm your heart and make you forget you're a newsboy — make you think you're a howling swell, with money in your

pocket." It was Tom Dalrymple's voice, grown somewhat thick from too much wine.

The boy of the street corner, forced by his hard life to read men at a glance, looked keenly round the table from the empty glasses to the reckless faces. Every face bore the mark of the evening's feasting in its loss of manhood. The boy's lips curled with scorn and disgust.

"Say! is dis what yer call Chrismus?" he demanded, "If 'tis, then here's one feller's done with it all right. No Chrismus fer me. No sirree. Can't afford to be knocked out of my job by that stuff," he continued in no uncertain tone, pointing straight at the ruby wine upon the table.

"O, I say, Jim, what's that you're giving us?" It was Tom Dalrymple's irritable voice, angered that the sport of the evening should be thus spoiled. "Just taste a bit. It's only wine; it won't hurt you. 'Twill warm you up."

"Not on yer life." The boy's face was almost stern. "I know that stuff, I do. I tried it onct. Mebbe you fellers ain't got anybody ter be lookin' out fer, so it don't count if you lose yer jobs. It's different with this feller. I've got a mammy and a little kid what's growin' up that has to have grub and togs to wear. And say, don't yer forget it, there's a dozen guys a stayin' wake nights to get that corner of mine to sell their papers. Think I'm going to lay myself out with that stuff? No, sirree; no Chrismus for this kid, if that's the game."

Six manly faces had grown strangely ashamed and quiet, as Jim thus frankly stated his position, at the same time leaving the table and pushing back his chair determinedly, although his hungry eyes looked greedily at the good things which stood within his reach.

"Say, boys," the voice of Ned Burton, who had partaken less freely of the wine than the others, broke the silence. "It is a heathenish way to spend Christmas. I've a beastly headache already, and we all know where we'll be tomorrow morning if we keep it up. Fill up, Jim, with everything you like the looks of on the table, and stuff your pockets, too. Then we'll go out together and seek another kind of Christmas. It isn't fair to let you think this is a sample of Christmas."

"Just wait for me, too," said another voice. "The stores are open yet, and I'll go along and help load up with something for the 'kid

what's growin' up.' I haven't quite forgotten the Christmas I had when I was a boy."

* * * * *

"Say, there wuz about ten minutes I thought for sure Chrismus was no 'count," Jim confided to his mother the next morning, as they sat serenely happy before a comfortable fire, fed by Christmas fuel, delighting in the joy of little Bud as he opened package after package of Christmas joy. "But, say," Jim continued, "one of them fellers, he said a queer thing. He said it kind of 'shamed like; 'Jim, yer a sort of Santy Claus yerself, fer you've brought two of us fellers the right sort of Chrismus, and what's more, there'll be two mothers in two homes that'll have a merrier Chrismus than they've had for many a year. You're all right, Jim.' Then he squeezed my hand tight like, and wished a merry Chrismus, and was gone. Say, wasn't that queer now?"

But Jim's mother only wiped a tear away with the corner of a ragged apron, and softly answered, "Thank the Lord."—Julia F. Deane, in *Union Signal*.

WHEN THE BARRACKS WENT DRY.

Only childhood, sanguine and idealistic, would have imagined such an undertaking possible; but to Johnny Swavoke and Tim Sherry, boys of ten or eleven years, it appeared highly feasible and patriotic. They had been attending a picnic for the children of the neighborhood, given by the workers of the Settlement House; a great occasion, with a brass band and games and plenty to eat, including ice cream. Yet the thing that had most impressed these small boys, walking home together from the steamboat landing, was the address of the afternoon on "The Fourth of July and What It Stands For."

Since it was the last of June, the speaker had thought it a good opportunity to impress these small waifs, most of them foreign born or of foreign parentage, with the meaning and value of our American institutions. He had appealed to the hero worship inherent in every son of Adam by illustrations drawn from the lives of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and other great men of the nation; and at least two of his hearers were burning with a desire to emulate these giants of the past by some heroic act.

"We hasn't no fair chance, nohow," observed Tim sadly and sagely,

as they sauntered along. "What wid not havin' no chice o' daddys, but jest havin' to take what comes—an' he an old sot—what's a kid to do? It'd be jolly fine doin' somethin' wuth while for future gen'rations to—to—sorter stare at (yer know how the gen'lman put it), but whin yer has hardly enough to eat, an' yer mammy's off washin' an' yer dad's drunk, yer up against it!"

Johnny's thin little face looked sympathetic, but not for long. It was soon overspread with a rapturous smile. "My country 'tis ob Dee," he said. "Me hero? Yah!"

"That's all right for talk," broke in Tim, "but how's a feller to serve his country an' he no sodger or big enough to be the president? That's what I want 'r know."

I try." Johnny's little brown fingers spread out airily. "Meester Hay, he say (Mr. Hayes was a teacher at the Settlement) drink curse de country—de country mus' be sabe from drink. I fight de drink. I sabe my fader."

"How?"

Johnny halted in the road and lowered his voice as if telling solemn news. "De saloon, dey close de Fourth of July. No drink all de day, Meester Hay say so."

"Well, what of that? The men'll be full jest the same. They'll stay half the night drinkin' an' bring a bottle home wid 'em."

"Yah!" Johnny nodded his head. "I take the bottle—I drop heem een de ribber. See! One man no deesgrace 'My country 'tis ob Dee,' de Fourth of July."

"That's your plan, is it?"

"I, my fader—you, your fader—Joe Miller, his fader," Johnny's hands waved hither and thither as he made these explanations.

"That's oney three of us!"

"Tree an' tree make seex. More boys, more faders. See?"

"But it's oney for one day, Johnny," sighed Tim. "It won't keep."

"My fader sober, I speak mit heem. I tell heem great men do not drink, gude men do not drink, men who want money do not drink. I reason mit heem."

Tim sighed again. "Dad's an awful hard hitter," he said.

"He wheep?" inquired the boy's companion sympathetically.

"Wallop the hide off me! Oh, I'll be up agin it for fair if I join you."

The little Pole eyed his comrade wistfully. The blood of his father, whose patriotism had earned him exile, was asserting itself in his veins. "De hero meet de hard ting an' it seem no hard to heem. Eet ees easy — eet ees for 'My country 'tis obDee'." Johnny's eyes and palms turned skyward.

Tim felt impressed. "A feller wouldn't mind if it wur for his country," he said. "I'm game, Johnny. I'm wid you," extending his hand.

"You tell Joe? Hey?"

"Yes."

"An' I tell Herman. We take all de bottle we fin' from all de men, no matter who heem fader?"

"Oh, that's the game! Well, I'm in for the whole thing. I'll get all the bottles I can swipe." And the two conspirators parted.

Having interested his two friends, the small instigator of the plot was content. He was too cautious to tell many. But not so Tim Sherry. Having enlisted in the difficult role of playing hero, he was ready to take risks, and determined before his meagre supper was finished, that the "Barracks" should go strictly "dry" on the coming Fourth of July. "Barracks" was the name given to the miserable three-story box on the banks of the river where Tim Sherry lived. It was tucked in between several large warehouses and was seldom visited by either sunshine or fresh air, yet it furnished quarters for eight families, the men in every case being employees at these warehouses and most of them addicted to strong drink. Johnny Swavoke did not live there, his family being part of a colony of foreigners in another neighborhood.

Tim went out that very night to make recruits, and before bedtime his chum, Joe Miller, and six others had been sworn in. It is extremely doubtful if the moral quality—or even the patriotic—figured chiefly in the enlistment of these later recruits, though all were alive to the "lark" it involved and the "rumpus" which was likely to follow.

"Yer'd better back out while there's time, if yer scarey," Tim advised. But no one retreated.

"Lift yer right han', thin, if yer means it, an' swear that yer'll do yer bist to see the Barracks dry the Fourth of July."

Every hand went up.

"All right thin; mum's the word till the night afore the Fourth. an' thin it's hustle. The feller that blabs has me to settle wid."

Though Johnny made no attempt to add to his followers, he did make a confidante. This was no other than Miss Bessie Brewster, the youngest and fairest of the Settlement workers, whose blue eyes and golden hair had long before enslaved the little Polish lad.

"Eet ees a secret," he began.

"All right," she laughed. These little chaps were such funny fellows! But she opened her eyes very wide as his story progressed, and wondered if Mr. Hayes ought not to be informed of these doings. "I'm afraid you little fellows will get hurt," she said. "Won't your father whip you?"

"He gude man when he no drink," explained Johnny. "He kind. He bring me one leetle flag, all stars an' stripe one day. 'Eet ees your flag,' he say to me. 'Eet shall be mine.' He fight for hees flag till dey send heem away. He come to dis country. But de drink, Mees, de drink! He forget all in de drink. My mudder cry—her heart break! I mus' stop heem drink!"

"I see," said the little lady sympathetically, "but, but—suppose we go to Mr. Hayes and find out if this is the best way to help him. There may be some other way to save your father."

"There ees none," answered the child with conviction. "Eet ees a secret, we mus' do eet."

"But I think I ought to tell Mr. Hayes."

"You will not, Mees." Johnny's face was eloquent with his unshaken trust in "Mees."

"No, I suppose I will not, you small hero," the girl replied, lips smiling, but eyes troubled, as she noted the boy's sudden access of dignity. Had not "Mees" called him hero!

Quite early on the morning of the Fourth, "Mees" was summoned again to receive Johnny. He wanted her to accompany him to Mr. Hayes' office and help explain his errand to that gentleman.

"My fader wake," said the boy at the end of his confession. "He ees angry. I talk mit heem of drink. I tell heem gude men do not drink. You will come an' talk mit heem? He will leesten to you, he will write heem's name on de leetle pledge. It ees a gude name. Eet will not blush for heem."

Puzzled as the gentleman was, over the strange action of the boys, uncertain as he felt of any good outcome to the affair, he yet promised to visit Mr. Swavoke and talk with him about his habit.

"And why can't we have a patriotic temperance service here to-night?" asked Miss Brewster at this juncture. "We can have the orchestra, and Mr. Jenkins will sing for us. You can make a little temperance speech and I'll offer them the Abraham Lincoln pledge. I'll see, too, that there is lemonade and ice cream and cake. We must do all we can to help these boy-heroes."

All the commotion stirred up in the "Barracks" on that Fourth of July morning, and what happened to the young conspirators, can better be imagined than told, but the "Barracks" was "bang-up dry," as Tim whispered exultantly to Joe Miller before he went in to "take his med'cine." He found his father storming around as he vainly looked for his bottle.

"If you've ben meddlin' wid it, or let the childer meddle wid it, it's all up wid you, Nan," he was saying to his wife as he clutched her arm.

"Let her be," cried his son. "I took yer bottle."

"You!" The man caught the boy roughly and shook him. "Git it, an' be quick about it, too," he thundered as he flung the lad from him.

"I can't git it. I throwed it in the river." Tim caught his breath over the confession. With a single blow the man felled the child and strode toward the door. "I'll tache ye to thry yer tricks on me!" he yelled.

"It's no use lookin' for it, daddy. I spilled it an' broke the bottle."

The boy's daring amazed his father. "Yer spilled it an' broke me bottle?" he vociferated. "I'll break every bone in yer body."

The brute seemed likely to keep his word, when a diversion came in the shape of a neighbor wishing to borrow a little whisky. It was the old captain.

"I haven't a drop for mesilf," answered Mr. Sherry. "That villain of a Tim of mine has emptied me bottle in the river."

"It's a queer thing," said the visitor, "but every man in the house is without a drink. I brought home a full bottle myself last night, and so did most of our neighbors, but it has all disappeared over night. Perhaps your son can account for it."

"No!" cried Mike Sherry with an oath; "not the whole of it gone?"

"Every sup," was the irritated reply, and the first gleam of satisfaction that had reached the Irishman since he discovered his own loss came with the evident discomfort of this old ex-soldier and ex-gentleman

who received small favors from the proprietor of the shops and rather looked down on his fellow workmen.

"The Barracks's gone dry," piped Tim in the midst of his father's exultation, groaning as he tried to draw himself to his feet.

"Dry, you rascal!" roared his father, and then began to laugh at the look on the old soldier's face. "Out with it, Tim. Did ye stale all the likker in the house?"

"Me an' me frinds did," declared Tim triumphantly. "We'se afther kapin' the citizens of this Republic sober on the Fourth."

"Did ye aver hear the loikes of that?" Mike demanded, his dudgeon lost in admiration of his son. But the neighbor to whom he spoke had disappeared. "What for did ye do it, Tim, an' who put yer up to it? Some of them prohibitioners, I misdoubt?"

"Nobuddy didn't put me up to it but jest Johnny Swavoke and meself," declared Tim stoutly.

"An' what for did ye go an' do it?" still questioned the astonished man.

"I—I thought," wailed his offspring, rubbing his eyes vigorously, "that if—if I couldn't have the pick of the gents for me daddy—George Washington or Abe Linkum, ye know—I'd like to have wan that's a dacent patriot, and a respectable member of this glorious Republic."

Mr. Sherry, being sober and swiftly losing his anger, winked at his wife, something that had not happened before for years. "Hear the brat!" he said with a grin. "Where'd he pick up the loikes of that?"

"The gin'lmen at the Settl'ment picnic said it," volunteered Tim, his fist still in his eyes. "He sed as how we'd all like to be hearoes, but if we couldn't be thim we could be men worthy of thim an' of our country. I thought I'd like me daddy to be wan or the ither."

"An' that's why ye stole me bottle?" Mike seemed amazed.

"Yis."

"I'm sorry I whaled ye," said Mike, visibly moved. "'Twur a noble ambition, it wur, an' worthy of ye. I'll not tech likker the day."

Tim's hands fell from his eyes. "Not if nobuddy trates ye?" he cried.

"Not if the prisidint of the United States trates me," responded Mike.

"Thin I'm proud of yer a'ready," burst forth the boy, crying afresh.

"What for are ye blubberin', whin yer dad says he'll not drink?" inquired the child's mother.

"'Cause I'm too proud not to," answered the boy, "an' if he oney wouldn't never drink agin I'd be happy foriver an' iver an' mos' as proud 'sif he wur Abe Linkum hissef."

Mr. Sherry looked at the poor, little writhing creature, cringing before him in spite of gallant words, and his heart smote him. A new something stirred within him—that something that must be divine, since it has wrought so many miracles in wretched lives. "Yer a man, Tim," he said huskily, "an' that's more than I am mesilf. Ye desERVE a bettther daddy an' ye shall have him afther this. Don't be afeard," as the boy shrank from his touch, "I won't hit ye never agin, I won't. It seems," he added, a touch of humor saving him from the tears that threatened him, "It seems me time to be a hero has come, an' ye've brought it. Havin' never had the chance afore, I've no mind to lose it. I give ye my hand on it, Tim, I'll never touch the stuff agin all me life, so help me."

Tim ignored the hand his father extended as he flung both arms about his neck with a whoop. "I tell ye what, daddy, I wouldn't swap yer for the best of 'em! Ye'r a gen'lmen!"

It was late afternoon when Johnny Swavoke turned the corner to the river and sent out a shrill whistle in front of the "Barracks." Tim answered it. "My daddy's stopped the drink foriver," he yelled at sight of Johnny's face. "Hurrah for the Fourth of July!"

"Hurrah!" joined in the small Pole. "Meester Hay he see my fader an' he sign heem name to de pledge. He gude name—he keep eet. There ees a talk at de Settl'ment to-night. I am to tell all to come. There ees museek, an' talk, an' de Abr'am Linkum pledge; lemonade, an' ice cream, an' cake, Mees Brewster say so. Say," leaning nearer and whispering, "she call me hero!—Deed your father wallop hard, Teem?"

"You bet he did, but he was sorry, an' it didn't hurt much after he promised not to drink any more. He says I am a hearo, an' so does the captain's wife. I tell you, Johnny, this is the day of my life! What you may call livin'! I never knew afore what the joys of the patriot wur, but I've struck 'em, an' it's worth a wallopin'! I'd take it agin, and' twict as hard, at the same price."—Mrs. S. R. Graham Clarke in Union Signal.

A FATEFUL NEW YEAR.

Four beautiful girls were chatting eagerly over their dessert in

Judge Carroll's elegant dining room. "Surely, Edith, you would not serve wine, real wine!" exclaimed one of them, a lovely blonde, whose color, like the delicate tinting of a shell, came and went in her fair face with every shade of feeling.

"Don't be fussy, Grace," quickly replied another, a perfect contrast in looks and manner, and evidently Grace's sister, from the freedom with which she chided her whenever their opinions differed. "For my part, I should like to see a real New Year's reception, wine and all, such as we do not have the opportunity to see in our little village."

"Of course, Betty, and that is why we planned to receive this year. The custom is going out so that we had concluded to omit it, until we knew that you were coming." This from a graceful girl of twenty, Judge Carroll's special pet, Winnie, whose brown eyes were full of fun and frolic. "It would be a shame to deprive the young men of the privilege of meeting our lovely guests, wouldn't it, mamma?"

"Quite shameful," agreed Mrs. Carroll languidly, "but don't branch out too heavily in the matter of wines. Public opinion is changing so, and really, the affair gets vulgar toward the end, don't you think so?"

Pretty Edith shrugged her shoulders expressively. "You are thinking of Tom Carlton's behavior last year. Yes, decidedly vulgar, I must say, but he will not come this year, I am sure of that. Win and I have cut him dead since then." And a vindictive little spark in her eye indicated a sincere pleasure in the operation.

The details of the menu were eagerly entered into, and Grace listened with an interest which was only abated when the wines were mentioned; but, as a guest, she made no further protest.

The two guests were daughters of a widowed sister of Mrs. Carroll's. Elizabeth, commonly called Betty, was the more willful, decided character of the two, but Grace, though she said little, had a quiet force of character which was little suspected from her less demonstrative exterior. To-day in her secret heart there was a firm determination not to touch the wine herself or to offer it to any young man at the coming function.

The temperance teaching of the schools had sunk deep into her heart, and, too, she had seen the evil effects of wine drinking in the lives of others about her, and she hated it. Betty, however, was willfully blind, and of a nature to be so intoxicated with society that she would bow to any of its behests, a willing slave, while Winnie and Edith would

tolerate any whim or excess of fashion so long as it did not merge into the vulgar, the one fatal word in their vocabulary. Drunken men were vulgar, but polite drinking quite the thing—and their temperance education had gone no farther.

Mrs. Carroll's Christmas gift to her nieces had been two beautiful party dresses, and on New Year's day the quartet presented a vision of beauty as they received their guests. The rooms were abloom with flowers, and cut glass and silver sparkled on the tables, whereon were spread most inviting refreshments.

The guests began to arrive, and the scene was one of brilliant hospitality for the rest of the afternoon, and conversation for the most part purely conventional. There were exceptions, however, and several young men lingered beyond the bounds of a formal call. Among these was a young physician, whose dark eyes rested on Grace with an admiration which he took no pains to conceal, as they went out to the refreshment room together.

She had met him before, since coming to the city, and had formed a most favorable opinion of him, which was heightened by observing that he took no wine. One of his companions (he had come in with a party of young men) was not so abstemious, however, and drank several glasses of champagne with a relish which revealed much.

"I see you do not join in the convivial features of the day," said Dr. Watson, as Grace nibbled at a slice of cake and turned down her glass. The two were sitting in a retired corner of the dining room.

"No, I could not and retain my self-respect," replied Grace, lifting her eyes to his.

"Yet it is quite the style among ladies, and it makes it doubly hard for us poor mortal men to refuse such charming hospitality," he replied.

"I should never forgive myself if I offered it to you or to any other young man who afterward came to harm."

"Then you consider yourself your brother's keeper?"

"Yes, if you choose to call it that. I certainly could not place a stumbling block in his way and hold myself innocent if he fell."

"I wish that more young women felt as you do," he replied earnestly, as he glanced at another group where wine was being served lavishly. Betty, with shining eyes, was the center, and her gay laugh jarred on her sister's ear, for one of the party was evidently refusing the glass which she was urging upon him.

"A sad experience opened my eyes to the evils of even the most moderate drinking," continued Dr. Watson, a look of pain coming over his expressive face, "and I have been a total abstainer since. I should not have been making New Year's calls to-day but for the hope of keeping Tom Grey from excess, but what can I do when lovely girls urge the wine upon him? To tell the truth, this is the first home we have entered where the wine has been so lavishly, so beautifully and temptingly served."

"They do not think, Dr. Watson—they have never seen the dark side of the question. Do not blame them too much," Grace said earnestly, then flushed deeply, remembering that she was speaking of her own sister and her cousin.

Dr. Watson was so evidently uneasy for his friend, that Grace was relieved to see him go, but before he went he had invited her to drive with him the following day, and her gentle heart was filled with happiness.

Never had Grace seen her beautiful sister so bright, so sparkling with wit as on this day, and she began to suspect that the frequent sips of the fragrant wine was the cause of Betty's unusual brilliancy. Her cheek flushed with shame at the thought. In their own quiet home life, wine as a beverage was unknown, but Betty seemed as much intoxicated with the spirit of the day as with the wine, and drank in the compliments, the perfume, the music and excitement with greedy avidity.

Grace was glad when it was all over and the guests were gone, leaving them to talk over the events of the day in the early evening.

"Oh, you sly puss," cried Edith, "when we have been angling in the deep waters of Dr. Watson's heart for the last year, to come here and land our fish with a pin hook and at the first throw."

Grace blushed deeply, then a spark of retaliation crept into eyes. "I think I see a diamond on Winnie's hand that was not there when the gentlemen came in," she replied demurely, and it was Winnie's turn to blush.

"Charlie Markham evidently means to begin the new year right," said Edith laughingly. "I noticed that he refused even one glass of wine, and it is more than likely that he has his list of resolutions pinned up over his bed like a good little boy."

"Well, I hope he will keep them," retorted Winnie, in response to the laugh at her lover's expense. "It is certainly no disgrace to refrain

from those things, while it may easily become one to yield to them. A girl surely feels more secure with a man who does not drink."

It was Winnie's first leaning toward temperance principles, and Edith and Betty applauded loudly. "Hear! Hear!" cried Betty. "Now we are equally divided. Winnie and Grace on the 'dry' side, while Edith and I represent personal liberty, and we shall see which comes out ahead in the race for happiness."

They were still talking merrily when Judge Carroll came in, and they could see at the first glance that he was laboring under strong excitement. He glanced at the still gleaming tables and other evidences of festivity, then beckoned his wife into the next room.

"Tell me, is Winnie greatly interested in young Markham?" he asked earnestly.

"She wears his ring and does not deny her engagement. Quite likely he will call upon you to-morrow."

"No, he won't, poor fellow. How can we tell her, Martha? There has been a terrible accident, and Tom Grey was instantly killed. Young Markham is just alive, and all more or less hurt. It was Grey's auto they were in and he insisted on driving, and they collided with a street car."

"Oh! Why, that was Dr. Watson's party!" Mrs. Carroll's eyes were full of horror, and a vision arose before her: Tom Grey in her house, taking from Edith's and Betty's fair hands the wine which had clouded his brain and carried him to his death.

"What is it, father? What is wrong?" Winnie's white face appeared in the doorway, heavy with an instinctive foreboding, for she had caught her mother's cry of horrified surprise.

"Winnie, my poor child——" Then her father's arms were around her while he broke the sad tidings as gently as he could. For a few minutes all was confusion, for Winnie had fainted and the other girls were so shocked and helpless that they were of no use whatever.

"To think that I poured that last glass for Tom Grey myself," sobbed Edith. "His poor mother, and Janet! He was their idol."

Betty had no word of comfort to offer, feeling herself equally guilty. The two girls were alone in the room they occupied together, and Winnie's heartbroken sobbing could be heard just across the hall.

Winnie herself had not known how deeply she was attached to the bright, winsome young man to whom she had given her hand, but his

danger revealed it to her, and she had gone from one faint to another at the first shock. It was a terrible ending of the day of merriment and gaiety, and Winnie was not alone in her grief. Grace learned, too, how much she had become interested in Dr. Watson, and her heart swelled with thankfulness that whatever his injuries, they were not caused by any fault or folly of his own, yet she was consumed with anxious fears, for Judge Carroll had not learned how badly he was hurt.

All night she ministered to Winnie's needs with patient, loving care, and the two girls became better acquainted through sorrow than they would have done in months of ordinary living. A cheering message came from the hospital in the morning. "Mr. Markham is alive and conscious. We hope for the best." But at the best, there was suffering and danger for him and keen anxiety for Winnie, and the gay butterfly of fashion and pleasure was transformed to a sad-hearted girl with the heart of a woman in her young breast.

It was a welcome relief when Dr. Watson called during the day. His arm was in a sling and an ugly bruise marred his forehead, but otherwise he was unharmed. His face was full of deep sadness as he talked of his friends. "There is a terrible house at the Grey's," he said, "Mrs. Grey is in such agonies of self-reproach that her reason is in danger. She has always served wine at her table and in her cooking until very recently, and she blames herself entirely for Tom's habits. Janet and his father are prostrated with grief."

"Such a mercy you were not all killed," shuddered Mrs. Carroll.

"Yes, we should not have allowed Tom to run the machine for a moment in the condition he was in, but it was his own, and how could we prevent it without a scene?"

"And a most unpleasant one," assented Mrs. Carroll.

"It is a lesson—a costly lesson," and Dr. Watson looked over at Grace, "but I think none of us will ever forget it."

The days passed by, the round of pleasure which had been planned quite forgotten in the anxious suspense which Winnie was suffering.

Charlie Markham crept up from death's door, a white shadow of his former rugged, rollicking self, but Winnie was too glad to make complaint. Dr. Watson accompanied the girls to their home, and Mrs. Culver was glad to welcome him as a son. The outcome of the fateful New Year's day has been that there are two new homes established on strictly

temperance principles, and from the others the wine glass has been banished forever.—Mrs. F. M. Howard, in Union Signal.

GRANNY HOBART'S EASTER.

"Well, for my part," said Mrs. Wiggin, with emphasis, one hand on the door-knob, "I think it's right and proper to make all the fuss about Easter that's possible: flowers and birds and children speaking and singing. There can't be too much of it for me. I think everybody should be glad at Easter."

"If they kin," sighed Granny Hobart, from her chair by the window. "But it ain't everybuddy that kin."

"I'm not believing that, Mrs. Hobart," was the crisp reply. "If people won't look at their mercies, why, they won't, and nobody but themselves to blame. The Lord has provided enough kindness to make us all glad, but He don't force us to be. Think what our state would be if Jesus had never risen from the dead. It just makes my heart sing when I think of Peter and John and how their sorrow was turned into joy by the wonderful miracle of the resurrection."

"Yes," quavered Granny, a break in her thin treble, "I know it's wonnerful, but—but I'm kinder used to it. He's allers been risen sence I knowed ennythin' about Him. Seems 'sif I couldn't no how be satisfied with no Easter agin till God raises somebuddy else from the dead—somebuddy dead in trespasses an' sins," a sob shaking the old voice.

Mary Hobart rose from the table at which she was sewing and swiftly reached Granny's side. One hand smoothed the thin white locks tenderly as she addressed their neighbor:

"Mother loves the Lord, Mrs. Wiggin," she said, "and she's as glad as anybody that there's an Easter, but—but she's always thinking of Billy."

"She's old," answered the visitor, "and I suppose the Lord takes that into consideration. But I do wonder she hasn't got reconciled to things in all these years."

"I'll never be reconciled to the works o' the devil. Tell her to mind that, Mary," cried the old lady, bridling. "Theer's some things the Lord doesn't want us to be reconciled to—He isn't Himself. I'll never be satisfied till I see my poor lost boy raised from the dead."

Long after the departure of the neighbor, and after her mother had been soothed into apparent forgetfulness of her late emotion, Mary Hobart's faithful heart still vibrated to the pain newly stirred within her and her eyes filled again and again as she pondered the page of the past that had been so ruthlessly turned back that afternoon. A bright, boyish face looked up to her from that page.

"Such a noble, lovable darling!" she whispered with fresh tears. "Annie's baby! He missed his mother. How could I take her place? Lord, forgive me if I was to blame for his downfall. I trusted John—perhaps he didn't think—or—know—I hate to blame him. But Billy never would have stolen John's money if he had not first learned to love John's cider."

Granny folded her hands beside her plate, when a little later the supper table was drawn to her side, and closing her eyes, she said simply: "Lord, it can't be hard for Thee to bring Thy lost ones home. I know you'll not forget Billy."

The choir met that evening in the village church to practice anthems for the next day. Jessie Farman was the contralto, John Barton the tenor. None were conscious of any listener other than their little circle, but hidden from sight in a corner pew, sat a young man. He was only a poor prodigal who had come to himself several months before in a distant city mission. A sweet-voiced woman—one who wore a white ribbon on her breast, such as his mother used to wear before she slipped away to the angels—urged him to confess his sins and start a new life.

"What use to confess to God," he answered, "while unwilling to confess to man? I am not ready."

"If you confess to God, He will help you to confess to man," she had declared; but he had shaken his head doubtfully and had gone away, but not to rest. The conviction that had taken hold of him would not let go. He had reached this village only one short half-hour before intending to go immediately to the man he had wronged, but the fair face of a girl had diverted him from his purpose, had led him into this hiding place in the old church.

"She's the right kind—the only kind I could love," he was saying to himself, despairingly, as he listened to her voice. "She'll make one of those God-women, like that one at the mission. Well, that dream's

over, but I'll make a clean breast of it, pardon or prison," he determined with set teeth, "I've got to be able to endure myself."

"He breaks the power of death;
He sets the captive free,"

sang the contralto.

"Friends," said the old minister, who had come in unexpectedly at the close of the rehearsal, "I want you to sing a hymn directly after the anthem to-morrow. I dropped in on purpose to propose it. It's an old hymn, but I can't get rid of the impression that some poor sinner hearing it may realize that there's a resurrection for him."

The man in the corner pew felt the tears spring to his eyes as he listened to the tender strains that followed:

"Though your sins be as scarlet,
Though your sins be as scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow."

A thrill went through the singers themselves, as Jessie Farman's voice lifted the refrain. The tone was so pure, so tenderly exultant, so confident. She seemed pleading with some sinning soul, pressing him to believe her message. John Barton's voice trembled as he accompanied her. What friends she and Billy had always been. He suddenly recalled one afternoon long ago, when she had stopped him on the street to say, while indignant tears filled her brown eyes, "I'd be ashamed if I were a big man like you, Mr. Barton, to be teaching boys to drink."

He had laughed at her at the time. Cider never hurt him, had not hurt his father. He had laughed, too, at Mary Hobart, when she pleaded with him about the matter. "Some of your white-ribbon nonsense. You women must be hard up for something to fight, when you tackle a little innocent cider." He was not so sure cider was innocent, in the light of after developments, but he was hardly willing to admit that fact.

Meanwhile, the minister with covered eyes, stood praying, while he listened to the old hymn; surely, if Jessie sang like that to-morrow, some wayfaring soul must accept the message. True, loyal servant of Christ, prone as we all are, to put off to another day what God would give us now—close beside him a wanderer was even then accepting the message.

John Barton went out into the darkness of the night, a strange tumult in his soul. Had he not always been hard on the man who

sinned? Yet what was he himself but a sinner? If the Son of God, the Lord of life—whom death could not hold in bondage—could forgive sin—nay, sought diligently after straying ones that He might forgive them, what was he that he should condemn?

Pondering, he came to Mrs. Hobart's cottage. He always passed it at night when going home from church. It took him a trifle out of his way, but it had become a habit. It had become a habit, too, in passing, to seek a glimpse of Mary Hobart's face. One of the curtains had not been drawn to-night. He could see into the sitting-room where Granny sat in her big chair, her Bible on her knees, while her daughter sewed at the table. Did John imagine it, or did Mary look sadder and thinner than usual?

He hesitated, halted, then walked in. "Good evening, Granny," he said a moment later, entering the room where the women sat.

"You, John!" cried Mary. He wondered if the joy-note were really in her voice or if his heart-hunger put it there.

"Me. I've been over to the church practicing, and thought I'd step in a moment."

"Practicing!" echoed Granny, pushing her spectacles excitedly to her white locks. "So you're goin' to sing about the risen Lord again to-morrer, John, with hatred in your heart for them He died to save? It's little comfort sich as you kin git out o' Easter. He rose from the dead an' entered into heaven, but He's comin' agin, an' this time to be the Jedge o' all livin'. It's written—I've jist been readin' it—'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.'"

"But I do forgive, Granny," answered the man, with solemn earnestness, again following some inner impulse. "I forgive this night as I hope to be forgiven."

"Billy?" asked the women in one breath. But John answered only one—the one whose gray eyes had lifted so quickly, so eagerly to his face.

"Yes, Billy," he said, humbly. "God forgive me, Mary. I feel to-night that I sinned against the boy more than he ever sinned against me. I taught him first to drink, though I didn't intend it—never think that I did."

"You're a good man, John," said Granny, holding on to the arms of her chair as she drew herself to her feet. "You're a good man and

know the Lord, though I've doubted you at times. Mary, she never doubted you. I've been mistook in a lot of things. I 'most thought that the day of miracles was past, but it seems it aint, Lord," lifting her streaming eyes to heaven, "Lord, it can't be enny harder for you to work two miracles than one. I'm sore tired o' waitin' for Billy."

As Mary read a Psalm before retiring that night—her mother already fast asleep—a step sounded under her window, some one tapped on the pane. She lifted the curtain and peered out, then, with one hand over her heart,—as if to still its beatings—she hurried to the street door. "Billy!" she cried under her breath, as she drew a youth into the hall and into her arms.

It was late when Granny woke next morning. The church bells were ringing Billy had been talking to his aunt for an hour past, telling his recent experience. "I don't know how I happened to drift into the mission, God must have led me there. I found He was able to take the love of strong drink out of me and then I knew I must come back and face my crime, Auntie. I dreaded to meet Barton, but it's wonderful what God can do when we trust him. John was kindness itself. He treated me like a brother. I feel like a new man."

"Mary," called Granny just then, "Mary, I've had a quare dream. I 'most hate to wake up. I thought Billy was dead and Jesus brought him back to life and gave him unto me."

"It's a true dream, Granny," cried Billy, breaking away from his aunt's restraining hand. "Jesus has saved me and sent me back to you."

With her old arms about her boy's neck, her dim eyes fixed on his face, Granny questioned:

"What air the church bells ringin' for, Mary? Have the folks found out our Billy has come home?"

"God has, mother," answered the daughter, gently. "It's Sunday, Easter Sunday."

"Easter!" laughed Granny exultantly, "an' I was afeared to see it! It's a true Easter, Mary, for 'This my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found!'"—Mrs. S. R. Graham Clarke, in Union Signal.

WHO PAYS IT?

The town board had met to decide the question of license or no-license. They were about equally divided, one or two staunch temper-

ance men, two in favor of the saloon — on financial grounds, of course — the others neutral or only waiting to know what their constituents wanted. And their constituents, very wisely, were there to tell them. The "business men," as they called themselves, had a delegation of their most respectable members and their smoothest speakers to represent them. The temperance people, less wise in their generation, showed a large delegation, too, but one less impressive to the average politician. Most of them were women, many elderly, many shabbily dressed. Intensely in earnest, they were, but they had neither votes nor political influence. For the men, there were the pastors of two or three struggling churches, a few Sunday-school boys, not yet voters, two or three white-haired old fathers in Israel — altogether a delegation that deserved more honor than it was likely to get there. They presented their petition. Alas, half of the signatures were of non-voters, which discounted its value terribly. And the ministers, the only ones used to speaking in public, presented the arguments which seemed strongest to them; they quoted Scripture, they painted the miseries of the drunkard's home, they appealed to the board's Christianity — and the board yawned and figeted. They had heard all that before, many times.

Then the advocates of license began, cheery, brisk and confident. He quoted statutes to prove that the well-regulated saloon of our days could not produce the dire results dreaded by his well-meaning but rather old-fashioned opponents. Of course, no one wanted low doggeries. Just two or three thoroughly respectable places, whose owners would pride themselves on keeping everything quiet and unobjectionable. It was simply a matter of business. They had a beautiful town and fine business prospects, but everyone knew that the sidewalks were scandalously out of repair. And that shaky old bridge over the creek was really a menace to the lives and limbs of the community. Who knew how soon some terrible accident might cause untold sufferings, and incidentally make a big bill of damages for the town? Main Street, too, needed paving sorely. The taxes were high enough already, he would admit, but just pass a high license, high enough to shut out those low cut-throats and dive-keepers, whom his good brethren so justly feared, permitting three or four high-class places, which would really be an ornament to the town, and the license money would put all straight. Then they could repair the sidewalks, build a handsome new bridge, and pave at least the worst part of Main Street, making their little town a

safe, handsome, up-to-date burg, of which they might all be proud, he argued with rising eloquence.

Who could be churlish enough to refuse these would-be public benefactors the eagerly-sought privilege of enriching the town with their munificent gifts? Not this board, evidently. That glib speech, that prospect of getting something for nothing, carried conviction. Even one or two opponents of the saloon murmured doubtfully that if the thing could easily be restrained to two or three respectable places, it might not be so bad. Their cause was lost. Anyone could see that. Was not half-a-loaf better than no bread? On the women's faces was written disappointment or blank despair.

A good deacon tried to answer the argument, with the best intentions, but, alas, he was a poor speaker, and the board only grew restive under his long rambling sentences, sweeping denunciations and general incoherence. "Pious, feeble-minded cant," some mentally termed it. Half a dozen sentences from the advocates of high-license and improvements more than disposed of him. The case was as good as decided, when the clear-eyed little school mistress stepped quickly forward from where she had been holding a whispered consultation with several women who had most to lose by the re-establishment of the saloon.

"One moment, please, your honor," she said briskly, though her color rose high. "As Mr. Gaylord puts it, this is a matter of business. These repairs which we need, cannot be paid without money, and our property-owners are not anxious to have their taxes raised. They might grumble if you did that, and they might grumble if the town incurred a heavy bill for damages through defective sidewalks. Mr. Gaylord urges license as a solution of this problem. As you see, many of the best people in town are opposed to having saloons, and I am sure you would not wantonly offend them. You would not hurt and disappoint all these good ladies except for gravest financial reasons?" She paused inquiringly.

"Why, certainly not," one hastened to protest; "but you see how it is, Miss Pierce. These streets must be looked to."

The others nodded quick assent. They had no personal feeling in the matter; they were exceedingly sorry to disappoint the wishes of so many of the best people, but business was business. These repairs must be made, and the community was already overtaxed. The little school mistress listened, smiling and nodding assent, even suggesting excuses

when the men faltered, till all had spoken, while the temperance people listened in dull despair.

Then she spoke again briskly: "Then as you are not personally anxious for the saloons, only advocating them as a means for raising the necessary revenue, of course, if the money could be raised as easily some other way, you would not force a saloon upon the town against the expressed wishes of a majority of the people—all the best people. Now, of course, as business men, you realize that the saloon-keeper does not intend to pay all his profits into the town treasury as license money. He means to have enough left, after paying all expenses, to furnish a handsome living for himself and family, and usually to build a fine house in a year or two or start a bank account. And the money for all this—plate glass, marble, gas and mirrors, handsome living, carriages and horses, fine residence, or bank account—all must come out of all pockets of the community as well as the license money. As any business man will see at a glance, this is a tremendously costly and wasteful way of raising money. Mr. Gaylord proposes about three saloons, to be kept in the finest style, and a license of two hundred dollars per annum. That will pay \$600 into the treasury—but no business man would think of fitting up such a place of business unless he expected to clear at least a thousand dollars a year from it, more likely twice that. So, that, in order to clear \$600 for the repairs of our sidewalks, our people will really pay from \$3,600 to \$6,000—even supposing said saloons cause no drunkenness, no crime and no costly accident.

"Of course, you see, gentlemen, that it would save thousands of dollars for the people, to pay this money direct into the treasury and not add all this extra expense. And no doubt if the matter were fairly put before them, they would be more than willing to do so. What sensible man is going to pay out thousands of dollars, either individually or as one of a community, when a few hundreds will secure the same results? I am sorry that we cannot see personally all who are represented in the financial support of the saloon, but they are fairly well represented here. Here is Mrs. Murphy, who calculates that if you have saloons, she will be obliged to contribute at least a dollar a week for their support from her earnings at the washtub. That is what she had to do when we had saloons last time—through her good husband, of course. Now, she would very much prefer, if you insist on her paying \$50 toward the repair of the sidewalks and the bridge, that you would not license

saloons, but would permit her to pay her money directly into the treasury. It would be cheaper for her, as in that case her husband could be supporting the family while she is earning the \$50, instead of their nearly starving, as they must if it goes through the saloon and keeps Pat lying around drunken and idle."

"Thru for you, miss, to say nothing of the childer and smashing the chairs and tables when he's on a bit of a spree. Bad cess to the rich folks that's too mean to mend their own sidewalks widout takin' the money a poor woman's slaved at the washtub for; but if they must, there's no nade of makin' her man a drunken baste to boot," Mrs. Murphy declared emphatically.

The board looked uncomfortable, and one stammered out something about "nothing of the sort wanted—speak to the saloon-keeper—law provides," but the little school mistress went briskly on, not seeming to hear:

"And Mrs. Wilson here figures out that it will cost her and her husband about \$200 this year, if you grant licenses. At least that is what it did last time, counting lost time and all. She thinks you might be content with \$150 from them, seeing that they are poor folks with three small children, but they would give you their note for \$200 sooner than be obliged to pay the whole \$200 through the saloon."

"Yes, yes," sobbed a poor woman with a baby in her arms. "We need the money bad enough, God knows, with so much sickness and all, but if you'll make out a note, we'll sign sooner than have the saloon take it all and drag him to destruction besides. There never was a better husband and father than Tom, and he don't want to drink, but if it's stuck under his nose when he is so sick and miserable, he can't help it."

"Any man can help making a beast of himself if he wants to," growled one of the board, with a very red face.

The poor wife's wrath blazed up instantly.

"Yes, that's easy for you to say—you that are fat and hearty and well-dressed, with nothing to do but sit around and talk business. Wait till you are sick and poor and shivering for want of warm clothes, and worn out working all day and watching a sick child half the night, till you feel as if you could hardly drag one foot after another. Then you'll know what temptation is. Oh, you can't tax the rich folks to fix up your streets, of course not, but you take it out of us that can hardly keep

ourselves alive! It's bread out of the mouths of hungry children and the shoes from their frost-bitten feet and the flesh off the poor little scrawny bodies that you take to pave your streets to save your own miserable purses!" she screamed hysterically. "And you can't be content with that even, but you must have immortal souls, too! Take the bread and clothes and the flesh off their bones, if you must, but in God's name leave them their father, their loving, faithful, hard-working father!"

She dropped into a chair, sobbing wildly, while the child screamed in terror. The board mopped their crimson faces and looked desperate. Mr. Gaylord spoke hastily:

"My good woman, you are distressing yourself unnecessarily. I have already explained to you that the statute permits a wife to forbid the sale of liquor to her husband. I will myself make sure that each applicant for license understands the provisions of the law in these cases. Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. Wilson have only to see these men and express their wishes, and their families will be as safe as if there wasn't a saloon within a thousand miles."

"And is there a man living grane 'nough to expect a saloon-kaper to kape the law?" asked Mrs. Murphy, derisively. "Hasn't it been tried over and over again by them as hadn't any more sinse? Promise, is it? Sure, they might promise as fast as a man running for office, but devil a bit more would they kape their word. It's my fifty dollars they'd kape, and all Pat could earn to boot."

Before he could answer, the little school mistress was speaking again.

"And here is Miss Nettie Stone, who cannot tell exactly how much hard cash the saloon will cost her, but it will certainly oblige her to support her invalid mother and little sister entirely out of her earnings in the millinery shop, while, if there is no saloon, her brother will take part of the burden. But she knows it cannot be less than fifty or sixty dollars—probably much more, for if her brother begins drinking again, her mother will die; and though I don't wish to incur your honor's contempt by appearing sentimental, I may remark that funeral expenses come high. She would contribute \$30, or \$40 if necessary, toward street repairs rather than lose so much, but considering that she is an orphan girl, not overly strong and the main support of her mother and sister, I thought, perhaps, you would be content with \$25 from her."

"But I'd pay thirty or even fifty sooner than have the saloons," broke in the pale-faced girl passionately. "It isn't the money—it's

mother. It will kill her if Ralph gets to drinking again, and he will if you get those respectable saloons. I wouldn't care how many low, dirty doggeries you had; you might cram the town with them, and Ralph would only be disgusted. You couldn't hire him to go in. But these high-class places, with their flowers and music and billiard tables—why, you know you can't keep the boys out of them. Half the boys in town will be drinking before the year is over. It will break mother's heart and kill her. O, for God's sake, can't you let us raise the money some other way?"

"Very dramatic, very touching!" Mr. Gaylord interposed sarcastically. "But all this is not business. These ladies know perfectly that their self-sacrificing offers will not be accepted. Possibly they would not be made so readily but for that knowledge. If all this eloquence were kept for the beloved ones at home, it would be more fitting and probably more effective."

"And where were you brought up, young man, to believe that?" demanded Mrs. Murphy, with arms akimbo. "Sure, a young feller that knows no more of min than thot, ought to be at home with his ma, or he'll get chated out of his eye-tayth. And any man that says Kate Murphy don't mane what she says, is a liar. Won't be accepted? And why not, sure? If ye have a saloon, ye'll take it, I know thot."

"Begging your pardon, but it is just business, Mr. Gaylord," said the little school mistress decisively. "These ladies mean just what they say. Of course, they would not pay out this money, but they consider it would be cheaper and easier to pay it direct in this way than to pay it through the saloon, as they must if your plan is adopted. I pledge my salary as guarantee of their good faith. Will your honors please have your secretary to note down names and amounts? Mrs. Kate Murphy, \$50; Mr. and Mrs. Tom Wilson, \$150; Miss Nettie Stone, \$50; Grandma Gage, \$15. Grandma has no drinker in her own family, happily, but says she will have to give more than that to the poor family next door if their father goes to drinking again, and she would rather pay it in this way than have the poor things beaten and ill-used. Mrs. Dr. Black thinks \$50 is all she can afford for the streets, though if you decide for license, it will cost her husband over \$100 in bad bills that he will then be unable to collect; Mrs. Eleanor Denslow, \$150——"

"This is all nonsense, a ridiculous farce!" Mr. Gaylord broke in angrily. "Do you expect us to believe that these poor women, hardly

able to keep themselves off the town, are going to pay these sums? Preposterous! They can't do it, they haven't any idea of doing it. They only want to throw dust in the eyes of the board. The men I represent mean what they say and have the money to lay down on the spot. Promises are cheap at best, but promises from those who can't possibly fulfill them are a little too much."

"When women offer everything they have in the world to save their loved ones from destruction, it is a tragedy, not a farce, Mr. Gaylord," said Mrs. Densmore, tremulously. "Gentlemen, the last time this town went for license, I had two noble sons and a little property. In two years the saloon took every dollar we had laid by, our little farm — **and my eldest son**. Thank God, he lived long enough after the accident to die repentant and forgiven. None the less, the saloon killed him, my brave, bright boy! If you license saloons this year, I shall lose everything I have left — my tiny home and my one remaining son. I only beg of you to be content with taking the home and leave me my boy. Surely, that is not too much for a mother to ask of Christian men.

"I mean just what I say, gentlemen. Pledge yourselves solemnly that there shall be no saloons this year and within two hours I will lay down the hard cash on this table, though I must mortgage everything I own in the world to raise it."

"And I will give you my personal note, pledging my salary as security, that these other ladies will keep their word," the school mistress added briskly. "There will be no difficulty in finding some one who will be my security. We will pay quarterly as the saloon-keepers would. Of course, we shall desire a written contract from you; that is only business. I could have wished that more of those who must pay the saloon revenues had been here. It is scarcely fair that less than a dozen hardworking women should do it all, still it is cheaper for them than to help support saloons. But I haven't finished my list; Miss Grace Forsyth, \$25——"

"That little cripple, \$25! Ridiculous! Better say 25 cents!" snapped Mr. Gaylord.

"It is a large sum for a sickly girl to earn with her needle, I am aware. But not half what she must earn to keep the family from starvation, if you have saloons to take her father's wages and waste his time. Then Miss Jennie Drew thinks she can better afford to give you \$40 than to half support her sister's family, as she was obliged to last

time, and it will be so much better for the children. Mrs. A. M. Gray——”

“We really cannot let these poor sisters do it all,” interrupted one of the pastors, rising to the occasion. “I think I am perfectly safe in pledging my congregation for a hundred dollars. We have never seen the matter in just this light before, but I will lay it before them next Sunday, if Miss Pierce will kindly assist me, and I am so sure of their action that sooner than have your honorary body hesitate, I will give my note for that amount now.”

“And I’ll go security,” declared the deacon, thumping the table emphatically. “We’ll save money by it, too. Had to pay out nearly that much last year to help Sister Vale’s family through while her husband was in jail, besides all the groceries and clothing our Charity and Help Committee had to give out that winter.”

“Fanaticism run mad!” growled Mr. Gaylord. “What’s the need of charity in a town where washwomen, shop girls, and seamstresses go begging for the privilege of throwing money away? Very dramatic, my dear ladies! But rather too stagy for every-day life!”

“It is precisely because they are too poor to throw away money, that they wish, since they are obliged to pay for the repair of the streets, to do it in the cheapest and easiest way. There is no fanaticism about it. Just plain business,” Miss Pierce began resolutely, but Mrs. Murphy broke in:

‘And what odds does it make to their honors whether we hand them the money straight or whether the saloon man takes it out av our pockets to thim—wid a hape of it stickin’ to his own dirty fingers? But it’s meself can see why ye don’t want us to do it in the cheapest way. It’s a share in one av the saloons ye’d have, and the big end av me \$50 in yer own pocket. And that’s why ye’re trying to bamboozle their honors into belaving that black is white.’

“Great guesser, isn’t she?” cried one of the “business” delegation, clapping his hand heavily on Gaylord’s shoulder, and several of them who had been growing uncomfortably sober for the last ten minutes, broke into a loud laugh at their spokesman’s expense. Plainly her chance shot had hit the mark.

“Count on my church for another fifty,” said another pastor. “We are not very well off, but we’ll do that much for the salvation of souls.”

“There will be no license granted this year!” suddenly and decidedly spoke out one of the board hitherto regarded as neutral, if not actually

a friend of the saloon, and looked defiantly at his colleagues. One sat sullenly silent, another muttered sourly, but the others nodded a hasty, relieved assent.

"Neither will we trouble any of you for forced contributions," he went on. "We are very much obliged to Miss Pierce for her striking presentation of the case, and we don't question the sincerity of any of the ladies, but if the men who own property in this town can't pay for their own sidewalks, they can go without."

And once more his colleagues nodded assent in real relief.

"We want to do what the people want done, that's all," said the chairman of the board, another neutral, hastily. "Of course, no civilized man wants this sort of thing, not if he understands it straight. Good-day, ladies. Keep your money for yourselves and your families, and if anybody grumbles because he can't get his sidewalk for nothing, we'll refer him to Miss Pierce or Mrs. Murphy. Now, gentlemen, what is the next business to consider?"—Ada E. Ferris in Tract.



PART II

INCIDENTS

ONLY A VOTE.

A local option contest was going on in W——, and Mrs. Kent was trying to influence her husband to vote "No License." Willie Kent, six years old, was, of course, on his mamma's side. The night before election Mr. Kent went to see Willie safe in bed, and hushing his prattle, he said: "Now, Willie, say your prayers."

"Papa, I want to say my own words tonight," he replied. "All right, my boy, that is the best kind of praying," answered the father.

Fair was the picture, as Willie, robed in white, knelt at his father's knee and prayed reverently: "O dear Jesus, do help papa to vote 'No Whiskey' tomorrow. Amen."

Morning came, the village was alive with excitement. Women's hands, made hard by toil, were stretched to God for help in the decision.

The day grew late, and yet Mr. Kent had not been to the polls. Willie's prayer sounded in his ears, and troubled conscience said: "Answer your boy's petition with your ballot."

At last he stood at the polling-place with two tickets in his hand—one License; the other No License. Sophistry, policy, avarice, said: "Vote License." Conscience echoed: "No License." After a moment's hesitation, he threw from him the No License ticket and put the License in the box.

The next day it was found that the contest was so close that it needed but one vote to carry the town for prohibition. In the afternoon Willie found a No License ticket, and, having heard only one vote was necessary, he started out to find the man who would cast this one ballot against wrong, and in his eagerness he flew along the streets.

The saloon men were having a jubilee, and the highways were filled with drunken rowdies. Little Willie rushed on through the unsafe crowd.

Hark! a random pistol-shot from a drunken quarrel, a pierced heart, and sweet Willie Kent had his death-wound.

They carried him home to his mother. His father was quickly summoned, and the first swift thought that came to him, as he stood over his lifeless boy, was: "Willie will never pray again that I may vote No Whiskey."

With a strange, still grief he took in his own the quiet little hand, chilling into marble coldness, and there between the fingers, firmly

clasped, was the No License ballot with which the brave little soul thought to change the verdict of yesterday.

Mr. Kent started back in shame and sorrow. That vote in his hand might have answered the prayer so lately on his lips, now dumb, and perhaps averted the awful calamity. Fathers, may not the hands of the "thousands slain" make mute appeal to you? Your vote is what God



"There between the fingers, firmly clasped, was the No License ballot."

requires of you. You are as responsible for it being in harmony with His law, as if on it hung the great decision.—Touching Incidents and Remarkable Answers to Prayer.

NEW SHOES.

"I wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it!"

Little Tim sat on the ground close beside a very ugly dark-colored stone jug. He eyed it sharply, but finding it quite impossible to see through its sides, pulled out the cork and peered anxiously in. "Can't see nothin', but it's so dark in there I couldn't see if there was anything. I've a great mind to break the hateful old thing."

He sat for a while thinking how badly he wanted a pair of shoes to wear to the Sunday-school picnic. His mother had promised to wash

and mend his clothes, so that he might be looking very neat indeed; but the old shoes were far past all mending and how could he go barefoot?

Then he began counting the chances of his father being very angry when he should find his jug broken. He did not like the idea of getting a whipping for it, as was very likely, but how could he resist the temptation of making sure about those shoes? The more he thought of them, the more he couldn't. He sprang up and hunted around until



"I was lookin' for a pair of new shoes."

he found a good-sized brick-bat, which he flung with such vigorous hand and correct aim that the next moment the old jug lay in pieces before his eyes.

How eagerly he bent over them in the hope of finding not only what he was so longing for, but, perhaps, other treasure! But his poor little heart sank as he turned over the fragments with trembling fingers. Nothing could be found among the broken bits, wet on the inside with a bad-smelling liquid.

Tim sat down again and sobbed as he had never sobbed before; so hard that he did not hear a step beside him until a voice said:

"Well! what's all this?"

He sprang up in great alarm. It was his father, who always slept late in the morning, and was very seldom awake so early as this.

"Who broke my jug?" he asked. "I did," said Tim, catching his breath half in terror and half between his sobs.

"Why did you?" Tim looked up. The voice did not sound quite so terrible as he had expected. The truth was, his father had been touched at sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful, which had bent over the broken jug.

"Why," he said, "I was lookin' for a pair of new shoes. I want a pair of shoes awful bad to wear to the picnic. All the other chaps wear shoes."

"How came you to think you'd find shoes in a jug?"

"Why, mamma said so. I asked her for some new shoes, and she said they had gone into the black jug, and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat and things—and I thought if I broke it I'd find 'em all, and there ain't a thing in it—and mamma never said what wasn't so before—and I thought 't would be so—sure."

And Tim, hardly able to sob out the words, feeling how keenly his trust in mother's word had added to his great disappointment, sat down again, and cried harder than ever.

His father seated himself on a box in the disorderly yard, and remained quiet for so long a time that Tim at last looked timidly up.

"I am real sorry I broke your jug, father. I'll never do it again."

"No, I guess you won't," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that his father had not been angry with him.

Two days after, on the very evening before the picnic, he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.

"New shoes! new shoes!" he shouted. "Oh, father, did you get a new jug and were they in it?"

"No, my boy, there isn't going to be a new jug. Your mother was right all the time—the things all went into the jug; but you see getting them out is no easy matter, so I am going to keep them out after this."—New York Observer.

"T'LL NEVER STEAL AGAIN—IF FATHER KILLS ME FOR IT."

A friend of mine, seeking for objects of charity, got into the room

of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up



"Hush! don't tell him! don't tell him! but look here."

there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself up through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's-eye in the place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing there?"

"Hush! don't tell anybody — please, sir."

"What are you doing here?"

"Don't tell anybody, sir; I'm hiding."

"What are you hiding from?"

"Don't tell anybody, if you please, sir."

"Where's your mother?"

"Mother is dead."

"Where's your father?"

"Hush! don't tell him! don't tell him! but look here!" He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt, my friend saw the boy's flesh was bruised and the skin was broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir."

"What did your father beat you like that for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir. I was a street thief once."

"And why don't you steal any more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God, and of heaven, and of Jesus; and they taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal'; and I'll never steal again, if father kills me for it. But, please, sir, don't tell him."

"My boy, you must not stay here; you will die. Now, you wait patiently here for a little time; I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but please, sir, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?"

Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, hiding away from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing.

"Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn."

He raised himself on his elbow and then sang:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Suffer me to come to Thee.
Fain would I to Thee be brought,
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir. Good-bye."

The gentleman went away, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, and there was the little boy with one hand by his side, and the other tucked in his bosom, underneath the little ragged shirt—dead.—John B. Gough in "Touching Incidents."

WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

An Ohio correspondent of the "Tennessee Good Templar" gives the following sad illustration of the wages of sin:

"The most hopeless feature of intemperance is that it stupefies its victims to any convictions of fears of their own future. Forty years ago I noted down ten drinkers, six young men and four boys. I saw the boys drink beer and buy cigars in what was then called a 'grocery,' or 'doggery.' I expressed my disapprobation and the seller gave a coarse reply. He continued the business, and in fifteen years he died of delirium tremens, leaving not five dollars.

"I never lost sight of these ten, only as the clods of the valley hid their bodies from human vision. Of the six young men, one died of delirium tremens, and one in a drunken fit; two died of diseases produced by their excesses, before they reached the meridian of life; two of them left families not provided for, and two sons are drunkards. Of the two remaining, one is a miserable wreck, and the other a drinker in somewhat better condition.

"Of the four boys, one, who had a good mother, grew up a sober man; one was killed by a club in a drunken broil; one has served two terms in the penitentiary, and one has drank himself into an inoffensive dolt, whose family has to provide for him."—The Christian.

HIS DRINK CURE.

A certain Indianapolis lawyer, who has a good practice now, quit drinking whiskey and beer and other intoxicants, too, for that matter, two or three years ago, and he didn't take the Keeley cure, either. A German saloonkeeper of whom the lawyer bought most of his liquor administered the cure, and it has been effective.

For several years the lawyer had been buying nearly all of his drinks at this particular saloon. He paid his bills there the same as he paid his grocery bills. Finally the old saloonkeeper bought a house and lot, and he employed another lawyer who never bought drinks to prepare the abstract and the deed and transact other business in connection with the deal. The lawyer who had been the regular customer heard about it. He was filled with rage, and he went at once to demand an explanation.

"Here," he yelled as he leaned over the bar and appointed an accus-

ing finger at the old German. "I buy all my drinks here. I have bought my drinks here for years. I have spent hundreds of dollars in this place. And the very minute you have some work for a lawyer to do, you go and employ someone else. That's what you do. You go and, and——"

"Vell," interrupted the old German in the midst of the harangue of accusation, "when I got business, I want it done by a sober lawyer."

The offending lawyer turned and walked out, and his friends say he has drunk nothing stronger than coffee since.—Indianapolis News.

JUST ONE DRINK.

It was at a children's party. A beautiful little girl with a face as sweet as a cherub, and yet marked with sadness, sat in a small rocking chair watching the other children play and taking no part. A dainty white cape, edged with lace, was thrown about her. More than one child wondered why, but presently they all found out "why." During one of the games one of the guests approached the beautiful stranger with kindly attention. They were playing "Barbie Brunt." "Put out your hands," she said, "and I'll fill 'em full to the brim."

But the gentle request was not obeyed. "Put out your hands, I say," demanded the leader. "Don't you want to play?" Still the child did not put out her hands. Her face paled. She tried to speak, but could not find her voice. At this moment the little hostess, a charming child, entered the room. Finding her guests watching the little visitor (who was spending a few days at her home), who looked disturbed, she asked:

"What's the matter?"

"She won't play 'Barbie Brunt,'" was the answer.

"She can't play 'Barbie Brunt,'" said the hostess, sorrowfully.

The little stranger had no arms. She was the child of wealthy parents who did all they could for her comfort and pleasure, but they could not bring her arms to her.

It is a sad story. One day she was sitting on the front doorstep of her beautiful home—a happy, laughing child. While she sat there singing a lullaby to her dolly, her brother came home. He had a gun in his hand and was staggering. She thought he was staggering for fun, and she laughed with childish glee.

"I'm going to shoot you," he said angrily. Then she was afraid. As

he raised the gun she bent her head and threw up her hands. The boy fired. The dear little hands of the child were almost completely shot off. They had to be amputated at her wrists, and later, to save her life, her arms were cut off.

The boy was broken-hearted; he wanted to put himself out of the world. He had always loved his little sister, but "just one drink" had made him wild. He never took a drop of intoxicating drink after that "black day" in his life's calendar. But even his remorseful agony could not bring back the dimpled arms to his beloved little sister. His hair grew white before he was of age. Notwithstanding his father's wealth his days are spent in hard manual labor. He wants to forget that black day, but he cannot. No matter how tired he is, he never rests his weary head upon the pillow without this thought haunting him:

"Janie's dear little arms! Janie's dear little arms! The price of just one drink."—Temperance Banner.

THE TEARLESS HANDKERCHIEF.

When the death of John B. Gough was announced, wagon loads of flowers were turned back from the door of his home with the orders that these flowers be distributed among the poor. When the vast congregation of people came to the funeral, there was not a flower upon the casket; the only decoration was a little faded, tear-stained handkerchief, and the story of the handkerchief was this: Many years before that, a young lady had married a young man, and they had gone to the city of New York to live.

After they had finally settled there the wife found that he was a drunkard and gambler, and soon began to leave her alone at night. Two little children came into their home; but he cared not for them, seemingly, for he would be out all night. Then he began to beat his family, curse them, and then began pawning the furniture.

One by one the pieces of furniture that she had brought from old Kentucky were sent down to the pawnshop. After a while this poor woman had to go out and wash for a living that her children might have bread to eat. She had one treasure left, that was the piano that her mother had given her on her wedding day. She would take her little tots and play on the piano and sing to them; then they would say their little prayers and go to bed.

She came home one night and her piano was gone. She knew what it meant. The last thing she had to tell of her old home had been pawned by her husband for drink. Her heart was breaking, but her babies came and asked her to sing. She put her arms around them and did the best she could without her piano.

Somehow the whiskey had not tasted as good that night as usual. (Sometimes when mixed with a woman's tears it gets a little bitter.) Her husband came home not so drunk as usual. As he came around the house he looked in at the window and saw the children in their little nighties, and his wife singing a lullaby song; then they prayed, kneeling down beside her.

Each one asked God to bless them, to bless mamma, then to bless papa, and help him be good and bring him home sober. He slipped in, and knelt down by his wife's side, and said, "Wife, if you'll forgive me I'll never do it again." She said, "Tom, will you sign the pledge to-night?" He said, "I will." They went down together to a hall where John B. Gough, the great temperance lecturer, was giving a lecture. Tom went up and put his name down.

One day, at the time of Mr. Gough's illness, this woman came to his home, and she told her story to Mrs. Gough. She said, "I hoped I might give some presents to Mr. Gough, but I cannot do it. I have brought my handkerchief. I have not shed a tear since the night Tom signed the pledge. I brought this, and thought I would give it to Mr. Gough." When Mr. Gough heard this, he told his wife to send all flowers that might be sent to him at his funeral to the poor, and to put nothing but that little handkerchief on his casket and tell the people that there was one soul on earth that he had helped make happier. When the people saw that little handkerchief on the casket of John B. Gough, it taught them a lesson all the flowers in the world couldn't have taught. —Selected by Evangelical Friend.

IT SAVES THE BOYS.

The best argument I have found in Maine for prohibition was by an editor of a paper in Portland, who was for political reasons mildly opposed to it. I had a conversation with him that ran something like this:

"Where were you born?"

"In a little village about sixty miles from Bangor."

"Do you remember the condition of things in your village prior to prohibition?"

"Distinctly. There was a vast amount of drunkenness, and consequent disorder and poverty."

"What was the effect of prohibition?"

"It shut up all the rum-shops, and practically banished liquor from the village. It became one of the most quiet and prosperous places on the globe."

"How long did you live in the village after prohibition?"

"Eleven years, or until I was twenty-one years of age."

"Then?"

"Then I went to Bangor."

"Do you drink now?"

"I have never tasted a drop of liquor in my life."

"Why?"

"Up to the age of twenty-one I never saw it, and after that I did not care to take on the habit."

That is all there is in it. If the boys of the country are not exposed to the infernalism, the men are very sure not to be. This man and his schoolmates were saved from rum by the fact that they could not get it until they were old enough to know better. Few men are drunkards who know not the poison till after they are twenty-one. It is the youth that the whiskey and beer men want.—North American Review.

JACK AND HIS HARD LUMP.

"Halloo, Jack! Won't you have a glass this cold morning?" cried a bloated-looking saloonkeeper to a sailor who was quickly stepping along the road.

Jack had formerly been a hard drinker and had spent many a week's wages in the saloon he was now passing, but a year ago he had signed the pledge.

"No! I can't drink; I've got a hard lump at my side." As the sailor said these words he pressed his hands against his side, adding, "Oh, this hard lump!"

"It's all through leaving off grog," replied the saloonkeeper. "Some good drink will take your lump away. If you are fool enough to keep

from your grog your lump will get bigger, and very likely you'll be having a hard lump at your other side."

"True! true! old boy," with a hearty laugh, responded the sailor, as he drew out a bag of gold from his side pocket and held it up to the saloonkeeper's gaze. "Here's my hard lump. You are right in saying that if I drink my lump will go away, and if I stick to teetotal I shall have a bigger lump. Good-bye to you. By God's help I'll keep out of your net and try to get a lump at both sides!"—Selected.

THE WORK OF A SALOON.

"A man was shot in the saloon over here on the corner of Adams and Green streets about an hour ago," was the report brought to us Friday, August 14, and soon the newsboys were calling out very loudly, "Extra paper! Ex—tra paper! All about the Adams street murder!" That night as we were on our way to the mission we were horrified to learn that the man, who was shot by the bartender, only a block and a half from the mission home, was the father of our dear little Sunday-school boy, Mark. Oh, the awful, awful work of this deadly foe, the licensed saloon!

We soon visited the home of little Mark and tried to comfort his broken-hearted mother, who was moaning out in her grief, "Ah, they have taken everything I had in this world, except my poor little boy, and we'll have a h-a-r-d road to travel." We knelt in prayer by her side and called upon the God of all comfort to help this sorrowing one and teach her the way of life and peace, for we knew her anguish was too deep for our human hearts to fathom and soothe.

Two of our number attended the funeral, and as the one they had hoped to secure could not be present to officiate, we were requested to take charge of the service. Quite a number of the men and women of this neighborhood and others from some distance away gathered in the gloom-shadowed home to pay their last respects to the one whose life was snatched away in a moment of time; and we realized the great responsibility of pointing these people to Jesus, the Lamb of God, and warning those on the downward road to flee the wrath to come. We felt the Lord helping us to sing, pray and speak in His name, and tears came to the eyes of many of those who listened. God grant that our simple effort, made in such weakness, may result in leading some whose

hearts have long been hardened by sin to turn their feet into the ways of righteousness. Two sisters of the deceased were present and bemoaned greatly the untimely loss of their favorite brother. "He was brought up under Christian influence," said one of the sisters, speaking to us after the service. Oh, how the hearts of these dear women were pained as they saw their brother lying cold in death through the influence of the saloon! Between her sobs the sister also told us that only about a year ago, the last time she visited her brother, he remarked, as he bade her good-bye at the train, that he would not have been living the kind of life he was leading if mother had lived. One of mother's boys, and one of sister's favorites! Oh, how many of them neglect to follow the loving counsel given in youthful days and neglect to accept the only One who can make life a success, until suddenly the awful foe has swept away their last opportunity!

We looked at the great, handsome form of little Mark's father and had to admit that he was an exceptionally fine specimen of the physical man. A confirmed drunkard? No, not that; a big-hearted, loving father and a generous friend, but a man who dared go into the saloon with his friends and take a drink when he wanted to do so; and they wanted him to go this special day, which proved to be his last. One of his friends had a difference with the barkeeper, who, upon being attacked, instantly fired, killing Mark's father and wounding another of the party.

Oh, precious voter, could you look with us into the wide, horrified eyes of our little fatherless Sunday-school boy and see the sad, haggard look on his little pale face, usually so cheerful and bright; could you hear the frenzied wail of his grief-stricken mother, "Oh, he was always so good to me!" could you witness the tears flowing from the eyes of those loving, disappointed sisters who had so wanted their favorite brother to shun those awful dens of iniquity, if your heart has not already turned to stone, it would break and bleed in pity and you would surely realize that in God's sight we are "our brother's keeper."

When asked by the coroner if he should not hold the murderer for trial, that he might be punished, Mark's mother replied pathetically, "No, no; God will take care of him!" Ah, and God will take care of the nation that legalizes these death-traps of Satan. James Otis, who was the father of the first Congress, said, "Civil government is of God." If he lived today to fight the tyranny and oppression of the liquor traffic he would surely say, "Prohibition is of God, and to sanction or screen the

making and selling of distilled damnation is of the devil.”—Olive Branch.

“PAPA MADE ME DRUNK.”

“These are the last words, repeated over and over again, of a little boy who recently died from the effects of whiskey. His father, an old acquaintance of mine,” says A. T. Goodlove, “carried a jug of whiskey home with him from town, and gave each of his children a dram out of it. This child was brought under control of the whiskey devil by the drink given to him, and slipped to the jug, as soon as he could do so unobserved, to get as much of the fiery liquor as his cravings called for. When found he was lying on the floor by the jug unable to move, and insensible. The doctor was sent for, and he was roused sufficiently to say, and keep saying till he died, “Papa made me drunk.”—Selected.

GOSPEL TEMPERANCE.

John G. Woolley related the following experience before a body of young people as an illustration of Gospel Temperance work:

I walked the streets of New York City one August day, starving—but I was sober. The play of my life was over; the light had burned out. I was a ruined man, godless and hopeless, and that is Hell, whether it happens to a man in this world or another. I saw three witches—starvation, beggary and crime—stirring a black broth for me on the bleakest moor of life that ever the fanged hounds of appetite and remorse haunted a man over. But I was sober.

So I looked back upon the wreck of my life that day. All was lost. Father had died calling to me to come to him from the saloon to see him die. Mother had died calling me to stay out of the saloon and see her die. My wife was worse than widowed; her children worse than orphans—shelterless but for the grace of creditors and God's canopy that shelters all—and the future was an infinity of pitch.

But I was sober! If I had said that I had left off drink forever, no man who knew me would believe me. If I had been able to telegraph my wife I was going home, she would have answered, though it broke her heart, “You must not come home.” If I asked for employment, no man would trust me. The asylum would not receive me, for I was sane; nor the hospitals, for I was not sick; nor the morgue, for I was not

dead. I had not been to bed, for I had no bed. I remembered nothing of the night before, or of the morning, but I was sober. I thought I was going mad.

I washed my face at the fountain at Union Square, and crossed over to Eighth Avenue. At the corner of Twenty-first Street I saw the sign of Stephen Merritt—you know him, some of you; all the angels know him well. I had never seen him, but had heard of him. It was not food I thought of, but an overwhelming desire filled me to touch the hand of a good man. I entered. A man with the joy of the Lord in his face came to meet me with his hand extended, and as he grasped mine I said, "I don't know why I came." The sentence was never finished, for I burst into tears, and then I told him who and what I was. I said not a word about money or hunger, for I had forgotten both.

He said: "You need the woods! Did you ever go to camp-meeting? I have a tent on the Hudson at the camp-meeting; there is a boat at one o'clock. You can catch it. Go on and rest, and perhaps you'll enjoy the sermons, too. I'll be out in three days." Then he snatched up a pen and wrote a letter to a Christian woman, and read it to me before he closed it: "This is my friend, John G. Woolley, of Minneapolis; show him to my tent, and do for him as you would do for me." Then he slipped a five dollar bill into my hand and said: "Good-bye; see you Monday," and pretending he was called, was gone before I said a word.

I call that Gospel Temperance work. And when a young man simply declines a glass of wine, giving the name of Jesus for the reason, I call that Gospel Temperance.—Selected.

WAITING FOR HIS DRUNKEN MOTHER.

Lady Henry Somerset recently said: "Some years ago I was passing along a great thoroughfare at the hour of midnight, and I saw a little boy sitting on the curb and anxiously looking at the illuminated clock at the end of the street. I asked him what he was waiting for. 'I am waiting to bring mother home,' said he. Every night that little boy, eight years of age, went there and waited for his drunken mother to come out of the public house, so that he could conduct her to the place they called home. We must look after these children, or England will disappear with that great crowd of nations which have passed away in disgrace and ruin."

HER UNIQUE DEFINITION OF TEETOTALISM.

Paying a visit of inspection one day to a large English school, an inspector found a teacher exercising a class in the subject of definitions. One interrogation put to them seemed for a moment a great puzzle. The question was: "What is teetotalism?"

At last one tiny girl, whose pinched face and shabby clothes bespoke hard times at home, put up her hand and cried out: "I know, teacher!"

Both teacher and visitor felt lumps rise in their throats as the answer came, in the thin, piping treble: "Teetotalism means bread and butter."

With tears swelling in her eyes, the teacher said: "You must explain that."

And the small damsel promptly replied:

"Because when father's teetotal we get bread and butter, and when he is not, we have to go without."—Home Herald.

BRAVE BILL AND HIS ENEMY.

When the report of the loss of the *Maine* reached this country, the account was given also of the dauntless courage with which the officers and sailors met the disaster. One man, while the thunder of the explosion was still sounding in his ears, appeared at the door of Captain Sigbee's cabin, and touching his cap, said calmly:

"Excuse me, sir, I have to report that the ship has blown up and is sinking."

He faced an almost certain death in order to save the captain's life.

When the story was told, the heart of the nation responded with a proud throb. Every American felt honored by the courage and coolness of his countryman, and rejoiced that by some happy chance he was among the few who were saved.

His after-story is brief, and as it has been told in all the daily journals, there can be no indelicacy in reciting it here.

He was a marine orderly on the *Maine*, a gallant, generous, friendly young fellow, who had but one enemy—he drank to excess. After the destruction of the *Maine*, he came to this country, and was received with praise and affection as a hero. His friends gathered around him; he married, and soon had another position. He loved his work, his friends,

and his wife; but not work, nor friends, nor home could drag him away from the fatal habit.

Not two years from that day when, a hero among heroes, he trod the deck of the sinking ship, he sat alone in a public park in New York, a miserable outcast, who, for liquor, had given up all that made life dear. Mad with want and despair, he kissed the picture of his child, and put an end to his life—a life which God had fitted to make happy and noble.

We tell this story to American boys, as we would point out a beast of prey hidden by the path along which they must walk.—Youth's Companion.

A REPLY TO THE MODERATE DRINKER.

That staunch old Scotchman, Dr. Arnot, gives a good illustration of the total abstinence question. "You will find the world full of men who will tell you they 'are not obliged to sign away their liberty in order to keep on the safe side.' 'They know when they have had enough; no danger of their becoming drunkards,' and the like."

Dr. Arnot says: "True, you are not obliged; but here is a river we have to cross. It is broad and deep and rapid; whoever falls into it is sure to be drowned. Here is a narrow foot-bridge, a single timber extending across. He who is lithe of limb and steady of brain and nerve may step over it in safety. Yonder is a broad, strong bridge. Its foundations are solid rock. Its passages are wide; its balustrade is high and firm. All may cross it in perfect safety—the aged and feeble, the young and gay, the tottering wee ones. There is no danger there. Now, my friends, you say, 'I am not obliged to go yonder. Let them go there who cannot walk this timber.' True, true, you are not obliged, but as for you, we know that if we cross that timber, though we may go safely, many others who will attempt to follow us will surely perish. And we feel better to go by the bridge!"

Walking a foot-bridge over a raging torrent is risky business, but it is safety itself compared with tampering with strong drink.—Home Herald.

SAILORS OF THE MAINE.

"Three hundred sailors gave up their lives in the Maine disaster, accident or no accident, and the country went into spasms of excitement because of the sacrifice. Every year in Chicago, four thousand

persons give up their lives because of the contaminated water supply, and there is no question as to accident or no accident. We know all about it. Why not declare war on those persons who are trying to maintain this slaughter of innocents by opposing the intercepting and purifying sewers?" The question, asked by a Chicago newspaper, is apropos. We suggest that the American public also consider this one: Every year in the United States one hundred thousand persons give up their lives because of the supply of intoxicating drinks—to say nothing of all the miseries entailed and the thousands of other lives that are wrecked by it—and there is no question as to accident. Why not declare war on those persons who maintain this slaughter by opposing the only remedy for such wholesale destruction—the prohibition of the liquor traffic?—Union Signal.

A GOOD JUDGE OF WHISKY.

There is a certain debate in progress over the good or ill effects of whisky upon the human system, and we want expert opinion when it can be found. Therefore, when someone in a position to know, rises to speak, we cheerfully listen; and if it is discovered that the gentleman hails from Kentucky, he has that profound attention that is due the voice of an authority; but when we learn that the man who has addressed the chair is a genuine Kentucky colonel, let nobody leave the place nor rustle a fan, for the truth about whisky is at last within our reach.

Well, such testimony has been given. The "New York Times" states that Col. W. M. Thomas of Kentucky, lately gave some interesting testimony on the subject of whisky, before the Food Standards Committee in that city. To quote the "Times:"

"Much of the so-called better-class whisky sold now, Col. Thomas said, was made from alcohol distilled from corn, filtered through charcoal to remove the fusil oil and other impurities, and mixed with about one-fifth of its volume of pure old Bourbon or rye whisky. Such a compound, he said, might not be positively injurious, but it could hardly be called pure whisky.

"By far the greater portion of the stuff sold as whisky, he declared, however, was made by taking Cologne spirits, coloring it artificially, and adding artificial essences, ethers, and oils to imitate the taste, and appearance of whisky. Such concoctions, Col. Thomas said, were unfit for human use."

A PATHETIC STORY.

I was sitting at my breakfast table one Sabbath morning, when I was called to my door by the ring of the bell. There stood a boy, about fourteen years of age, poorly clad, but tidied up as best he could.

He was leaning upon crutches; one leg off at the knee. In a voice trembling with emotion, and tears coursing down his cheeks, he said:

"Mr. Hoagland, I am Freddy Brown. I have come to see if you will go to the jail and talk and pray with my father. He is to be hung to-morrow for the murder of my mother. My father was a good man, but whiskey did it. I have three little sisters, younger than myself. We are very, very poor, and have no friends. We live in a dark and dingy room. I do the best I can to support my sisters, by selling papers, blacking boots, and odd jobs, but, Mr. Hoagland, we are awfully poor. Will you come and be with us when father's body is brought home? The governor says we may have his body after he is hung."

I was deeply moved to pity. I promised and made haste to the jail, where I found his father.

He acknowledged that he must have murdered his wife, for the circumstances pointed that way, but he had not the slightest remembrance of the deed. He said he was crazed with drink or he never would have committed the crime. He said: "My wife was a good woman, and faithful mother to my little children. Never did I dream that my hand could be guilty of such a crime." The man could face the penalty of the law bravely for his deed, but he broke down and cried as if his heart would break, when he thought of leaving his children in a destitute and friendless condition. I read and prayed with him and left him to his fate.

The next morning I made my way to the miserable quarters of these children. I found three little girls upon a bed of straw in one corner of the room. They were clad in rags. They were beautiful girls had they had the proper care. They were expecting the body of their dead father, and between their cries and sobs they would say, "Papa was good, but whiskey did it."

In a little time two strong officers came, bearing the body of the dead father in a rude pine box. They set it down on two old rickety stools. The cries of the children were so heartrending that they could not endure it, and made haste out of the room, leaving me alone with this terrible scene.

In a moment the manly boy nerved himself and said: "Come, sisters; kiss papa's face before it is cold." They gathered about his face, smoothed it down with kisses, and between their sobs, cried out: "Papa was good, but whiskey did it." "Papa was good, but whiskey did it."

I raised my heart to God and said: "O God, did I fight to save a country that would derive a revenue from a traffic that would make one scene like this possible?" In my heart I said: "In the whole history of this accursed traffic, there has not been enough revenue derived to pay for one such scene as this. The wife and mother murdered, the father hung, the children outraged, a home destroyed." I there promised my God that I would vote to save my country from the rule of the rum oligarchy.

A system of government that derives its revenue from results such as are seen in this touching picture, must either change its course or die, unless God's law is a lie.—Alex. Hoagland in the *Newsboys' Friend*.

BROKE HIS PLEDGE.

A small brown hand held up a pledge-card wrapped up in a bit of tissue paper, and such a tone of misery, shame and deep despair rang in the words, that I hastened to say consolingly, "Never mind, Flash; I will get you another card if you will be more careful."

"But it's broke—the pledge is broke. I've been drinking."

"Drinking, Flash!" I cried, hotly; for this boy, vile, dirty, ignorant as he was, had a place very near my heart, and I had hoped much for him.

Flash was one of the boys who had been brought into the mission, and, though small and thin for want of proper food, was bright, cheerful, truthful and noticeably quick, as to have earned for himself the name of "Flash" among the street comrades.

As he stood leaning against the door in a hopeless way, I looked at him sharply and saw great red welts all along his neck and running down under his ragged collar. There were marks, too, on his hands, and a tangle of brown hair partly hid a dark line across his forehead.

"Tell me about it, Flash," I said gently enough now.

"It's nothing," said he, hesitatingly; "only I did mean to keep my word. You know, ma'am, that Billy and I live with father down the

alley there, and how father drinks and beats us when he chances to feel like it; and sometimes he brings the stuff home and tries to make us drink, but we never have since we promised till last night. He was powerfully bad then. We heard him cursing as he came up the stairs, and I'd just time to hide Billy before he came in. He had a big bottle full of something and made me bring a cup, and said that I should drink anyway. But I wouldn't 'a' drank if he'd killed me, and he knew it, I guess, for he begun asking for Billy. I was hoping he wouldn't find him, but he did. I tell you I was afraid then. Billy's only six, but he's a hero. Father dragged him along by the collar and told him he had something good for him in the bottle. Billy told him that he knew what it was, and that he'd never drink it. Why, 'twould 'a' made your flesh creep to 'a' heard him go on then. But Billy never gave in. His face was white and his eyes were just like stars, and he wouldn't drink.

Father choked him then till he was limp, and beat him till he couldn't stand it, and I told him I'd give up if he'd let Billy off. He made me drink ever so many times. He and I drank all there was in the bottle, and pretty soon he went to sleep on the floor; but my head didn't swim even. I picked Billy up and carried him away and hid him. I can take care of Billy and he needn't drink; but I promised mother I'd stick by father, and so I stays there. I wouldn't drink if I could help it, but my pledge is broke."

As Flash stood twirling his old cap in his bruised hands and looked hopelessly out at his future, such a hatred sprang up in my heart against alcohol that I felt like calling on the whole temperance army to charge and charge and charge again on this most merciless tyrant.—Way of Faith.

'A FIVE-DOLLAR INVESTMENT.'

The following incident is one that offers inspiration and encouragement for those who are endeavoring to hold out to others a hand that is helpful.

A dark-visaged, unkempt man, who had evidently been on a protracted spree, but whose face retained some evidences of refinement, shuffled up to the desk of Stephen Merritt, in his New York office, one bright summer morning a little more than ten years ago. In his hand

he carried a battered hat, but so much did he tremble from the effects of long abstinence from strong drink, that the hat fell from his grasp, as he stood waiting for the merchant to look up. A week's growth of beard gave his face a tramp-like appearance.

"Mr. Merritt," he began, falteringly, "I have been told that you are a friend to the unfortunate——"

There was something in the tone of the speaker's voice that caused Mr. Merritt to stop writing and turn sharply. He looked the man over scrutinizingly. A pair of pathetic dark eyes looked appealingly, straight into his. The tramp had once been a gentleman—that was plain.

"I am unfortunate; will you help me?"

In his bluff way the philanthropist pretended to be angry at the suggestion, and exclaimed:

"Not a cent for a drunkard! I have all I can do to assist those who are worthy. How dare you ask me for money, when you know that you will go straight to a rum-shop with it?"

"Try me," he replied, as he bit his lips; "try me."

Down into his vest pocket went the hand of the merchant, bringing forth a five-dollar bill. Handing it over, he said, earnestly:

"I will try you; but, if I am deceived, as I have so often——"

"You won't be, Mr. Merritt," interrupted the man; "you won't be. Your kindness will make a man of me."

He grasped the hand of his benefactor and, in a choking voice, promised to reform, and let him know.

It was late in the afternoon of the same day. The merchant-philanthropist was about to leave his office. He had been busy all day, partly with the demands of his business, and partly with the claims of the poor. A fine-looking man of about thirty-five was his last caller.

"What can I do for you, sir?" Mr. Merritt asked.

"I have called," said the stranger, "to show you I have kept my promise."

"What promise? Who are you?"

"Why, Mr. Merritt, don't you remember me? I called only this morning."

"This morning! I never saw you before in all my life."

A merry smile brightened the dark face of the caller. His clean-shaven features alone would have prevented recognition. But in

addition to a shave, he had fresh linen, a well-blacked pair of shoes, plain but neat clothing, and a trim hat. These had worked a transformation in his appearance marvelous to behold. It required earnest assurance on his part to convince Merritt that his two callers were one and the same man.

So delighted was the philanthropist with the result of his experiment, that he procured work for the man in a publisher's office, addressing envelopes at fifteen cents a hundred.

"Do you know who that man is?" asked a visitor to the publishing house, as he noticed the quiet figure of the new mailing clerk.

"No."

"He is John G. Wooley, one of the most brilliant men of the West, a man of the highest education and mental power. As a lawyer in Minneapolis, he was easily the leader of the bar of his state, his practice netting him from twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars a year. But he fell, a victim of strong drink."

The struggle upward was a bitter one for the reformed man, but it was brightened by love and helpfulness of true friends. Then, one Sunday afternoon, he made his first temperance speech at Cooper Union, New York. It was electrical. Thrilling as were the words to the auditors, the speech was destined to have a still more powerful effect upon the speaker. It opened up a new vista of religion to him. Strengthened by the consolations of religion, and encouraged by the promptings of his wife, of his friends, and of his own heart, Mr. Wooley resolved to devote his life to the work of saving others from the drink evil. His own reformation being permanent, his great talents began to find play. Within a year, there burst on the sky of temperance reform a star of the first magnitude, a man of such impassioned eloquence, that he swayed audiences as no temperance lecturer had done since the days of John B. Gough.

One day a splendid-looking couple drove up to the office of Mr. Merritt, and alighted. The one was Mr. Wooley, the other his devoted wife, her face beaming with happiness. It was the anniversary of the day when the greenback had been given to the tramp. The interview that followed was very dramatic. When it was over, three people were wiping their eyes.

"I knew you would be glad to see the good your five-dollar bill has accomplished," said Mr. Wooley.

"I'd sell out my business to-morrow," said the grizzled veteran, "if I could invest the money so it might bring as good returns."—Christian Standard.

THE MODERATE DRINKING HABIT HIS RUIN.

The New York World thus tells the story of the downfall of a well-known New York bank clerk:

Garvin R. Dick, formerly clerk of the check department of the Chase National Bank, sat on a bench in the room for visitors at the work-house on Blackwell's Island. He wore prison trousers, prison shoes and a prison hat.

"Tippling brought me here," he said, "just a drink or two a day with a friend. That's what downed me. Moderate drinking is the most insidious form of indulgence.

"It was moderate drinking that also brought my wife here. She had her circle of friends, and they had their social glass. She will agree with me that the hard drinker has not so much to fear as those who take a social glass regularly."

Dick and his wife, whose maiden name was Gertrude Bancker, popular in the Harlem set, were taken to the Island at the same time, sentenced for six months because neither could give the required bond of \$300.

Friends of Dick who used to know him when he stood behind the grating of the Chase National and counted up the checks and classified them, would not have recognized in the thin-faced, white-haired, unshorn prisoner, feebly and penitently telling of his downfall, the same smiling, jovial and confident young man who was pointed out as a model to many of the subordinate clerks in the big bank.

"I didn't bring my wife down with me. I didn't cause her to take up drinking," he said. "It was her circle of friends with whom she used to take a social glass when they came together, that caused her to be here with me.

"I had no idea that I would ever be as low as this. I came to New York from New Brunswick, Canada, more than twenty-five years ago. I was barely more than a boy then, and I had hopes of accomplishing

something in the big city. It was the habit of all the people in my Canadian neighborhood to take a glass of whisky when they wanted it. I thought, too, that I could drink like a gentleman and suffer no ill effects. I got a position twenty-three years ago with the bank as one of the clerks at fifteen dollars a week. I worked hard, and was shortly afterward advanced. Two years later I married and we were very happy together.

"Whenever the boys would ask me out to have a drink, I would not refuse, but I was not what one might call, in the habit of drinking. I knew that I could stop at any time.

"Mrs. Dick did not drink in those days.

"By hard work, in a year or two I was advanced again, and we took a more pretentious home. I had several friends at the bank, but, of course, they would not endanger their position now by trying to do anything for me. You know how particular a bank is.

"I suppose it must be the case with all drunkards, but the first thing I knew, I got to be so dependent upon my daily amount of stimulant that I would be nervous if I left off. In the meantime, I noticed that my wife also would ask for a drink before meals and before retiring.

"She seemed to take to it at first to be congenial with me, but she told me she had learned to drink at a friend's house. I did not try to stop her, because I expected no ill effects. I always did my work regularly at the bank. The first intimation that anything was wrong came a year ago, when the surety company which protected my position went off my bond.

"The bank, of course, notified me that I would have to leave. I got out. In the meantime I had saved up no money and had to borrow from friends. I thought there would be no trouble in getting a new place, but after a man gets to a certain age in New York, no business has any use for him, and it was then that I realized that I had cultivated the drink habit so far that I was permanently injured by it.

"It was impossible for me to get any position. I got more discouraged and began to drink heavier. Mrs. Dick also began to drink more. From the tippler she soon was changed into the confirmed inebriate.

"We are here, both of us, until next July, and we can both attribute our present state to the moderate drinking habit."

CHANGE YOUR HITCHING POST.

During some recent revival services in a western town, a young farmer named George Wilcox, living several miles in the country, came in every evening to attend the meetings, and became very deeply convicted of sin. He was well liked by all his friends, and so much interest was manifested in his salvation that there was much joy when one evening toward the close of the meeting, he was happily converted.

Young Mr. Wilcox was somewhat given to drink; and being of a social nature and with no great force of character, though with the best of intentions, the saloon element of the town was in a fair way to drag him down to ruin. He did not drink much, but he stayed around the saloons and with that crowd far more than was good for him. He was moderately well to do, and had a fine team of horses and a good wagon; and whenever he came to town on business, he hitched his team on a vacant lot near one of the saloons, which seemed a most fitting place, as he stayed there so much of his time. After he was converted, however, he never went around the saloons any more or associated with that crowd; but through force of habit he still hitched his team at the same place on the unoccupied lot, where a number of posts had been set in the ground for that purpose. This he kept up for several months after his conversion, though he never went into the near-by saloon.

One Saturday afternoon, Deacon Hawkins, who lived in the country on the opposite side of town from Mr. Wilcox, met him in town for the first time after the young man's conversion, and found his team hitched near the saloon as usual. Deacon Hawkins was a white-haired old man with a very warm heart, a man who felt a deep interest in the welfare of every member of the church, and especially in all young men who had recently begun the Christian life. He had a fatherly way, which made him loved by all. Deacon Hawkins had not been able to attend the meeting much, owing to serious sickness in his family and also because he lived so far away. He was not there the night George Wilcox was converted, but had heard of it. He also knew that the young farmer was impulsive and easily influenced by whatever crowd he happened to be in; so the first thing he said to him after gripping his hand warmly, was: "Well, George, I understand that you have accepted Christ and joined the church, and that you are living a better life now."

"Yes, sir," said Wilcox, earnestly; "I am."

"And I understand that you have quit the saloon gang, and that you never go about them."

"Yes, sir."

"But I see, George, that you hitch your team in the same old place."

"Why, yes," said Wilcox, in some surprise, "I do. It's a good place to hitch, and no harm can come from that, can there?" and he looked his question as he asked it.

"Well, George, I am a great deal older man than you and have had much experience, and you will pardon me, I know, if I make a suggestion to you as a brother, out of my wider Christian experience. No matter how strong you think you are, take my advice, and at once change your hitching post."

The advice so lovingly given was followed by the young man within a very few minutes, and never again did he hitch near the saloon. While he might have held out firm and true all his life without making the change, yet no one will deny that he was far safer in the end, following the advice of the deacon.

And in the same spirit I would say to all who are tempted, no matter how firm you think you can be, no matter how you scorn to believe you could be influenced by evil companions and evil surroundings, change your hitching post. And I am persuaded that those who think themselves strongest, need such advice more than those who feel their weakness. It is always safest to stay as far from temptation as possible. If you have recently given your life to Christ and broken with vicious companions and turned your back upon former wicked ways, the farther you keep from these old associations the surer you are to remain firm. Even if the change in you amounts to no more than turning over a new leaf or forming good resolutions, still the wisest thing to do is to change your hitching post.—Isaac Motes, in Epworth Era.

A GIRL DRUNKARD.

The superintendent of a New York home recently related the story of her own experience in rescue work, so wonderful and so encouraging to wretched victims of sin, that it ought to be made public. The story, in substantially her own language, was as follows:

"I was sent for one morning, many years ago, by one of the judges of the court, who had before him a girl sixteen years of age. The girl's

father had caused her arrest and had appealed to the court to sentence her to some home as an incorrigible.

"The history of the girl was this: At twelve years of age she had been put to service in the dining room of a saloon as a waitress. Her duties required her to serve liquors, and she acquired a passion for drink and became a drunkard.

"I never saw a human being that loved liquor as she did. She could drink down a glass of clear whiskey with the greatest relish, and she had absolutely no control over her appetite. At sixteen she was a confirmed drunkard and street walker. She was devoid of any moral principle and had a perfectly insane temper.

"The judge heard the case and sentenced her to the home of which I was superintendent. When she learned her destiny, she flew into an uncontrollable rage. She screamed and fought and cursed like a demon. She had to be taken to the home by main force, and when she got there, we were at our wits' end what to do with her. She was perfectly lawless, desperately ugly, and her manner was more like a demon than a human being. We tried all sorts of treatment for her; we tried to win her love; we tried to reason with her; then we tried punishing her—in fact, we exhausted our resources all to no purpose. For three years that girl kept our home in a turmoil. Nothing we could do had any effect upon her. She attended our gospel services, but to all appearances they had no influence over her.

"At the end of three years a change came over her. She began to pray and to believe in God. After that we had her under control, we sent her out to service in a Christian family on a farm in a neighboring state. She was a small girl, not very strong, but she took hold of the heavy work of a servant's place in a country home with an amazing vim. It seemed as if she couldn't do enough for her employers.

"But the work was too much for her, and after the first year she returned to us quite worn out and broken down. Then she took up fancy work and became an expert. The finest kind of work seemed to come perfectly natural to her.

"When the term of her sentence expired, at twenty-one years of age, she left our home and supported herself by doing the fancy work learned in the home. She was then one of the most lovable, sweet-mannered, kind-hearted, gentle girls that I ever knew. We all loved her, and she used to come and instruct other girls in fancy work. She had

grown to be a very handsome girl, with a fair complexion and a beautiful face.

"A young man out of an excellent family in our city became interested in her, and finally married her, and took her to his father's home, where she was admitted on equal terms with the other sons and daughters, of whom there were several. She became a favorite with them all, and the father-in-law speaks of her endearingly as his 'little kid.'

"You asked me if I knew of any cases of girls rising from a life of shame to respectable womanhood, and my answer is this true story of a girl who is now the mother of a dear little girl, and who is one of the loveliest Christian characters of my acquaintance. It is one of many evidences that there is no limit to the power and grace of God.

"Jesus is 'able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.' What a refuge the Lord is to every sinner who will flee to Him for help."—National Advocate.

WHO'S TO BLAME?

Two men were shot here one night by a policeman, one of them was hurled into eternity without a moment's warning, the other died a few days afterwards. Some drunken men were fighting and were very riotous, on an interurban car. The conductor telegraphed to the police at Carlinville, to take care of these men when the car arrived, which resulted as above stated.

Some want to lay the blame on the policeman, but if these men had not been drunk there would have been no cause for arrest. Drink was the cause. The saloon-keeper sold the drink, and the people who had an opportunity last November of voting the saloons out of that neighborhood, voted to give them license. Who is to blame?

The voters will have an opportunity to vote against this cursed evil. There is one party, and only one, that advocates its total abolition. Will you feel clear before God if you neglect to cast your ballot against this awful iniquity?—Selected.

THE SALOON-KEEPER AND HIS CHILD.

I remember when I first began to work for the Lord fifteen or sixteen years ago, there was a Boston business man who was converted

there and stayed there three months, and when leaving, he said to me that there was a man living on such a street in whom he was very much interested, and whose boy was in the high school, and he had said that he had two brothers and a little sister who didn't go anywhere to Sabbath school, because their parents would not let them.

This gentleman said, "I wish you would go round and see them." Well, I went and found that the parents lived in a drinking saloon, and that the father kept the bar. I stepped up to him and told him what I wanted, and he said he would rather have his sons become drunkards, and his daughter a harlot, than have them go to our schools. I thought it looked pretty dark, and he was pretty bitter to me, but I went a second time, thinking I might find him in a better humor. He ordered me out again. I went a third time and found him in a better humor. He said, "You are talking too much about the Bible. Well, I will tell you what I will do; if you will teach them something reasonable, like 'Paine's Age of Reason,' they may go." Then I talked further to him, and finally he said, "If you will read Paine's book, I will read the New Testament." Well, to get hold of him, I promised, and he got the best of the bargain. We exchanged books, and that gave me a chance to call again and talk with that family. One day he said, "Young man, you have talked so much about church, now you can have a church down here. "What do you mean?" "Why, I will invite some friends, and you can come down and preach to them; not that I believe a word you say, but I do it to see if it will do us chaps any good." "Very well," I said; "now let us have it distinctly understood that we have a certain definite time." He told me to come at 11 o'clock, saying, "I want you to understand that you are not to do all the preaching." "How is that? I shall want to talk some, and also my friends." I said, "Supposing we have it understood that you are to have forty minutes and I fifteen, is that fair?" Well, he thought it was fair. He was to have the first forty and I the last fifteen minutes. I went down, and behold, the saloon-keeper wasn't there. I thought perhaps he had backed out, but I found that the reason was, he had found that his saloon was not large enough to hold all his friends, and he had gone to a neighbor's, whither I went and found two rooms filled.

There were atheists, infidels, and scoffers there.

I had taken a little boy with me, thinking he might aid me. The moment I got in, they plied me with all sorts of questions, but I said I

hadn't come to hold any discussion that they had been discussing for years and had reached no conclusion. They took up the forty-five minutes of time talking, and the result was there were not two who could agree. Then came my turn. I said, "We always open our meetings with prayer; let us pray." I prayed, and thought perhaps some one else would pray before I got through. After I finished the little boy prayed. I wish you could have heard him. He prayed to God to have mercy upon those men who were talking so against His Beloved Son. His voice sounded more like an angel's than a human voice. After we got up, I was going to speak, but there was not a dry eye in the assembly.

One after another went out, and the man I had been after for months, and sometimes it had looked pretty dark, came, and putting his hands on my shoulder, with tears streaming down his face, said, "Mr. Moody, you can have my children go to your Sunday-school."

The next Sunday they came, and after a few months the oldest boy, a promising young man, then in the high school, came upon the platform, and with his chin quivering and the tears in his eyes, said, "I wish to ask these people to pray for me; I want to become a Christian."

God heard and answered our prayers for him. In all my acquaintances, I don't know a man whom it seemed more hopeless to reach. I believe if we lay ourselves out for the work, there is not a man in this city but can be reached and saved. I don't care who he is; if we go in the name of our Master, and persevere until we succeed, it will not be long before Christ will bless us, no matter how hard their heart is.

"We shall reap if we faint not." I didn't have a warmer friend in Chicago; he was true to me.—D. L. Moody.

THAT BOY.

Do you see that boy? Look at him; see his shabby clothing, worn hat and scuffy shoes. You notice his face is bright, but has care and purpose in it. You notice he is moving rapidly, with intent on getting to some given point, manifest in every motion of his little frame.

Let me tell you about that boy. His father has been dead some years. He is the oldest of five children, mere tots the others are, and he is working like a little Turk to help his mother support them. He never loses a day. He never wastes a nickle. He hurries by fruit stands and

candy stores and his eyes sweep over the good things that children like so much, but hastens on. The scant earnings of his faithful week's toil are gripped in that hand in his pocket. He will give every cent of it to his mother and look up into her face with a look of love and hope, and regret that it is not more, and will promise that it shall be more when he gets larger. How his great, bright eyes talk to her! How his loving heart goes out to her!

Talk about heroes—that boy is a true hero. Do you know I love that little lad with all my heart? I would love to give him a little lift. Let him work on, it will make a man of him; but cheer him up with a good word. Slip a nice book into his hand for a Christmas gift. Let him feel that he has a friend who is interested in him. Find him a better job if you can, and get him out to Sabbath school and church. Give him sympathy. Don't make a fuss over him or flatter him; let him fight his battle out, but slip a little ammunition to him.

But did you know there is a man after this boy? He will take that money out of his pocket if he can; he will destroy his love for his mother, harden his heart and blast his life. Do you know who that man is? I will tell you: He is the saloon-keeper. Think of it! Could anything be more vile? Say, remember this saloon-keeper at the November election, and put one in against him.—Selected by Church Advocate.

JIM'S PRACTICAL ADDRESS.

One day a young man not far from thirty-five arose in the meeting to speak. He was prematurely old; his face was scarred and furrowed, and he was bruised and mangled by the old serpent, the snake of the still. He had signed the pledge on his knees. God had helped him to keep it for three months. He said:

"On coming to this meeting, I passed some of my old resorts in 125th street. I was spied out by a young fellow with whom I had had many a carouse. He exclaimed, 'Hallo, Jim; they say you have got religion; I'd like to know what religion has done for you!'

"I replied: 'Go ask my wife! She will tell you what a brute I was, and what a drunkard; what a terror I was to my children, and how I bruised her; how my small earnings went to the till of the rum-seller. There was no meal in the barrel; no fire in the stove; no food on the table. My little girl had no shoes, and cried from hunger and cold.

Many and many a stormy and bitter night my wife had watched outside the bar-room to take me home, lest I should perish with the cold. She did this, though she knew I would curse her and beat her when I got home."

"Ask my wife, and she will say: 'What has religion done for him? Walk in and look. Our home isn't elegant; but it is comfortable. Jim don't carry his money to the saloon now; he brings it home every Saturday night. He's a good worker when drink is out of him; and he makes us very comfortable indeed. The little girl whom Jim loves so well watches for his coming at the window, and doesn't run and hide herself when she hears his footsteps. He doesn't swear over our food now; but asks God's blessing on it. Instead of putting a drunken, brutal man to bed, with profanity and oaths, he says: 'Read us a little bit of God's Word before we go to sleep.' 'Yes, that's what religion has done for him.'"—Selected by Vanguard.

DID NOT LIKE THE CROWD.

The Lewiston Journal, a Maine paper, tells a story of the times of the great temperance agitation in 1884. In those days practically every retail merchant in the country kept liquor for sale or to give away. In a Kennebec village an old grocer, otherwise a reputable man, derived a considerable part of his income from the sale of rum.

The temperance revival had come to this village, and a question of action, friendly or unfriendly to the liquor traffic, had arisen in the town meeting. A division was demanded, and those in favor of the traffic went to one side of the town hall, and those opposed to it, to the other.

The respectable grocer referred to, watched this process, and saw, evidently to his surprise, that the people to whom he had been dealing out liquor for years were not as good-looking as the people on the other side of the hall. Finally he arose and joined the opponents of the traffic.

"What are you over there for?" some one asked him. "Are you opposed to the sale of intoxicating liquors?"

"No-o——"

"Then that's your side over there."

The old grocer looked around angrily at the men on the other side

and replied: "You don't suppose I'm going over there with that crowd of red noses, do you?"

His view of his customers, all in a bunch, had made a temperance man of him.

If the men who vote upon the question of license or no license in the various towns and cities could only have a photograph of the victims of drink that stand on the other side of the line in the fight, they might say: "I am ashamed of such company, and will not keep it, nor will I be in the least degree responsible for the conditions that are expressed in their appearance."—Selected by Church Advocate.

THE ENGINEER'S REMEDY

My engineer was a gray-haired, thick-set man of fifty, quiet and unobtrusive, and deeply in love with his beautiful machine. He had formerly run a locomotive, and now took a stationary engine because he could get no employment on the railroads. A long talk with the superintendent of the road from which he had been removed revealed only one fault in the man's life; he loved strong drink.

"He is," said my informant, "as well posted on steam as any man on the road; he worked up from train-boy to fireman, from fireman to engineer, has rendered us valuable services, has saved many lives by his quickness and bravery, but he cannot let liquor alone, and for that reason we have discharged him."

In spite of this discouraging report, I hired the man. During the first week of his stay I passed through the engine room many times a day, in the course of my factory route, but never found ought amiss. The great engine ran as smoothly and as quietly as if its bearings were set in velvet; the steel cross-head, the crank-shaft and the brass oil-cups, reflected the morning sun like mirrors; no speck of dust found lodging in the room. In the fire-room the same order and neatness prevailed, the steam gauge showed even pressure, the water gauges were always just right, and our daily report showed that we were burning less coal than formerly. The most critical inspector failed to find anything about the engine or boilers that showed the faintest symptoms of neglect or carelessness.

Three weeks passed. The man who had been recommended as "good for five days' work and then two days' drink" had not swerved

a hair's-breadth from his duty. The gossips were beginning to notice and comment on the strange affair.

"I should like to speak with you a moment, sir," said he one morning, as I passed through his sanctum.

"Well, John, what now?" I said, drawing out my note-book. "Cylinder oil all gone?"

"It's about myself," he replied. I motioned him to proceed.

"Thirty-two years ago I drank my first glass of liquor," said the engineer, "and for the past ten years, up to the last month, no week has passed without a Saturday night drunk. During those years I was not blind to the fact that appetite was getting a frightful hold on me. At times my struggle against the longing for stimulant were earnest; my employers once offered me a thousand dollars if I would not touch liquor for three months, but I lost it; I tried all sorts of antidotes, and all failed. My wife died praying that I might be rescued, yet my promises to her were broken within two days. I signed pledges, and joined societies, but appetite was still my master. My employers reasoned with me, discharged me, forgave me; but all to no effect. I could not stop, and I knew it. When I came to work for you I did not expect to stay a week; I was nearly done for; but now!" and the old man's face lighted up with an unspeakable joy, "in this extremity, when I was ready to plunge into hell for a glass of rum, I found a sure remedy! I am saved from my appetite?"

"What is your remedy?"

The engineer took up an open Bible that lay, face down, on the window ledge and read, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—Selected by Gospel Herald.

THE RUM-SELLER'S DREAM.

"Well, wife, this is too horrid! I cannot continue this business any longer."

"Why, dear, what is the matter now?"

"O such a dream, such rattling of dead men's bones, and such an army of starved mortals, so many murders, such cries, and shrieks, and yells, and such horrid gnashing of teeth, and glaring eyes, and such a blazing fire, and such devils—oh! I cannot endure it. My hair

stands on end, and I am so filled with horror I can scarcely speak. Oh, if I ever sell rum again!"

"My dear, you are frightened."

"Yes, indeed, I am; another such night will I not pass for worlds."

"My dear, perhaps——"

"Oh, don't talk to me. I will have nothing more to do with rum, anyhow. Wife, poor old Tom Wilson came to me with his throat cut from ear to ear, and such a horrible gash, and it was so hard for him to speak and so much blood; and says he, 'See here, Joe, the result of rum-selling.' My blood chilled at the sight, and just then the house seemed to turn bottom up, and then the earth opened, and a little imp took me by the hand, saying, 'Follow me.' As I went grim devils held out to me cups of liquid fire, saying, 'Drink this.' I dared not refuse. Every draught set me in a rage. Serpents hissed on each side, and from above reached down their heads and whispered, 'Rum-seller.' On and on the imp led me through the narrow pass. All at once he paused and said, 'Are you dry?' 'Yes,' I replied. Then he struck a trap-door with his foot, and down, down we went, and legions of fiery serpents followed us, whispering, 'Drunkard, drunkard.' At length we stopped again, and the imp asked me as before, 'Are you dry?' 'Yes,' I replied.

He then touched a spring, a door flew open, there were thousands of worn-out rum-drinkers, crying most piteously, 'Rum, rum, give me some rum.' When they saw me they stopped a moment to see who I was. Then the imp cried out, so as to make all shake again, 'Rum-seller.' And hurling me in, shut the door. For a moment they fixed their ferocious eyes upon me, and then uttered the yell, 'Damn him,'—which filled me with terror. I awoke. There, wife, dream or no dream, I will never sell another drop of the infernal stuff!"

"Woe to him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong." "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, ~~that~~ putteth thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken."—*Pentecost Herald*.

INGERSOLL'S AND BUCKLEY'S VIEW OF A WHISKEY BOTTLE.

A young friend of Colonel Ingersoll was ill with pneumonia and his physician had prescribed whisky. The colonel happened to have on hand some very fine old bourbon, and sent a bottle of it to his young friend with a letter, in which he said:

"I send you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever drove the skeleton from a feast or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and the shadow that chased each other over the billowy fields; the breath of June; the carol of the lark; the dews of night; the wealth of summer and autumn's rich content—all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it, and you will hear the voices of men and maidens singing the 'Harvest Home,' mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it, and you will feel within your blood the star-lit dawns, the dreamy, tawny dusks of many perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been within the happy staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of men."

* * *

Dr. Buckley's paraphrase of Ingersoll's letter on whisky:

"I send you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever brought a skeleton into the closet or painted scenes of lust and bloodshed in the brain of man. It is the ghost of wheat and corn crazed by the loss of their natural bodies. In it you will find a transient sunshine chased by a shadow as cold as arctic midnight, in which the breath of June grows icy and the carol of the lark gives place to the foreboding cry of the ravens. Drink it, and you shall have woe, sorrow, babbling and wounds without cause; your eyes shall behold strange women and your heart shall utter perverse things. Drink it, and you shall hear the voices of demons, shrieking women, wailing and worse than orphaned children mourning the loss of a father who yet lives. Drink it deep and long, and serpents shall hiss about your neck and seize you with their fangs, for 'at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' For forty years this liquid death has been within the staves of oak—harmless then as pure water. I send it to you that you may 'put an' enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains,' and yet I shall call myself your friend."—Selected.

CLOSED ON ACCOUNT OF DEATH.

A young man, the proprietor of a saloon, wine-room and some adjacent disreputable houses, was seemingly doing a thriving business along his line. Time and again, as we saw him dressed up with his white vest, gold chain, etc., getting hold of young men, young women and even children, our very soul burned within us, for we thought of the

many he was influencing in the downward way. How often, as we passed his saloon on the way to and from the mission, did we, like Lot in Sodom, vex our souls with the thought of the unlawful deeds performed under his direction! All unexpectedly we had an opportunity of warning this man of the awful danger awaiting those who continue in sin, for he, with a number of other saloon devotees and disreputable people attended a funeral where we were called upon to talk. How thankful we were that this special saloonkeeper was there to hear the truth! but, alas, instead of heeding this warning cry, which, so far as we know, was his last call of mercy, he still continued his awful business—yet only for a short time. In his own saloon, at about one o'clock one morning, this saloonkeeper, whom we believed to be doing more harm, reaching more young men and women and leading them on in sin than any other young man around here, was suddenly struck on the head with a billiard cue by an angry man, and knocked perfectly senseless. After being taken to the hospital he died without recovering consciousness.

The lights in the saloon windows were turned low, the token of mourning was on the door, and a sign there read, "Closed on account of death." The curtains were drawn for a few days, but before the young man was laid away (His brother came and took the body to Iowa for interment.) the lights were shining out from the saloon, and revelry began. Soon the music and other evident signs told of the damnable work progressing behind the screens of that awful den of iniquity.

A few years of putting the bottle to his neighbors' lips, a few years of leading young men and women on in the broad way, a few paltry dollars to spend in the devil's service—yes, just a few years down here to curse humanity—but a never-ending eternity to wail with the lost and lament over his failure to heed that last warning cry, and over the many he led on toward perdition! Did it pay? Could this same young man who was so heartily engaged in the saloon work when suddenly killed, speak back from that lone land of dark despair, he would doubtless be earnestly warning men and women of the awful, irretrievable loss connected with this abominable business.

We dare say that on the last great day, when the books are opened, many will stand aghast at the appalling results of this licensed abomination—this mother of harlots—which is capturing so many

of our brightest boys and girls and training them for lives of unmentionable shame. If those already tainted by this saloon leprosy were, like the lepers of Bible times, compelled to cry out, "Unclean! unclean!" what a mournful, blood-curdling wail would sweep over our land to-day! Better, far better, could we afford to have the physical fingers, toes and limbs of our young people drop off from the effects of that incurable disease than to have them robbed of purity, self-respect, noble manhood and womanhood and heaven at last!

Thank God that so many are saying, with united voice, "The saloon must go!" How soon it must go, and how soon the boys and girls of our land will be protected from this great menace to society, will depend, to a great extent, upon the votes of the professed Christians of this boasted land of the free.—Olive Branch.

STOPPED THE TRAIN THREE TIMES.

There is no argument that is more frequently made by the man who indulges in intoxicating liquors than that of personal liberty. If a man wants to drink, that is his own affair, and for any one to try to deprive him from that privilege is to trespass on personal rights.

This, of course, sounds plausible, and is liable to cause some of the very elect to stumble. It would be all very well if a man lived unto himself alone. If he were merely a huge drinking tube, if no one depended upon him, if he were not a member of a complicated social structure, such an argument might hold. But—well, we are all familiar with the responsibilities of father and of citizen as affected and jeopardized by the liquor traffic. The other day there occurred an incident that presents an argument from an economic standpoint.

Up in the central part of New Hampshire there is a little town of fifteen hundred inhabitants that voted "yes" at the last election, and since that time the place has been the Mecca of drinkers. None of the large places in the immediate vicinity, nor for fifty miles around, for that matter, went for license. Hence, wholesale liquor places, the bottle seller and the retailer all moved to this town. And drunks have gone there whenever they desired to "enjoy" themselves. The town, to paraphrase an old dictum, has been butchered to make a drunkard's holiday. But a man can drink if he wants to, says the advocate of license. It is his personal right. Look here!

The other day when the northbound passenger train was going through the limits of the town in question, the engineer, who is himself a Christian man, was obliged to stop his engine three times because of drunks. How did it happen? Why, he looked ahead as he drove his engine along, to see if there were obstacles on the track, and three times within the limits of that town he saw, lying across the rails, the forms of poor drunken individuals. To save their lives he must stop the express train, and have some one go ahead and remove the bodies from the tracks.

Personal liberty! Has a man a right to put himself in such a condition that he will hold up two or three hundred people who are traveling across the country? The United States mail, the express companies' business, traveling salesmen, for great concerns—everything must stop, for there is a drunkard on the track! That is personal liberty gone mad.—Selected by Church Advocate.

THE SALOON.

A few years ago a country boy, contrary to the wishes of his good mother, came to Danville, Va., and entered the saloon business. The memory of home and the prayers of his mother set his conscience on fire. He drank liquor to drown his conscience, and continued the wicked business. On he went in rebellion against his mother and his God, drinking and selling liquor. Fearful spells of delirium would come at the end of his long sprees. When he was twenty-three years old, in an awful spell of delirium tremens, he crawled behind his bed; his friends were unable to hold him in bed, and over next to the wall behind his bed, mixing drinks in his delirium, he died—fulfilling the prophecy, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink!"—Stories and Parables.

DRINKING UP FARMS.

The Rev. John F. Hill, in the Presbyterian Banner, gives a graphic illustration of the waste caused by intemperance. He says to the tippler: "My homeless friend, with the cromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in a ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash down with it. You say you have longed for years for the free, independent life of the farmer, but have never been able to get enough of money together

to buy a farm. But this is just where you are mistaken. For several years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of 100 square feet at a gulp. If you doubt this statement, figure it out yourself. An acre of land contains 43,560 square feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at \$43.56 per acre, you will see that it brings the land to just one mill per square foot. Now, pour down the fiery dose and imagine that you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends and have them gulp down that 500-foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day and see how long a time it requires to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin, there's dirt, worth \$43.56 per acre."

A TEMPERANCE COAT.

It was a bitter winter's night that Mr. Pearse had taken a cab from a London suburb, and on reaching home bade the driver come in and get something warm and comfortable, but non-intoxicating. He noticed that "cabby" had no overcoat, and inquired how it was that he was so insufficiently clad. The man explained his poverty, and Mr. Pearse said: "Well, now, I've got a coat upstairs that would suit you. But before I give it to you, I'm bound to tell you that there is something very peculiar about that coat, and it is right I should explain it to you before you put it on."

"What's that, sir?" said the man, considerably mystified, and not knowing whether he might not find it wise to decline the mysterious garment.

Said Mr. Pearse, solemnly: "That coat never had a glass of beer or spirits inside of it from the day it was made until now. I want you to promise me as long as you wear that coat you will let 'the drink' alone."

"All right, sir," said cabby, holding out his hand; "all right, sir, I will not upset the coat by putting drink inside of it."

Many months afterwards Mr. Pearse met the same man again, and learned that he had kept to his bargain, and that the coat had never been disgraced by drink.—Selected by God's Revivalist.

THE BOLD APPRENTICE.

A little fellow who had been brought up a staunch teetotaler, was about to be apprenticed. The foreman offered him a glass of beer. The

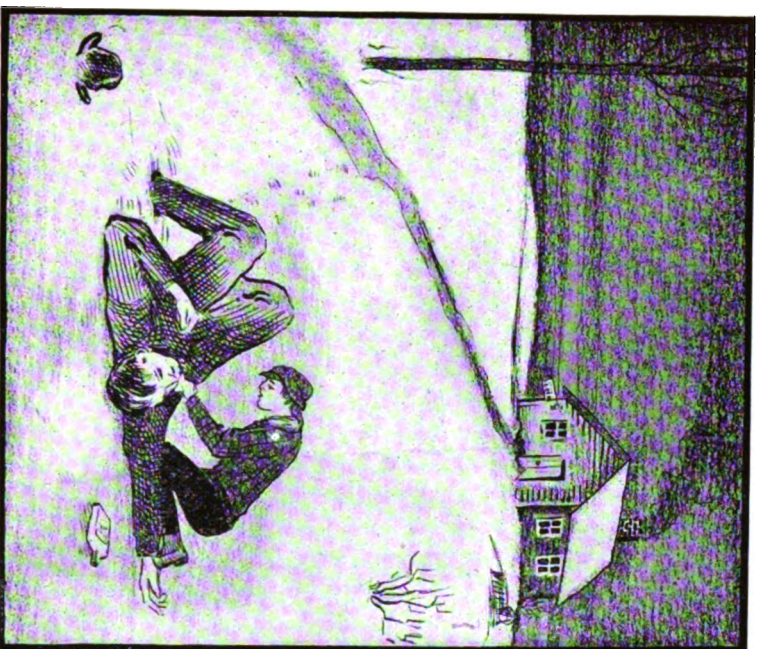
little fellow said, "I never touch that stuff." "Hello, youngster," said the foreman, "we never have teetotalers here." "If you have me you'll have one," returned the boy. The foreman said: "There's only one master here. You'll either have this glass of beer inside or outside." The boy said: "You can please yourself; I brought my clean jacket with me and a good character; you may spoil my jacket, but you shan't spoil my character."—Way of Faith.

JACK AND HIS SHIPMATES.

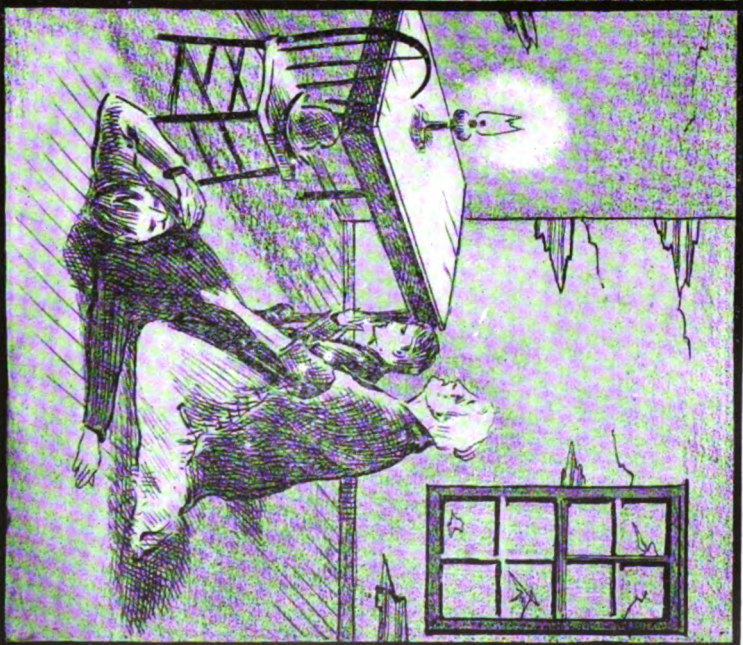
A young sailor boy being strongly solicited by his shipmates to join them in drinking "a cheerful glass," gave the following account of his early life:

"My story is a very short one, and I can tell it in a few words. From the time of my earliest childhood I never knew what it was to have a happy home. My father was a drunkard! Once he had been a good man and a good husband, but rum ruined all his manhood. I can remember how cold and cheerless was our home. We had no fire, no food, no clothes, no joy, nothing but misery and woe! My poor mother used to clasp me to her bosom to keep me warm; and once—once, I remember, when her very tears froze on my cheek! Oh, how my mother prayed for her husband; and I, who could but just prattle, learned to pray too. When I grew older I had to go out and beg bread. All cold and shivering I waded through the deep snow, with my clothes in tatters and my feet almost bare; and I saw other children dressed warmly and comfortably, and I knew they were happy, for they laughed and sang as they bounded along toward school. I knew that their fathers were no better than mine had been once, and would be again if rum were not in his way. But its power was upon him, and though he often tried, he did not escape.

"Time passed on until I was eight years old, and those eight years brought such sorrow and suffering as I hope I may never experience again. At length, one cold morning in the dead of winter, my father was not at home. He had not been there through the night. My mother sent me to the tavern to see if I could find him. I had gone half the way when I saw something in the snow by the side of the road. I stopped, and a shudder ran through me; it looked like a human form. I went up to it and turned the head over and brushed the snow from the face. It was my father; he was stiff and cold. I laid my



"It was my father; he was stiff and cold."



"I cannot tell you how my mother wept and groaned."

hand upon his pale brow, and it was like solid marble. He was dead!

"I went to the tavern and told the people what I had found, and the landlord sent two of his men to carry the frozen body home. O shipmates! I cannot tell you how my mother wept and groaned. The two men went away and left the body still on the floor, and then my mother wished me to come and kneel by her side. I did so. 'My child,' she said to me, and the big tears rolling down her cheeks, 'you know what has caused all this. This man was once as noble and happy and true as man can be, but oh, see he has been stricken down! Promise me, my child, O promise here before God and your dead father, and your broken-hearted mother, that you will never, never, touch a single drop of the fatal poison that has brought us all this misery.'

"O, shipmates! I did promise, then and there, all that my mother asked, and to this moment that promise has never been broken. My father was buried, and some good neighbors helped us through the winter. When the next spring came I could work, and earn something for my mother. At length I found a chance to ship, and did so, and every time I go home I have some money for her. Not for the wealth of the world would I break the pledge I gave my mother and my God on the dark, cold morning. Perhaps you have no mothers; and if you have, they may not look to you for support, for I know you too well to believe that either of you would bring down a loving mother's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. That is all, shipmates. Let me go now, for I do not believe that you will again urge the wine-cup upon me."

His shipmates, deeply affected by their comrade's stirring recital of the evils resulting from indulging in strong drink, resolved to abstain in the future from the intoxicating cup, and, persevering in their good resolutions, became respectable and useful citizens.—Way of Faith.

WHO KILLED THE BOY?

"A boy is found dead at the foot of a stairway, or below a bridge, with a letter from his mother, and a stained photograph of a sweet, patient face in his pocket. He is known to have been alive and well and drunk at midnight. 'Who killed this boy?' cries the coroner, and we, from the thick cover, pipe like a quail, 'Bob White, Bob White.' Bob White is the saloonkeeper; and when accused, he says, and truly, 'The Mayor gave me leave'; and we pipe up the Mayor, who defends

himself by saying, 'The Legislature bade me.' Then we flutter about the Legislature, which answers, and truly, 'I am the voice of the people crying in the government: Prepare ye the way of the liquor traffic; make its path straight and respectable—or expensive, which is the same thing.' So the coroner, the judge, the Legislature, and the voter play blindman's buff with murderers, and Christian men are trying to draw the ark of God in government, with a license and an indictment, driven tandem. For license for liquor-sellers and indictments for liquor murder, run alike—'in the name of the people, and of the commonwealth'—and, for the purpose of liquor trials, a criminal court, instead of being a place where justice is judiciously dispensed, is become a place where justice is judiciously dispensed with."

The wise man believes the woes of God against high license. "Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood and establisheth a city by iniquity woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken." (Hab. 2: 12, 15.)—John G. Woolley.

THE ROOT BEER FRAUD.

"Let me give you some nice root beer. There is no alcohol in it, you know."

"No, I do not know. How do you know?"

"Why, that is what it says on the circular."

"Do you believe all you read about patented stuffs?"

"Well, no. The fact is, I never looked into this matter."

"But we ought to know what we take, and we want no alcohol. Shall we examine this?"

"Yes, please. Let's see how to examine."

"What are the directions for making root beer?"

"Use water, sweetening and the extract of herbs in the bottle, yeast being added to make it effervesce."

"Yes, and the yeast fermenting breaks up the sugar, every particle of which forms a particle of the gas that causes the effervescence, and at the same time a particle of alcohol that remains behind in the beer, causing the tingle, when drank. Very few care for the beer without the tingle."

"This kind can be taken without fermentation."

"Yes, this is the kind that shows the largest alcohol flame in the testing apparatus. They all show some. A druggist said they would not keep without alcohol."

"But really it cannot contain much alcohol. The best men in the place, men that ought to know, recommend it to the boys to take the place of alcoholic drinks."

"Similar men might be quoted as saying that wine and beer drinking should be encouraged in order to do away with stronger drinks. Even the best people need to study in order to be sure what is right, for alcohol is deceitful. Taking a little in any form creates a desire for more, and if we wish security against the alcoholic appetite, we must avoid the smallest beginnings."

"Have you ever known harm to come from the use of root beer?"

"Yes, I know of a Christian reformed man who fell, through the appetite awakened by root beer. I am glad to say I have known many Christian families give up root beer because of its alcohol. Others would not now be using it if they had known how alcohol is made. So we say, 'Cry aloud and spare not.' Improve even this opportunity to teach the people about alcohol."

JAMAICA GINGER.

"I am tired and cold, aren't you?" said one lady to another, as they were shopping one winter day.

"Yes," replied her friend. "Come in here and get a hot ginger," invited the first, and the two quiet, cultured women took their places with others at the counter of a fashionable drug store and ordered each a "hot Jamaica Ginger."

They, and others, sipped and talked, and after a time passed out, but the proprietor said to a bystander, "Those women would scorn to go to a bar and get a hot whisky sling, but they've taken their ginger for just the same reason the toper takes his dram, because it braces them up, and they have taken it for the alcohol in it, too, though perhaps they do not know that part of it."

"Is it so strong of liquor as that?" questioned the hearer. "Certainly," replied the druggist, "it contains about twice as much alcohol as whisky, and a 'ginger tippie' is getting to be a common thing with women." After a moment he added thoughtfully, "I am not at all sure

that the drink habit of many young women of to-day may not have been cultivated by the ease with which the Jamaica Ginger bottle is opened and used in the home."

This may seem a harsh statement, but any one who will pour a little Jamaica Ginger into a small dish and touch a match to it, will see that it is almost pure alcohol.

Said a mother one day to a friend, who had thus proved to her the alcohol in her ginger, "I wonder if that is why my boy loves ginger tea made of this kind of ginger and will not touch the old-fashioned kind." A little effort proved this to be the case, and the mother was horrified to find that her twelve-year-old boy had already developed a love for liquor. It took the combined effort of the mother and boy, aided by a skilled physician, to conquer the awakened appetite.

In these days when so much is being said of the danger and harmfulness of patent medicines, let us not forget that one of the most insidious is found in the bottle of Jamaica Ginger which has its place on so many pantry shelves.—Emma Graves Dietrick.

A WOMAN'S ESTIMATE.

The following letter in the Detroit Journal bares one woman's heart and reveals a life robbed of all that is dear in this world. We reprint it in full:

"Editor The Journal: Allow me to say a few words to the readers of your independent paper in reference to a clause of a liquor bill that has been introduced in the house, asking for compensation for those that local option puts out of business. I did not think that the people sent a man to Lansing with cheek enough to introduce such a bill. Instead of the taxpayers compensating the bloated liquor barons, a bill ought to be introduced confiscating what they have accumulated out of the accursed traffic in the past ten years, and this money ought to be given back to the criminals, the starving wives and destitute children they have made.

"Twelve years ago I married a mechanic in a town in Sanilac County. He was bright and intelligent and capable of earning \$600 a year. He got in the habit of going to the barrooms, first for company and then for drinks, until I had to take in washing to support myself and children.

"After ten years of poverty and misery, two months ago he died of delirium tremens. He never was a bad man, but was lured to his doom; and I at middle age am left a pauper with two children to raise. There are a dozen men in this village who will soon follow him to their graves. Only for liquor we would have been the happiest couple of the country. About the time that I got married a chum of mine married a bartender. He afterward got a saloon of his own, and eight years ago he purchased a building that he turned into a hotel for \$1,500. It cost \$500 to make the changes. This building for liquor purposes, he says, is worth \$10,000. He has also bought a farm, has a race horse, two bulldogs, and an auto. His wife has four silk dresses and a sealskin sacque. In ten years he got \$300 of my husband's earnings.

"Now, if local option is carried in the county, he wants compensation. He no doubt wants about \$8,000 on one hotel and a pension of about \$1,000 per year for not having a business to make maniacs, drunkards, suicides, tramps, orphan children, destitute wives and starving widows.

"The first thing that we know, hangmen will be wanting compensation for lost business in states where capital punishment has been abolished. I will send the price of my next day's washing to help purchase a coat-of-arms for the fellow who introduced the bill with the compensation clause in it. A representative or a senator who would vote for such a measure could not get the votes of three honest men in one state.

"Signed—A Pauper From the Liquor Traffic."

SAVED HIS HAND.

A young laboring man was brought to a certain hospital with a badly lacerated hand. He had fallen upon an old cotton hook, and it had gone entirely through the palm of his hand, carrying with it rust and dirt. The wound was kept open so it would suppurate freely and be readily cleansed. As time passed the hand became very much swollen, turned black, and the surgeons watched carefully for signs of blood poisoning, fearing that the entire hand would have to be amputated to save the life of its possessor. These signs not appearing, it then became a question whether more of the hand could be saved than the thumb and first two fingers. As the hand became no worse, the surgeons delayed

operating on it, and after a time it began to mend, and finally healed entirely.

"Young man," said the surgeon to the patient, as the danger was passing away, "do you use alcohol in any form?"

"No, sir."

"Do you use tobacco?"

"No, sir."

With a wave of his hand, a nod of his head, the surgeon murmured:

"That is what saved your hand."—Temperance Cause.

THOSE WHO DRINK ARE DEAD.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew said, in a talk to a railroad man: "Twenty-five years ago I knew every man, woman and child in Peekskill, and it has been a study with me to take boys who started in every grade of life with myself to see what has become of them. I was up last fall and began to count them over, and it was an instructive exhibit.

"Some of them became clerks, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers and doctors. It is remarkable that everyone of those who drank are dead, not one living of my age. Barring a few who were taken off by sickness, everyone has proved a wreck and wrecked his family, from rum and no other cause.

"Of those who are church-going people, who are steady, industrious and are hard-working men, who were frugal and thrifty, every single one of them without exception owns the house in which he lives and has something laid up, the interest on which, with his home, would carry him through many a rainy day. When a man becomes debased with gambling or drink, he doesn't care—all his finer feelings are crowded out."—Maryland Searchlight.

WHAT DRINK DID.

"A two-dollar bill came into the hands of a relative of mine, which speaks volumes on the horrors of strong drink or the traffic in it. There was written in red ink on the back of it the following: 'Wife, children, and over \$40,000, all gone. I am alone responsible. All has gone down my throat. When I was twenty-one I had a fortune. I am not yet thirty-five years old. I have killed my beautiful wife, who died of a

broken heart; have murdered my children with neglect. When this bill is gone, I do not know how I can get my next meal. I shall die a drunken pauper. This is my last money and my history. If this bill comes into the hands of any man who drinks, let him take warning from my life's ruin."—Vanguard.

BAD COMPANY.

Dr. Torrey once said to an audience: "I want to tell you how I signed the pledge. I was a preacher, but I didn't believe in total abstinence. Going out to preach one summer, I went into a town and found a temperance revival going on, and I wished I had not come. They were going to have a temperance meeting that night. They said to me: 'Of course you will speak at the meeting.' I had never been inside one, for I had convinced myself that I didn't believe in total abstinence. What should I do? I thought over it; I prayed over it; I spent almost the whole day in prayer. I prayed it through, and it became as clear as day that, if for nothing more than my influence, I ought to take my stand and sign the pledge. I went down to the meeting, and a speaker delivered his little speech. Then he said: 'Everybody in the room who has never signed the pledge, stand up!' An old drunkard, a lady and myself were the only ones in the building who stood up. As far as the lady was concerned, she was good-looking, and I didn't feel in bad company. I went up and signed the pledge. The lady walked up, and she signed the pledge. She is here to-night. She is my wife now. She was seventeen and I was twenty. The old drunkard came up and signed the pledge, too. Men and women, I want to repeat what I said the other night: If you can get along just as well without the drink, sign the pledge for your brother's sake. If you can't get along just as well without it, sign the pledge for your own sake."—Selected by Living Water.

NOT WORTH THE PRICE.

Among the mountains, some years ago, there lived a man who made a living by catching rattlesnakes. The reason he could thus make a living was that all the fools are not dead yet. He caught rattlesnakes and put them in boxes and covered them with glass and exhibited them

on his front porch upon the public road, and sold them to curiosity hunters. This mountaineer had one child, a fat-faced, chubby-handed, sweet little child he called Jim. He always met him on his home-coming at the front gate. The old mountaineer, when not bringing home a rattlesnake, would gather him in his arms and kiss his chubby face. He could taste the sweetness of his boy's cheek through the heavy layer of dirt. Jim was the most precious object on earth to him. He brought a rattlesnake from the mountains one day, placed it alive in the glass-covered box, slipped the lid over it, and stepped out to the wood pile to chop some wood. Little Jim came up to the glass-covered box, pulled back the lid, and, with his chubby, little hands pulled the live reptile on the lap of his little linsey dress. The snake planted his fangs in the cheek of the little fellow while he screamed, "Papa! papa! papa!" The father hearing his cries, ran with ax in hand, slipped the handle of the axe into the coils of the snake, threw it into the yard, and chopped its head off. Gathering little Jim in his arms, he began to cry: "Jim's dead! Jim's dead!" His neighbor, Tom, hearing the cry, ran over to his cabin home. As the little boy lay on his mother's lap, his body swelling and his eyes bloodshot, the mountaineer said to his neighbor: "Tom, little Jim is going to die, and I would not give little Jim for every rattlesnake on these old mountains and for every dollar I have made off them."

Brother, we have the serpent of the still, and have put him in our glass-front saloons for the hope of the revenue. But our boys have stepped off the home steps and walked down into the glass-front saloons, pulled this serpent upon their hearts and lives, and the great cry comes up from all the earth to-day: "My boy is gone! my boy is gone!" I never look into the bloated face or bloodshot eyes of a drunken American boy without saying in my heart: "I would not give that one American boy for every dollar we have made off the infernal stuff."—G. R. Stuart in *Herald of Light*.

OH, THOU CURSED DRINK!

The following tragedy, enacted upon the stage of life by a victim of the poison which at last "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," was related by Mr. John G. Wooley, the great temperance lecturer. The story is this:

There was a young man in one of the Western States, one of the

unfortunate ones who seem to have been born with an almost unquenchable appetite for strong drink, but in all other respects a man of splendid qualities. His station in life was humble, but he possessed abilities that might have enabled him to make his life a success.

He married a pure, good young woman, to whom he was deeply attached, and who sincerely returned his affection.

Strong drink affects men in various ways; some drink daily; others have periodic cravings, while still others are driven mad at the very sight and smell of it. John, that being the name of the young man, was an example of the last.

Soon after marriage he and his bride established a comfortable little home, and for some time everything was well with them; his promise to her before marriage that henceforth he would no more yield to his besetting sin caused her trustful, loving heart to hope that his pledge would be kept.

One day, a farmer living at some distance from their home engaged the young couple to help him.

As they were walking home after their day's labor, light-hearted and happy in the anticipation of a restful and quiet evening, they were overtaken by an acquaintance of the young man, who invited them to seats in his wagon. After riding some distance the acquaintance reached down into the body of the wagon and brought out a bottle of whisky and invited the young man to take a drink with him. The wife started up in agony, crying, "John, don't touch it; don't touch it." He paid sullen silence to her tearful pleading, he who had been so tender and gentle heretofore; his tempter laughed sneeringly at his submission to the control of a woman.

Upon nearing their destination, the husband and wife left the wagon, John full of anger with his wife for her interference, being sensitive to the ridicule of his false friend, and influenced still more by the aroused craving which the sight of the bottle had created.

Upon reaching home he attended to his evening chores and then disappeared, his wife having entered the house. John went to a distant tavern and began to drink heavily, until the doors were closed upon him. By that time he had become like a demon as he staggered home.

In the morning—but oh! how shall the horrible story be related! He awoke to find that he had become a murderer, his victim being his

own noble wife, whom he had slain, not knowing what he was doing, in his drunken fury, angry, no doubt, at her gentle rebuke.

Mr. Wooley defended him at the trial. The proof was so positive that the prisoner's hand had done the cruel deed that the verdict of the jury was murder in the first degree. Poor John was permitted to address a few words to the judge, in which he said: "Judge, I did the deed; yet it was not I who did it, but the whiskey, for dearly did I love my wife."

His remorse was powerless to avert the penalty meted out by the stern decree of the law.—Selected by God's Revivalist.

'A WIFE BECAME 'AN OPEN BOOK.

A wicked, drunken woman, in one of our large cities, was attracted into a church one Sunday evening and was converted to Christ. The pastor of the church went to see her husband, and found him a very shrewd mechanic, who was very bitter against Christianity, and greatly fascinated with Ingersoll's sneers at the Bible. He was full of contempt at his wife's profession of conversion, and said he had no doubt she'd soon get over it. Six months passed away and one evening this man called to see the minister in great anxiety concerning his own salvation. He said: "I have read all leading books on the evidences of Christianity, and I can stand out against their arguments; but for the past six months I have had an open book about my fireside, in the person of my wife, that I am not able to answer. I have come to the conclusion that I am wrong, and that there must be something holy and divine about a religion that could take a woman and change her into the loving, patient, prayerful, singing saint that she is now." The best books on Christianity are the men and women who live transformed lives in fellowship with Christ.—Selected.

DIARY OF RUM SELLER.

Monday.—Took Ragged Bill's last dime for whiskey.

Tuesday.—Had a visit from Charlie Piper, who swore off three months ago and signed the pledge; gave him three drinks on tick.

Wednesday.—That poor, nervous fool, Dick Plaster, who gets wild and nervous after one drink, came in to-day; sold him a quart.

P. S.—Hear he killed his wife in drunken rage.

Thursday.—Johnny Slogan's wife begged me never to sell another drop to him. She cried till I promised.

P. S.—Sold him enough this very day to make him smash furniture and beat his children. Ha! ha! ha! business is business.

Friday.—Phil Carter had no money. Took his wife's wedding ring and silk dress for an old bill; sent him home gloriously drunk.

Saturday.—Young Sam Chap took his third drink to-day. I know he likes it and will make a speedy drunkard, but I gave him the value of his money. His father implored me to help him break up the practice before it became a habit, but I told him if I didn't sell it, some one else would.

Sunday.—Pretended to keep the Sunday law to-day, but kept open my back door. Sold beer and wine to some boys, but they'll be ashamed to tell of it. Bet my till is fuller to-night than the church baskets are.

N. B.—My business must be respectable, for real gentlemen patronize my bar, and yet I guess I won't keep a diary, for these facts look very queer on paper.—Way of Faith.

THE LICENSE PLAN.

Mother.—“Our boy is out late at nights.”

Father.—“Well, we must tax the saloons \$50.”

Mother.—“Husband, I believe John drinks.”

Father.—“We must put up that tax to \$100.”

Mother.—“My dear husband, our dear boy is being ruined.”

Father.—“Try 'em awhile at \$200.”

Mother.—“O my God! my boy came home drunk.”

Father.—“Well, well! we must make it \$300.”

Mother.—“Think, William, our boy is in jail.”

Father.—“I'll fix these saloons. Tax \$400.”

Mother.—“My poor child is a confirmed drunkard.”

Father.—“Up with that tax and make it \$500.”

Mother.—“Our once noble boy is a wreck.”

Father.—“Now I will stop 'em. Make it \$600.”

Mother.—“We carry our boy to a drunkard's grave to-day.”

Father.—“Well, I declare. We must regulate the traffic; we ought to have made the tax \$1,000.”—Selected.

“Regulate the traffic!” Just as well talk about regulating the cyclone or the smallpox by putting a license on it. Putting a destructive viper in

bed with your sleeping child and forbidding it to bite the child, would be no greater folly than trying to "regulate" the liquor traffic with a high license. What this country needs is not the licensed saloon, but no saloon at all. The whole infamous business is an eating canker that is destroying its multitudes, and if permitted to go on, will finally destroy the nation. Down with this broiling broth of hell fire.—Selected.

YOUR BOY AMONG THE POSSIBILITIES.

The celebrated temperance speaker, John B. Gough, once presented the following touching picture:

"Oh! I have sometimes looked at a bright, beautiful boy, and my flesh has crept within me at the thought that there was a bare possibility that he might become a drunkard. I was once playing with a beautiful boy in Norwich, Conn.; I was carrying him to and fro on my back, both of us enjoying ourselves exceedingly, for I loved him and I think he loved me. During our play I said to him, 'Harry, will you go down with me to the side of the stone wall?' 'Oh, yes,' was his cheerful reply. We went together, and saw a man lying listlessly there, quite drunk, his face upturned to the bright blue sky; the sunbeams that warmed and illumined us lay upon his porous, greasy face; the pure morning wind kissed his parched lips and passed away poisoned; the very swine looked more noble than he, for they were fulfilling the purposes of their being. As I looked upon the poor, degraded man and then looked upon that child, with his bright brow, his beautiful blue eyes, his rosy cheeks, his pearly teeth and ruby lips—the perfect picture of life, peace and innocence, as I looked upon the man, then upon the child, and felt his little hand twitching convulsively in mine, and saw his lips grow white, and eyes dim gazing on the poor drunkard, then did I pray God to give me an everlasting, increasing capacity to hate with a burning hatred any instrumentality that could make such a thing of a being, once as fair as that little child."

LIQUID BREAD.

I remember, says one, of seeing over the door of a public house in Liverpool, "Good ale is liquid bread." I went into the house and said, "Give me a quart of liquid bread."

The landlord said, "Ah! first-rate sign, isn't it?"

"Yes," said I, "if it's true."

"Oh, it's true enough; my beer is all right."

"Well, give me a bottle to take home." He gave me a bottle of this liquid bread. I took it to an analytical chemist, and said to him, "I want you to tell me how much bread there is in this bottle."

He smelled it and said, "It's beer."

"No, no," said I, "it's liquid bread."

"Well," he said, "if you will come in a week's time I'll tell you all about it."

In a week's time I went to learn all about the liquid bread. The first thing about it was that ninety-three per cent of it was water.

"It's liquid anyhow," I said; "we'll pass that. Now let us go on to the bread."

"Alcohol, five per cent."

"What's alcohol?" I said.

"There's the dictionary; you can hunt it up for yourself." I hunted it up, and found alcohol described as a "powerful narcotic poison." "Well," I thought, "this is the queerest description of bread I ever read in my life." Then he gave me a number of small percentages of curious things, which he had carefully put down on each corner of a piece of white paper, and which amounted to about a quarter of a thimbleful of dirty-looking powder. That was the bread—two per cent.

"And there would not be so much as that," said the chemist, "if it were pure beer. This is bad beer."

"So the better the beer the less bread there is in it?"

"Certainly. It is the business of the brewer to get bread out of it, not to put bread into it."

This is the simple scientific truth with regard to beer, and the case is stronger with regard to wine and spirits. There is practically no nourishment in them.—Selected.

WANTED: 'A BARTENDER.

The other day I picked up a newspaper, and glancing over the advertisements for help, read as follows:

"Wanted—A bartender. Must be a total abstainer. Apply," etc. Is not that a curious advertisement? What should we think of such

an advertisement in any other line of business? How would an advertisement like this look?

"Wanted—A barber, who has never had his hair cut. Apply at the barber shop on the corner."

Or this?

"Wanted—A salesman in a shoe store. He must go barefoot while on duty. Apply at Blank's Shoe Store."

What other business finds it necessary or desirable to advertise for help pledged to make no use of the goods sold? Can it be that the liquor traffic finds it has wrought so great demoralization that it is forced to draw upon temperance, or total abstinence fanatics, in order to continue its business?—Selected.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

Many years ago Colonel Lamanowsky, who had been twenty-three years in the army of Napoleon Bonaparte, arose in a temperance meeting, tall, vigorous, and with the glow of health on his face, and made the following remarkable speech:

"You see before you a man seventy years old. I have fought 200 battles, have fourteen wounds on my body, have lived thirty days on horseflesh, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering, and only a few rags of clothing. In the desert of Egypt I have marched for days with the burning sun upon my head, feet blistered with the scorching sand, and with eyes, nostrils and mouth filled with dust, and with a thirst so tormenting that I have opened the veins of my arms and sucked my own blood.

"Do you ask how I survived all these horrors? I answer that, under the providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health and vigor to the fact that I never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in my life, and," continued he, "Baron Larry, chief surgeon of the French army, has stated as a fact that the 6,000 survivors who safely returned from Egypt were all those who abstained from ardent drinks."—Lever.

HOW THE SALOON WAS CLOSED.

There were a number of saloons in the place, but on by-streets and quietly conducted. This one, however, stood in the public square, con-

fronting three churches. A handsome building, the interior lavishly adorned, and at the spacious, attractive bar experts served drinks plain, or spiced and drugged to taste, while music and flashily-dressed women added their allurements. A procession of tipplers passed into its doors day and night, despite a vigorous temperance sentiment voiced in "union temperance meetings" in the churches Sunday evenings, and "gospel temperance rallies" mid-week. Thus had it been for two years.

I was more impressed by the gravity of evil, because, as a resident physician, scenes of domestic discord, want, woe, caused by intoxicants often met my eye, accompanied at times by appalling atrocities; besides which the sad career of the saloonkeeper had shocked and grieved me. I knew him when a lad of much promise, but indulgence in the wine cup had led to confirmed drinking; and falling heir to some money, he built an elegant brick block and stocked it with liquors. He developed into the most odious manhood, bloated, blasphemous, fierce. One would scarcely believe that from the fine-mannered, fair-cheeked boy, a face and disposition so brutish could be evolved. What could be done to save him and close up the infamous business? All I knew how to do was, as I passed the saloon on my professional rounds, to lift my heart in silent petitions for divine interposition.

A patient of mine was an elderly lady who for five years had lain on her bed awaiting death. She was a remarkable example of the Christ-spirit and of faith in prayer. On asking her to pray for the saloonkeeper, she answered: "I am doing so," and drew from under her pillow a list of her subjects of prayer—the "hard cases" of the town, his name among them; and she said, "Perhaps the Lord is about to use you for the rescue of that poor soul. But don't labor with him till God's Spirit specially moves you to. Wait for your message. If you go to him in your strength, in a purely human zeal, you will anger and harden him."

Weeks elapsed, when one day I was strongly impressed to write to the saloonist, but decided to devote another seven days to seeking grace for the delicate, difficult task. Then, on attempting it, the thoughts came more swiftly than the pen could trace them. Sure am I that the plea which resulted could not have been indited by my own unaided powers. It was terrible in its solemnly graphic arraignment of liquor selling and liquor drinking, yet every line seemed to throb with more than human tenderness. The letter was sent unsigned. But later the thought arose: What if he should recognize the handwriting? And as I went by his

saloon I expected him to rush out and assault me, unless our supplications on his behalf had reached the ear on high. I thought it singular, however, that whereas heretofore I met the saloonkeeper almost daily, now for a long time he kept out of my sight. But one afternoon at twilight the office door-bell rang, and on answering it, the burly form of the liquor seller stood before me. Had he discovered the authorship of that letter, and come with ruffianly intent?

He entered, took a proffered chair, was silent a moment, and then said:

"Doctor, someone thought enough of me to write me a letter. And I have called to say that I have resolved never to drink or sell another drop of liquor as long as I live."

I sprang to my feet in a mingled tumult of joy and anxiety, saying:

"My dear friend, you cannot do that. The drink craze has its hold upon you—it is not possible to resolve it away. It will be with you as with hundreds of others—temporary reform, then fail, to sink lower than ever. God can save you; you can't save yourself. If you will truly seek him in prayer he will fortify your weak will and hold you up. There is no hope for you otherwise."

He dropped his eyes and responded:

"I do pray; I am praying; I feel that God hears me, and I shall conquer."

His confidence was not disappointed. The saloon was closed, and now for many years he has been a steadfast and honored temperance worker, and a devout church member.—The Open Door.

RESCUED MEN.

"Into the Jerry McCauley Mission, in New York City, he came; and even in that place his appearance attracted attention.

"His eyes were swollen almost shut. His besotted face had lost nearly all semblance of humanity. His shoes had flapping soles, and were tied on with bits of twine. He wore no stockings. One leg of his trousers had a rip almost to the knee. His only remaining garment was a clerical coat. This had never been of first-class material, and had grown shiny and ragged; and upon its present owner it served to accentuate the caricature of his appearance, and to show where men go for their last begging.

"He stepped into the mission by accident or Providence. He was on his way to the river to commit suicide; for he had been collared and thrust forth from the miserable saloon where of late he had resorted, the bartender cursing as he kicked him, and saying that he had become 'a disgrace to the place.'

"A disgrace to the place! And such a place! If it had come to that, there was but one thing left, he said; and he started for the river. But he heard the singing, entered the mission, and without waiting to be urged, came forward at the first invitation; for he was literally a drowning man, and he clutched at a straw.

'But that man was even then at the head of a business in New York City; and his name, signed by another as trustee, had value at the bank. His had been an honorable career. But there had been a few short years of riotous living, and they had broken up his home, wrecked his manhood, and had so nearly ruined his business that it had been saved only by an arrangement that gave its control to others, and left him a hopeless wanderer in the city of his birth.

"It is now two years since that man paused on his way to the river. Rapid as had been the disintegration of his character, the influence of faith has been still more swift.

"Clothed, and in his right mind, he now visits the mission where he found new life. He plays the organ in the church which he has joined. He sits in his own office, controls his own business, and signs his own checks. And by no means least of the changes, he is reconciled to his wife and children, and lives in his own home.

"It is easy to say of such a case, 'Well, he saw his mistake and pulled up in time. He called his will into play, and reformed.' The explanation does not wholly satisfy, nor does any other explanation which leaves out of account the help of God, always waiting one who desires and tries to do better.

"Examples such as this, continually occurring, are a sufficient answer to those who regard the gospel as merely a fact of ancient history. Now, as ever, it is the power of God unto salvation."—Youths' Companion.

WHAT RUINS GIRLS.

Mary E. Keegan, chief matron of the Chicago Police Department, says:

"Of all the ten or twelve thousand unfortunate girls and wrecked women arrested every year in Chicago, among those who tell their woes to me, ninety-nine out of every hundred attribute their downfall to the first glass of wine or champagne, taken generally with a male companion, always for good fellowship's sake.

"That first glass is the beginning of the end—and here you see what the end is.

"When a woman once begins to drink, even in a social way, her future is threatened with either moral weakness or utter ruin. So many women who came here tell me that the first sparkling glass of champagne was the beginning of all their misfortune."

Reader, think of the number, **"ten or twelve thousand"** and only **one** large city, and think that "ninety-nine out of every hundred attribute their downfall to the first glass of wine." And yet wine drinking is very common among all grades of society, especially among what may be termed the "upper crust." What danger, and what an awful harvest! This nefarious American custom ought to be tabooed everywhere. The church of the living God should cry out against it. Down with the treating system! Down with wine drinking! **Down with the American drunkenry!**

THE RUMSELLER'S EQUIVALENT.

The honest law of traffic, known and unquestioned by all men, demands that in all the exchanges of trade mutual benefits shall be conferred. The benefits that come to the rumseller from his devilish traffic show themselves in a splendid home adorned with all that money can procure. His wife and children are clothed in elegant attire and move in an atmosphere laden with luxury and pride. But look, my friends! What are the benefits that come to the man who is the other party to the traffic that passes over the rumseller's bar? Does that man get health and happiness, social and moral improvement for the dimes he pours into the rumseller's till? Does the traffic carry fertility to his farm, prosperity to his business or comfort to his family? Can he boast that out of his patronage of the spirit-vender he has a better credit, a larger custom, a longer bank account?

Ask the drunkard, and he will answer in groans, that his returns have come in commercial ruin, social infamy and moral degradation.

Look to his habitation, and the answer will come in fallen chimneys and rag-stuffed windows. Ask his children, and their answer comes in a moan from tattered garments and haggard faces. Ask the wife, with her calloused hands and care-worn visage, what has the rumseller done for her? He has taken her last bed while the saloon-keeper's wife rests at night upon a couch of down; he has taken her last gown, while the finest fabrics of the world's loom are ready for the rumseller's wife; he has taken her last loaf, while the rumseller's table groans with the choicest products of forest, field and stream; and, as if this were not enough, at last he robs her of the heart of her husband, clouds in the blackness or darkness the sky that was once so sunny, and makes a hell of that home that was once a paradise to her.

Go to her wretched hovel at midnight, and behold her through the crevices of the wall or the broken panes of the window through which the blasts of December howl the requiem of all her hopes. Why does she sit there shivering over the last half-consumed stick of fuel? She weeps and sighs, tears that would have been smiles and sighs that would have been songs had not the accursed traffic invaded her home. Why does she sit there in that joyless solitude? Only to wait for the drunkard's return. The devoted wife cannot forget the past, though he who once had the heart and soul of a man, now reels into her cabin a savage, a tiger, a putrid mass of disease, a loathsome living death.

Who has wrought this transformation? Who has effaced God's image, and turned the husband into a fury, the father into a fiend? This is the mad catalogue of woes the rumseller has given for the drunkard's money. Though coined into tears and anguish and loneliness and desolation and despair in the life of the drunkard's wife, the drunkard's money flashes in the rumseller's diamonds, floats in perfumed clouds from the rumseller's cigar, glows in costly pictures upon the rumseller's walls, and glints and gleams in all the appointments of the rumseller's home.

Oh, moderate drinker, take this picture of plain, unvarnished fact home to your heart this night. If your home is still your own, if your children still have the laugh and the prattle that give you joy, if you still can surround her whom you love with those attentions that show you love her, oh, I beg you to remember what a transformation can be wrought in your life and home if you continue to be a party in the

traffic that goes on over the rum-seller's bar.—Joseph Cross in Union Signal.

ADVERTISEMENT OF RUM-VOTING CHURCHES.

To the Public and World at Large, Greeting:

Dear Friends: Please remember, we, as a church and nation, are still legislating laws to sustain and perpetuate the liquor traffic in this country; though we know it is the most treacherous, damning legislation among men. As we are receiving large revenues from our distilleries and saloon men, they must receive large dividends to meet our demand.

We are very grateful for past public courtesies and patronage. If you will continue to lavish your hard earnings on us, we will continue to make drunkards, beggars and vagabonds out of sober, industrious people. Our liquor breaks up the best of families, creates riot, bloodshed and thousands of murders. We know we had just as well license highwaymen to murder a hundred thousand of our best citizens a year, as to license the saloons to kill the same number. In fact, we feel that the saloon slow-murder is the more wicked and heinous of the two; as we first convert fathers, mothers, children and neighbors into fiends; then we fill the mad-houses with blasted hopes and ruined lives; after which they fall into a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell. Thus our saloons, like hungry bloodhounds, bay in the path of church and nation, till they suck from our national pocket over a billion dollars a year, and would, if it were possible, destroy every human being from the face of the earth. Still, at election, with bloody fingers, we drop the satanic ballot which dooms millions to eternal woe; yet we accommodate the public at such a cost.

We know the Bible says, "Thou shalt not kill," "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink," and not to "put a stumbling-block in his brother's way." We also read, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God"—and we know a rum-voter, a drunkard-maker, will not share any better fate—; but we want the revenue, and our distilleries want the blood-money; and we've made up our mind that iniquity pays good wages; so we are all in partnership to carry on this business at the expense of the purity and eternal happiness of the race. For proof of our ability to do this (as a church and nation), we refer you to the pawnshop, police station, lunatic asylum, state's prison, the gallows,

and hell at last, whither our customers are going. And when the doings of time are written up, the records of the Almighty will prove these facts; still, we expect to keep on legislating for this wholesale human slaughter till the decent worldlings shall remove the "National Curse" from among us.

Don't fail to come and see us; as you and your boys and girls might as well share this fate and fatal plunge with the rest of us.

Yours for perdition,

Signed by order of The Clerical Council, Church of the Apostasy.

Bishop Rum Doomed.

Elder Revenue Blood.

Recorder Death Angel.

The Devil, Business Manager and President.—Tract.

THE LIGHT WINE FALLACY.

After a period of ten years spent among vineyards and wine-presses, we have no hesitation in declaring that as a demoralizing and besotting agent, colonial wine is leagues ahead of either beer or spirits. Stories, heart-rending and sad, can be told of homes blighted through the intemperate habits of father or son, caused by the consumption of beer or spirits, but stories infinitely sadder can be told of whole families desolated and destroyed through the making and consuming of colonial wine. We produce but one instance to illustrate and sustain our contention, and give it simply as it came before us.

J. C. was a man on the shady side of the middle life when first we met, and were introduced to him by a brother minister as one of the supporters of his church. It was with a feeling of pride Mr. C. introduced us to his wife and family of eight stalwart sons and buxom daughters, and then took us through his broad acres of flourishing vines, and last, but not least, into his spacious, airy and up-to-date winery, with its huge tuns, vats and presses. That we declined to sample his wines, we are afraid was regarded as slightly unsociable.

"It is quite harmless, you know," said Mr. C., "quite harmless."

"Perhaps so; but on principle and for the sake of others, we strictly abstain." After an hour spent in listening to a description of the properties of different kinds of grapes and the various processes in wine-making, we bid our friend and his family adieu, promising if at any future time we should be in the district, we would give them a call.

Several years have now passed since the above transpired. A few weeks ago we found ourselves within a mile or two of the home of our old vigneron host. Whilst sitting at the table, a member of the family with whom we were staying, entered the room and announced that "Dr. H. had given up all hopes of Mary C., and she would not last the night through."

"Mary C.," we observed; "that reminds us, how is our old friend Mr. C., of T—— vineyard?"

"Don't ask me," our friend at the head of the table replied; "my heart would bleed to tell you all. This Mary of whom we have just heard is the last of that fine family of eight you saw only a few years ago, and with perhaps but one exception, all have come to their graves victims to wine drinking."

We said nothing. Our friend went on:

"Within the last six years I have buried seven of those sons and daughters. One, frenzied with wine, laid hands on his own life, and one by one, besotted and diseased, they have dropped into the grave—a grave so hopeless and so dark; and now to think the only child left to that home is doomed to pass away ere the morning breaks, the last victim sacrificed to this Moloch of the wine-press. Oh, the horror of it!"

"What of the poor heart-broken parents?" we ventured to ask.

"There is only one of them left—the father, and he, poor fellow, must follow soon, and he is an awful wreck, a slave to his own manufacture."

"But the mother?"

"Poor woman, she died three years ago."

"Was it the wine in her case?"

"It was, and oh, so sad! She became so helpless as not to be able to help herself to food, and those around her were so helplessly drunk as not to be able to walk, and thus she died."

"But surely these constantly recurring deaths would have some effect upon the surviving member of the family?"

"Not the slightest, and it just shows the debasing, dehumanizing influence of the wine on its votaries. The surviving members of the family have gone to the grave without the slightest indication of feeling. The awful hardness induced by wine drinking no one would credit, if he did not see it. There is a patch of ground as large as this room in

yonder cemetery, in which are buried eight of the family—seven sons and daughters, and the mother. I will show you it to-morrow.”

“Thank you, we would rather be excused; such scenes have no fascination for us,” we remarked, and with that the conversation closed.

We might, perhaps, travel the country through and not find another case that runs on all fours with this—and we have not told one-half—but cases could be given by the score where the effects are the same. The awful insidiousness of the wine-habit is like that of the opium drug, and has yet to be realized and brought home to the conscience and intelligence of the community. There is no form of strong drink that so surely and so effectually demoralizes; it dethrones reason, it usurps the judgment, it paralyzes the will, it destroys the affections, it extirpates the soul, it kills the human, it crushes the divine, it creates the devil. Yet this is the industry which judiciary functionaries eulogize from the bench, government treasurers obtrusively foster with the people's money, and leading politicians propose as a panacea for the low morals of the community. The solemn fooling of public men on this question is simply deplorable.—Alliance News.

LOVED AND LOST.

I was, the other day, in a beautiful residence. There was a large gathering of friends, for this family I knew had been prominent for their hospitality. I knew that total abstinence had not been smiled upon there, but I was astonished when I sat down at the table to notice there were no wine glasses. I almost took it as a compliment to myself in my foolishness; but whispering to the lady, I said:

“I see no wine glasses here; are you teetotalers for the day because I am here?”

And I saw in a moment the change in her face. She said:

“I have something to tell you about that.”

As soon as dinner was over she said to me, “You asked me about the wine glasses?”

I said, “Yes. I noticed their absence.”

“I will tell you the reason: You remember my Willie?”

“Oh, yes, I remember Willie well.”

“Was he not a bonny boy?” she asked, with tears in her eyes.

“Yes,” I said, “one of the finest lads I ever knew.”

"Yes," she said, "and he was my pride. You know he used wine freely. You know the leading ministers in the connection had always made this house their home, and they have always been welcome. I used to allow the children to stay up when the ministers were here, to have the benefit of their conversation. The children had half a glass of wine, ministers a full glass, and so had their father. By and by I noticed what aroused my suspicion. William used to come home smelling of wine, and I didn't like it. I spoke to him, and he said there was no danger; he had only been meeting a few friends.

"By and by I noticed he was husky, and at last he came home in a state that made my heart ache. One night he came home quite drunk. I could not conceal it from his father. His father is a hot-tempered man. He met him in the lobby and bitter words passed. His father ordered him out of the house, and he went, and for months we never knew what became of him. Father would not let us mention his name, and I and his sisters could do nothing but pray.

"We did not know whether he was dead or alive; and one night, when the servants had gone to bed, and we were sitting together, I suddenly heard a noise, and I thought it was Willie's voice. I dared not speak. My husband looked around and said:

"'Did you hear anything? I thought I heard a voice. I believe,' he said, 'it is Willie. Just go to the door and see.' I went to the door, and there he stood, more like a ghost than a young man. He looked at me, and I said, 'Willie.'

"'Mother,' he said, 'will you let me in?'

"'Ay, my lad, you ought never to have gone away. Come in,' and I had to lend him my arm.

"'Don't take me into the drawing room; take me into the kitchen. I feel, mother, as if I were dying?'

"'No, my lad, you shall not die,' I said.

"'Will you make me a basin of barley broth like that you used to make me?'

"'I will make you anything you like, my boy; but you must come upstairs and lie down.'

"'Oh, mother! I can't take it. I feel as if I was fainting.'

"I called his father, and he came, but didn't say an angry word to him. He could not when he saw the state he was in. We carried him

upstairs, and laid him upon the bed, and after a moment's pause he said:

"'Father, the drink has killed me.'

"'No, my boy,' said his father, 'we shall bring you around yet.'

"'Never father—God be merciful to me a sinner!'—and his head fell back, and there was an end of our boy in this life.

"His father stood and looked at Willie as he lay there, and said to me, 'Mother, the drink has killed our Willie, and there shall never be another drop of drink in this house while I am alive.'"—Rev. Charles Garrett in Watchman.

OUR CIVILIZATION FOR SAVAGES.

Four years ago a Christian chief of Bechuanaland went to London on an extraordinary mission. He went there to tell that he had made a prohibitive law for his tempted subjects, who are negroes, and he said that the principle difficulty he had with it was the smuggling in of liquor by British subjects, and he implored her Majesty to second his efforts to make prohibition successful. Think of it—a converted African savage on his knees before a Christian queen, imploring her not to poison his own nation!—Vanguard.

THE MOST DANGEROUS TEMPTERS.

A man who has mingled much with the business and social world was discussing the drink habit, in an interview with a representative of the San Antonio Express:

"It is all nonsense," he said, "for young men to say that they cannot resist the temptations of the saloon. As far as my experience goes, the saloonkeepers of San Antonio and the men of San Antonio seldom urge a young man to drink. They say, 'No, I never drink,' or 'I would like to be excused this time,' that is the end of it. It is all a mistake about a young man being forced to drink if he mingles much with the men of the town. He can refuse very easily if he wants to; and when it is once known that a man never drinks, he is seldom asked to do it. But the real hard people to get away from are the women. You can go into a reception where the punch is strong enough to knock you down, and the first woman you meet will say, 'Do come and have some punch.'

"'No, thank you, not now.'

"'Oh, yes; just one glass with me.'

"If by a certain amount of rudeness you are able to escape this woman, the next one you meet will say: 'This is the most delicious punch. Let me help you.'

"What! Don't drink punch? What kind of a man are you? I assure you, this is quite harmless.'

"A matronly woman comes along and says: 'You must taste this punch; it is made from my special recipe, and I am proud of it.'

"Don't drink? Well, just this time to please me. I've raised my children on this punch.'

"And so on through the evening. A young man who is strong enough to resist the temptations of society has nothing to fear from the saloons."

This is the testimony of not one young man, but several, and it is no uncommon thing to hear men and boys say: "Why will women urge a fellow to drink the way they do?"

There is something peculiar about wine or liquors of any kind—you are always urged to take it. You can refuse bread and butter, meat and potatoes, and even coffee, without a word of remonstrance, but never wine.—New York Weekly Witness.

COULD NOT BE BOUGHT.

John Bailey was hurrying home from school when Mr. Giles hailed him. Mr. Giles was the proprietor of a sort of a store and a saloon combined. He kept a stock of groceries, flour, and a few other articles, and besides, he kept beer on draught, and this last was, of course, the most profitable part of his business.

John stopped and turned back to Mr. Giles' call, and stood waiting.

"How would you like a chance to earn some money nights and mornings?"

"First rate."

"I thought so. Well, I need a boy to help in the store, especially evenings, and I thought I'd give you the chance. You see, there are a good many coming in after working hours for their beer, and serving them and weighing up the groceries is 'most too much for one to do; so I thought if we could agree on a price, I'd like you to come in and help. You are a likely sort of a boy, I guess."

John's thoughts had been going speedily forward, and taken in a

new coat for himself, a dress for mother, and no end of books and papers, to be bought with money he should earn; but his hopes sank as rapidly as they had risen. He had not thought of the beer.

"I don't think that I could come," he said.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Giles, in surprise. "I thought you would jump at the chance."

"So I did, at first; but, come to think of it, I couldn't."

"But why?" and as Mr. Giles insisted upon an answer, John said: "I can't help you because I don't want to betray the cause which I am pledged to fight for."

"Cause? Pledged to fight for? What do you mean?"

"I mean the temperance cause. I can't sell beer, Mr. Giles."

"Oh! that is it. Well, John, I won't ask you to sell beer; you may confine yourself to the grocery department."

"I don't think that would do, either," replied John. "It would look bad, any way, and hurt the cause. Guess I can't come at all."

But Mr. Giles persisted. "I will pay you well," he said; and finally, as John became more decided in his refusal to entertain his proposal, he offered him large wages, and John, growing desperate, said: "Mr. Giles, I am not worth much, but I am not for sale, what there is of me;" and with that he said good-afternoon, and hurried home to tell his mother the story of his interview and get her approval, for he was sure she would approve.

When he had told her, she said: "John, you make me think of General Reed."

"Who was General Reed?" asked John, who was not very well up in his history.

"He was an officer in the American army during the Revolutionary War. It was during the winter of 1777-78, the very gloomiest period of the war. The soldiers were suffering greatly from privations, and many were getting discouraged. The English people were proposing measures of settlement of the difficulties; but the brave general who was at the head of the army had faith in the success of the cause, and would listen to no terms of peace which did not include an acknowledgment of the independence of the colonies. Then bribery was tried, and General Reed was offered a large sum of money if he would use his influence to bring about an adjustment of matters between the two countries. His reply was: 'I am not worth purchasing; but such as I am, the

King of England has not money enough to buy me.'” And Mrs. Bailey smiled encouragingly upon her earnest-faced boy, whose dark eyes kindled with true patriotic fervor as she added: “I hope you will always be loyal to the cause, and that there will never be money enough in all the world to buy you. Your name may not go into history alongside the patriot of 1777, but truth and loyalty are worth more than a name in history.”—Selected by Christian Witness.

'A SURGEON'S TEMPERANCE.

Dr. Lorenz is pre-eminent among the surgeons of Europe. It is of interest, therefore, to note that on the occasion of his second visit to America during the past year, where his remarkable operations attracted much attention, he emphatically declared the danger of alcoholic drinks.

A banquet was given in his honor in New York City, and wine was served. The eminent guest declined it. This caused him to be asked if he were a total abstainer from the use of wines and other liquors.

His answer was as follows:

“I cannot say that I am a temperance agitator, but I am a surgeon. My success depends upon my brain being clear, my muscles firm, and my nerves steady. No one can take alcoholic liquors without blunting these physical powers, which I must keep always on edge. As a surgeon, I must not drink.”—Selected by Gospel Herald.

PREACHING IN PRISON.

The work of the Prohibition sheriff of Cumberland County, Maine, does not end with bringing offenders to justice, for no effort is spared on his part to induce them to live better lives.

For nearly thirty years he and Mrs. Pearson, who died a short time ago, have been engaged in rescue work in this city. They were always frequent visitors to the jail, and did a great deal of religious and charitable work among the prisoners. After Mrs. Pearson's death a program of the memorial services with her picture was given to the prisoners. They preserved them very carefully and many placed them on the walls of their cells. A few days after, the turnkey brought to Miss Evangeline, the sheriff's daughter and only child, a little verse written by one of the prisoners. It was faulty in meter and crude in expression, but it voiced

the thought of all of the prisoners who had known Mrs. Pearson in its last line, "True love for Mrs. Pearson can never die."

Whenever the other duties of his office will permit, Sheriff Pearson visits the prisoners in their cells and talks and prays with them. Every Sunday he devotes several hours to this work, and no one leaves the jail without the best help and instruction that he and Miss Pearson can give them. He especially urges all who are in for drunkenness to take the pledge.

The regular Sunday services in the chapel are conducted by the various religious societies of the city. A short time ago the preacher who was to conduct the services failed to appear, and so the sheriff took his place and preached to the prisoners, while Miss Pearson conducted the musical part of the services.

Miss Pearson lives in the jail with her father and goes unescorted among the prisoners, though there are several desperate characters among them, giving them reading matter, talking with them and helping them all she can. One of the women prisoners was taken ill a short time ago. Miss Pearson got medicine and administered it, and took such good care of her that she said afterwards, "I couldn't have had better care if I had been in a hospital." Bill Hands, a negro who with a white associate committed a most brutal murder a few months ago and who was captured by Mr. Pearson and his deputies, is confined in this jail. He is only twenty-four years old and will be imprisoned for life, as the evidence against him is absolute. Miss Pearson and the turnkey's wife are teaching him to read, in order that his state's prison life may be passed with at least some chance of betterment. It is pathetic to see the big brutal negro slowly learning his alphabet and spelling out words of three letters, under the tuition of these women.

Said the wife of the retiring sheriff to Miss Pearson, when the latter came to the jail, "You will never be without a good laundress while you stay here. Mary is here practically all of the time. She has not been out of jail for more than ten days for years." "Mary" was in jail at the time, as well as her husband, "Pat," both for drunkenness and bad conduct generally. But the work of Mr. and Mrs. Pearson began to tell even upon "Mary and Pat." Miss Pearson made a hat and a cape for "Mary," and "Pat" went out clothed in Mr. Pearson's clothes from underclothes to overcoat. They both took the pledge, and "Mary"

said, "I'll keep that pledge. I'll not come back here again out of respect for Mr. Pearson."

That was five weeks ago the day before yesterday. Neither "Mary" nor "Pat" have been back, except that "Mary," well clothed and respectable looking, called on Miss Pearson to tell her how they were getting along. They have both obtained work and have rented a room and gone to housekeeping. "Mary" has been urged to drink, but has steadily refused. What the ultimate outcome will be, none can tell, but at the least, she has had her liberty for about four times as long as she has enjoyed at one time for a number of years.

Mr. Pearson has been intending to have a mid-week prayer service in the chapel; but it is not lighted and the county commissioners, who have charge of the expenses, have thus far refused to put in lights. Mr. Pearson has paid out a great deal of his own money in the enforcement of the liquor law and does not feel able to bear the additional expense at present. Five of the prisoners manifested a desire to become Christians at the last Sunday service, and Mr. Pearson thinks he could reach them still more effectually through the prayer services.—The New Voice.

WHEN THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENED.

I sat in the Union Station in a Southern city and awaited the coming of an early morning train. From the window I gazed upon the still smoking ruins of three popular saloons, which had been burned to the ground the previous night.

"Terrible fire that was last night," said a stout, red-faced man with whom I was slightly acquainted. "Did you come out and see it?"

"No."

"Heavy losses, I learn, and no insurance to speak of. I'm awfully sorry for those poor fellows."

"I can't say that I feel any sympathy, for I believe their loss has been the town's gain. I would be glad if we had every saloon here wiped out."

"Do you mean to say, madam, that you are so heartless and narrow as to be wholly indifferent to a man's loss of property?"

"When the property is a saloon—a human deadfall—yes! The few who profit by the saloon are worthless to any community. Their

gain means the ruin of some mother's son, and their loss is a blessing to any town."

"And you pretend to be a Christian! Madam, you're an anarchist at heart. You are narrow and prejudiced in your views. I spent two hours fighting that fire last night, and so did several of these young men. I believe we did our duty as public-spirited citizens. Now here comes a lady I am sure will agree with me in the opinion that the saloon man's rights should be protected just the same as those of the merchant or professional man. Madam, your face tells me that you have broad views and a womanly heart. Haven't you the deepest sympathy for these unfortunate saloon men?"

The woman was small and faded, with a care-worn face and tear-dimmed blue eyes. She sat silent a moment, then rose and clasped her hands in a dramatic gesture.

"Do I sympathize with the saloon men's losses? Listen, and hear what the saloon has done for me:

"Twelve years ago my husband was one of the leading merchants of this city. I came here as a bride, and our home was all that heart could wish. But my husband formed the habit of drinking, and it grew. These saloons were open after business hours, and he would drop in after working hours and treat his friends. He began to come home drunk. My tears and pleadings were useless, for the temptation was ever before him. The habit brought business failure, and our home was sold. We live in a shabby little house in a suburb, and there are nights when my little girl and I hide in some outhouse until daybreak, fearing to enter the house until the drunken fit has worn off. There have been weeks when we never saw the one who should be our protector, or knew where he was. The saloonkeeper will take care of him as long as he has any money. My child and I eke out a living in any way we can.

"Do I sympathize with the saloon man's losses? No—a thousand times NO. The few dollars they lose is a pittance to the losses they bring to the helpless. Sympathy? I'd as soon sympathize with the midnight assassin, who failed in his aim to take a life; or with the——"

"East-bound train," called the porter.

The faded little woman gathered up her bundles and started for the door. The stout man and the boys who had tried to preserve the saloon men's property silently dispersed. The worm had turned; the unexpected had happened!—Jennie N. Standifer in Union Signal.

A FATHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.

"On the other side of the ocean, just before I left home last September, a mother suddenly came into the room where there was a little boy six or seven years old, and found that little boy trying to kill a baby two years old with the scissors, and she said to the child, 'What are you doing?' and he said, 'I want to kill him.' It frightened the mother, and she talked to the father about it, and the father took him to a doctor, and he took him to a specialist, and that specialist was my friend. He examined the child thoroughly, and said to him: 'Why do you want to kill the baby; it does not hurt you?' And the boy replied, 'I want to kill somebody all the time.' And the doctor turned to the father, and said, 'Are you a drinking man?' The father said, 'Well, I do drink, it is true, but I don't often drink to excess.' The doctor replied: 'Well, you drink. That boy will kill somebody some day. It is in his blood, and your drinking habit is the cause of it.' You reap what you sow. Don't forget it. You are passing on what you are to the next generation, and God Almighty will hold some of you men responsible for bringing into the world assassins, murderers and cut-throats. Don't forget it. What we sow we shall reap.'"—Selected by Church Advocate.

OVER A GLASS OF WINE.

They had been introduced, of course, but he spoke to her first at dinner.

"May I pour you a little wine?" he asked.

"Thank you," she said simply, "a little claret. I drink only claret."

"You don't care for the sweet wines?"

"I don't think I really care for any wine, but this is what we drink at home. You did not pour any for yourself," she added, a moment later.

He smiled: "It would be for the first time in my life if I had."

"How strange!" She looked at him pointblank with a pair of clear and very kind eyes. "Have you scruples? Do you think it is wrong?"

"Well"—he drew a long breath—"hardly. Yet for me it would be a wrong."

The color deepened on her cheek a little. He saw her check back a word from her lips, and the shadow that swept over her face was

sweeter than any brightness. But he could not appropriate her unmerited sympathy.

"No—no," he declared, laughing slightly. "It is not at all a temptation to me. I have never known the taste of any sort of liquor. I think I have a great advantage against fate in this, and—I mean to keep it."

"Then you are afraid after all."

"Sometimes we recognize danger though we may not fear it."

"If it be danger, you must fear it. You do, or you would not take precautions."

He looked down and met her earnest glance. She was forgetting her dinner.

"If you were not afraid," she went on, impulsively, "wine would seem to you as harmless as water. It is because you have fear that you will not touch it."

He was at a loss just there. It was difficult to meet her candor without a touch of seeming discourtesy.

"Suppose I drink to your better course?" she said. A roguish dimple showed itself. "This deadly cup has no terror for me."

He raised his crystal goblet and drank to her in sparkling water, saying gently, "But of my cup not one need be afraid."

There was a pause. She had not lifted the wine to her lips. A servant came to remove the course, and someone spoke to her across the table. When he could claim her attention again, he was ready with a bright remark about the beauty of some roses in a vase near them.

"Yes—so pretty—pretty," she said, vaguely, and with promise in her tone: "We had not exhausted our topic, I think. May I ask—is it your conviction that liquor should not be used in any form?"

"You are unmerciful," he deprecated. "Think how ungracious it would seem to object to anything under such surroundings."

"Never mind about being complimentary," she replied gravely. "I have never before given one serious thought to this question of temperance. The people I live among—and they are all upright, intelligent and refined—regard the moderate use of liquor as indispensable. Surely you must admit that there are thousands who are not in any way injured by its use."

"I know," he said, quickly, "but there are millions and millions—the jails will tell you—the hospitals——"

He stopped abruptly.

"Yes," she said, thoughtfully, "yes; but why not take the good and avoid the evil? We need not become drunkards because we use liquor?"

He met the appeal of her earnest eyes with a look as earnest.

"Since you desire it," he answered, steadily, "let me say one word, and then, I think, I will say no more. If you never touch liquor, you not only need not, you cannot become a drunkard. But if it once crosses your lips, the first step is taken."

There was a long silence between them. The rest of the guests went on talking gaily. Presently she spoke, but so low that he had to bend his ear to listen.

"You have given me a wonderful message," she said. She pushed aside her glass of wine, and in the simple act he knew there was consecration.—Ladies' Home Journal.

MORE OF WHISKEY'S WORK.

Licensed whiskey startled pre-occupied, indifferent New York Saturday, when its latest tragedy transpired. The great papers reported it as prominently as war news from Manchuria, and for a few hours the horror of the protected liquor traffic at home rivalled sensational cables from Asiatic battlefields. It was only one incident of the drink business, but it shot a lightning flash of fact across the under world, where the traffic is breeding similar tragedies.

Frank Krijack, of 213 East 73rd Street, "too intoxicated to make a statement," sits in a cell at the East 67th Street station, charged with beating out the brains of his little three-hour-old baby girl. Under the startling two-column head, "Whisky's Work," the American tells the facts, among which are the following:

"In the small, dark bedroom the mother lies sobbing with a two-year-old baby girl beside her in the bed. She does not know her husband is charged with murder, but believes the babe died by her side, and constantly asks when her husband will return.

"At the East 67th Street police station the husband, Frank Krijack, is held without bail on a charge of homicide. He was too intoxicated to make a statement.

"According to statements to the police, Krijack, a large and muscular man thirty-six years old, came home at 9 o'clock yesterday morning in

a state of intoxication, and when he heard that his wife had given birth to a girl, took the baby from her arms, carried it to the adjoining room, and, after upbraiding his wife for giving birth to a girl when his heart was set upon a boy, took the new-born babe by the legs, swung it around and tossed it into the adjoining room, where its head struck a sofa. Then he left home. The child died a few minutes later.

"The police records hold no parallel of a case where destitution, debauch and death met together under such pitiable, and at the same time, brutally criminal conditions.

"Mrs. Krijack is a comely, black-haired woman about thirty years old. She has been married nine years. In 1898 their first baby was born, a girl, who is now seven years old. Another girl came two years later, but died when eight months old. The third child, another little girl, was born two years ago.

"Krijack started from his home at 2 o'clock yesterday morning for his work. His wife was then ill, and a woman neighbor came in.

"Mrs. Rice, Mrs. O'Leary and Mrs. Mary Simpson, the janitress, waited upon the mother and dressed the baby. Then the mother was given whiskey in milk until she was well under the influence of drink. Mrs. Rice and Mrs. O'Leary drank freely, and it was soon known throughout the house by the loud talk, screams and laughter, that a drunken orgie was in full swing in the Krijack's rooms.

"'Why doesn't my husband come?' asked Mrs. Krijack last night. 'My poor little baby is dead. I am so unfortunate.'

"'When I woke up and felt my little baby's mouth, it was cold, and I knew that she was dead. I am so unfortunate. But the doctors said it was sickly and could not live. When will my husband be home? He will be home soon, I know.'"

What can not be forgotten in this connection, is the startling fact that there are ten thousand places in this great city where the poison responsible for this tragedy is being sold night and day as freely as milk, under the sanction and protection of law. And the surprise whenever a case like this comes to hand, is not that it happened, but that it did not happen before. And all the while one of these terrible stories is getting into print, ten thousand other stories as sad, as heartless and as inevitable as this one, but hidden in the privacy of stricken homes, are being written in the hearts of the motherhood and childhood of the

metropolis, who must suffer on in silence while the people compromise with wrong for a revenue bribe.

The startling fact is, however, that the newspapers are telling the truth about whiskey in their news columns as never before. When a great metropolitan journal puts "WHISKY'S WORK" in its news lines, it is a remarkable evidence of the progress of the great reform in liquor's mightiest stronghold. The agitation is spreading beyond the confines of church and party, and by the very fiendness of the traffic itself, now commands "leader" space in the great dailies of the metropolis.—The Advance.

JOHN G. WOOLLEY'S CONVERSION.

Thirteen years ago John G. Woolley, the distinguished temperance lecturer and eloquent Prohibitionist, was a helpless, hopeless victim of the appetite for strong drink. Although he was the possessor of one of the brightest intellects in his profession, and commanded a law practice worth \$25,000 a year, and was the master of an eloquence that enabled him to sway audiences at will, yet he had fallen to the very depths of woe and helplessness.

How he rose out of this helpless, hopeless state is told by his own pen in the Ram's Horn, and we give it below in the hope that it may be used to help other poor souls who are still held by the grip of a like habit, more remorseless and firm than the chains that bound Prometheus to the rock on Mount Caucasus. Mr. Woolley says:

"It is enough to say, and so much, I think, is perfectly true, that I went to bed on the night of the 30th of January, 1888, perfectly conscious that I was a slave of alcohol and ruined beyond retrieve. I had had many chances, and had forfeited them all. I had suffered beyond any power of description, but had never acknowledged myself beaten. But this was defeat—utter, merciless, hopeless. No business offer would have tempted me to try again. I knew the old fight was done, and that the next thing was to be something else—death or something. Every fiber of me quivered with a sense of something new impending. I thought the situation over with the desperate calm that I have seen in men who, waiting in their cells with the eye of the death-watch at the wicket, listened to the finishing strokes upon the gallows that at day-break was to end all.

"I had had high ideals, but no principles, and had drifted to ruin, not only against reason and interest, but against inclination, for lack of landmarks. I saw this clearly. Shame and sorrow unutterable submerged me like a tidal wave. I prayed. Despair made me do it; nothing else. I had no creed, 'no faith.' I suffered, that was all. The cry brought help. 'I remembered God,' and my broken heart yearned toward him as if I had always known him. The Spirit bore witness with my spirit that I was born of him, not because of anything that was happening then (the whole experience was absolutely void of any definitions or any 'theology'), but just because I WAS.

"What followed was simply a decision that seemed to be endorsed by omnipotence. I knew it was final. I wakened my wife and told her. Her faith was instantaneous and as conclusive as my own. The decision drew, like a magnet, scriptures that I had learned in childhood, experiences that had not interested me before, sermons and teachings, and old feelings of my own, long lost in mind. We rose from our bed, brought from my trunk a little Bible given me by my mother on my fourteenth birthday, which, by some good providence, had clung to me through all the years, opened it at random, and read the forty-third chapter of Isaiah, which begins like the roll of a great organ: 'But now thus said the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel; fear not for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by my name; thou art mine.' And when the sun rose that morning, we two were bending over that book, weeping together."—Religious Telescope.

IN THE DIVES OF ST. LOUIS.

If the people of this land could go with us in our midnight work through the dives of this city and behold the thousands of young men and women who have been wrecked by the accursed liquor traffic, surely every honorable man in America would vote to put this evil out of existence.

Many new faces, beautiful young girls, are found in these resorts that were not here before the Fair opened. According to their statements, a large number of them have come from a distance. Some of them weep bitterly as we talk to them, and they say they were once Christians, that they have good homes and parents, and their parents do not know they are in such places.

We asked one young girl how she came to be in the place. She said she came to the Fair and got in with some bad people. The tears rolled down her cheeks as she told us she had a father and three brothers at home who were never in a place of that kind.

O, fathers and brothers, do you realize that you are voting for and protecting these vile resorts which exist only to capture and ruin your daughters and sisters? Could the fathers and brothers of that girl have heard the language which was addressed to her by these half-drunken, inhuman creatures who thronged the place and witnessed their indecent actions toward her and other girls, we believe they would have determined vengeance against the saloon and brothel.

As we plead with the girl to go home with us and she seemed about to yield, we were surrounded by a crowd of toughs who separated us and hurried her out of the room. At this point the proprietor, who was the saloonkeeper, came up and angrily ordered us to leave the place, and said he paid his license and we had no right to interfere with his business, and we were told that a policeman would be called if we did not go. The saloonkeeper was right. The voters of our land have given him permission to keep open these death-traps and to furnish the drugged wines and other liquors by which young girls are rendered powerless and are ruined, and doubtless the father and brothers of that poor, debauched girl by their votes helped to wreck her life. O, it is terrible! God help men and women of this land to arouse, and fight this curse of our land as never before.

On Saturday night, May 21, two women who were out in slum work, were walking along Pine Street. They passed a saloon where a crowd of men were standing. A carriage stood by the walk and in it sat a young girl. A man stood trying to get her to say something. The girl was either under the influence of liquor or drugs, and was almost in an unconscious condition. The ladies turned to her and asked her if she were sick. The man who looked to be a coachman, replied sharply that she was not sick, that she was only waiting for her friend who would soon be there. The ladies insisted that there was something the matter with the girl, and one of them said to her: "My dear, where is your home?" The driver turned to her and said fiercely: "It is none of your business where her home is." She replied: "It is my business." Before the women could say another word, much less call a policeman, and there was none to be seen in the neighborhood, the man leaped into the

carriage, plied the whip to the horses, and was soon out of sight. While these rescue workers had been talking to this man, every man in front of the saloon had disappeared. The devil is about his business whether people know it or not.—Gospel Message.

WHY HE SWORE OFF.

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys!" said a drummer to several companions, as they settled down in the smoking-car and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking—I've sworn off."

His words were greeted by shouts of laughter by the jolly crowd around him; they put the bottle under his nose and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it.

"What is the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you've sworn off drinking, something is up; tell us what it is."

"Well, boys, I will, although I know you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell you all the same. I have been a drinking man all my life, ever since I was married; as you all know, I love whiskey—it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar—and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years not a day has passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done. Yesterday I was in Chicago. On South Clark Street a customer of mine keeps a pawnshop in connection with other branches of business. Well, I called on him, and while I was there, a young man not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. Tremblingly he unwrapped it, and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying:

"'Give me ten cents.'

"And boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby shoes, little things with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice.

"'Where did you get these?' asked the pawnbroker.

"'Got 'em at home,' replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. 'My—my wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink.'

"'You had better take the shoes back to your wife; the baby will need them,' said the pawnbroker.

"No, she won't, because — because she's dead. She's lying at home now — died last night."

"As he said this, the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the showcase, and cried like a child.

"Boys," said the drummer, "you can laugh if you please, but I — I have a baby of my own at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop."

Then he got up and went into another car. His companions glanced at each other in silence; no one laughed; the bottle disappeared; and soon each was sitting in a seat by himself reading a newspaper.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A LESSON OF PATHOS FROM THE POLICE COURT.

For twenty years or more he had stood in the police court now and then, to answer the charge of being intoxicated, and he was there again yesterday afternoon. The bloated face and the bloodshot eyes were silent witnesses of the offense he had committed so often, and the untidy and unkempt raiment, mute evidence of the downfall of a man who might have been a good and useful citizen.

He offered no defense, no excuse, for he knew of the tale-evidence of the silent, mute witnesses of his dissipation, and that no corroborative testimony was needed to stamp the seal of guilt upon him.

Once in the past, some time ago, he had stood by the side of a smiling maiden, whose heart beat rapidly to the chimes of the wedding bells. Children's voices had made sweet music in his home. Love and hope had waked ambition's dearest dreams.

And then the same old story of temptation and weakness and drink, and the going down step by step, lower and lower, until nothing but the abyss of the grave itself was left.

Many years has the maiden who smiled when the wedding bells were ringing, been at rest under the kindly sod and the pitying violets. Her broken heart was mercifully given the rest and peace of the tomb.

It was said that when she passed away, that his only friend was gone, and there would be none to help him when he was dragged to the police court, and the chain gang was staring him in the face, for until her wearied soul laid down the burdens of life, she never forsook

him, and time and again she paid the court fines with the money she had earned with needle and thread.

When he stood in the police court yesterday afternoon, the judge said:

"I hate to fine you. I remember you when I was a little boy, and the story of your life is well known to me. I can do nothing, however, except what the law demands of me. The fine is three dollars and the cost of court."

There was sitting in the court a man who had been a schoolmate of the prisoner at the bar. He had not seen him in many years, and he whispered to the judge:

"I don't suppose there is anyone to pay his fine, for I hear his faithful wife has been dead for a long while. I hate to see him go to the chain-gang."

From the crowd of spectators in the courtroom a little boy came, a lad, who was not more than a child, and he slipped his hand into that of the prisoner and led him away, saying to the officer:

"I will pay father's fine."

The lad earns a small salary as cashboy in a city store.

Despite the bloated features, the bloodshot eyes and the palsied limbs, his old father still; the years ago, when that father held him in his arms or led him as he toddled by his side, were not forgotten.

The grave under the sod and the violets had not hid the poor creature's only friend.—Atlanta Constitution.

A STRAIGHT TRANSACTION.

"The proof of the application of the word of God," says William Taylor, "is the radical change it produces in the hearts and lives of those who receive it. I knew a man in the bounds of the second circuit of my ministry by the name of Beck. When awakened by the Holy Spirit at a camp-meeting near his residence, he said to himself, as I heard him repeat subsequently, 'I am a rebel against God. I ought to abandon sin, and return to God, and be saved. I am a distiller. All I am worth I have put in my new distillery. I can't be a distiller and be a Christian. If I give up my distillery, I will become bankrupt and beggar my family. If I hold on to it, and go on destroying my neighbors with whiskey, I will lose my soul. I don't want to beggar my

family, but I can't afford to destroy myself. I must have salvation at any cost.' So he came and knelt down as a seeker, and began at once, in the greatest simplicity, to state his case in prayer to God, about as follows: 'Lord, you know me, you know what a wicked sinner I am, and what a mean business I am in. All I am worth is in the still-house, which I have just opened. It has not done much harm yet, and I have made no money out of it; Lord, I can't afford to lose my soul, so if you will have mercy on me and save me to-night, and trust me until morning, I will drag the still out of the house and put it where it will never be used for distilling liquor. I would do it to-night, but I can not; and I can't risk my soul unsaved till morning. You have said, Now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation. I surrender myself, soul and body, to thee, now, and I receive and trust Jesus Christ to save me now.'

"It was a straight transaction, and God saved him that night. Next morning, before breakfast, he removed the still, and had it laid beside his dwelling, and there it lay when I saw it a couple of years afterwards. He would not sell it to be used by any one for distilling alcoholic drinks.

"He said that God converted him on credit, and he meant to carry out his part of the agreement to the end. Yet he did not beggar his family. He converted his still-house into a grist mill, and made a fair support. Years afterwards he went to the mines of California, made money, returned to Virginia and bought a farm, remained true to God and prospered."—Selected by Way of Faith.

FERMENTED WINE AT THE SACRAMENT.

I have ten children, and not one of them has ever tasted intoxicating drink, and I tremble at the thought that their first taste should be from my hand and as a memorial of the Saviour's dying love.

In the midst of my perplexity a mother came to me, whose boy was at a public school. Drink had been a great curse to the family, and the mother's first thought was to shield her boy from the family curse, and she trained him to hate drink. He wrote home, saying that there had been a revival in the school, and that he and others of the scholars had found the Saviour, and that it was proposed that all who had found the Saviour should receive the Lord's Supper together. He

said, "I should like to do this, but they say it is intoxicating wine, and I have promised you that I will not touch it. Tell me, mother, what I must do."

This led me to see clearly that it could not be according to the mind of Christ that so many thousands of young people and hundreds of those who had been rescued from drunkenness should be led into temptation.

I read Rom. 14, and I could not help but feel that it covered the whole ground, especially taking with it Rom. 15:1, 2, 3, 4, and 1 Cor. 8. We are not to put a stumbling-block or occasion to fall in our brother's way. We are not to please ourselves. Those of us who are strong, are to bear the infirmities of the weak.

I mentioned the matter to the stewards, and they saw with me. We are strong. Drink had never been a snare to us, and it was a joy to us to imitate Christ. We have used the "fruit of the vine" ever since. The custom is steadily spreading in all the churches, and must spread wherever intelligent Christian principle is supreme.

All Christ directed was that the fruit of the vine should be used. This we have, and those who take brandied port (and there is no port that is not brandied) are never sure that what they take has any relation to the vine. So that, as the Archbishop of York is reported to have said when his opinion was asked on the subject, "You who take port wine may be right; you who take the juice of the grape cannot be wrong."—Rev. Charles Garrett in *Way of Faith*.

PATHETIC CASE.

The thought of death alone is sad, but sadder still is it to die far away from home, without having your dear loved ones to comfort you in your last moments. Such was the sad ending of Oscar B. Byor, who died in East Jordan, November 1, 1908, aged 48 years, 3 months, 4 days. His body was shipped to his sister at Girard.

Ten years ago the late Oscar Byor left his home because temptations for drink were great. He resolved to get away and make a man of himself, but instead he found that after leaving his dear brothers and sisters, his temptations were greater on account of the enticing evil elements. Many a time he had resolved to brace up, but evil companions urged him on and robbed him of his last cent. Money was sent him by his brothers

and placed in the hands of another party with instructions to give it to him only when sober. His so-called friends would sober him up only to get his money. As long as he had money he was their friend, but when the last cent was spent and he was overcome by their evil water, then he was kicked out on the street like a dog. They well knew his circumstances and weakness. Would they refuse him drink and help the poor man brace up? No! Instead, they helped bring him to his grave.

Sad, indeed, are the letters written to G. A. Meyer, Superintendent of Poor, by sisters and brothers of this man regarding his life. Although knowing of his weakness, they loved him dearly, and tried to do all that was in their power for their poor, unfortunate brother, and if there is anyone to answer for the downfall of this one, it will be these men of evil intent. Woe unto them!

This widespread evil, drunkenness, is every day contributing directly or indirectly to the wretchedness of the people, doing its share of damage to the body and injury to the soul. No evil among us menaces so badly the peace, prosperity, happiness, moral and religious welfare of our people as the evil of drinking. No other social evil disturbs the family relations, and renders the domestic life of men, women and children so inhuman and hopeless as the indulgence in strong drinks.

The drunkard squanders his honor and family happiness. How many fathers of families might have a happy home and enjoy a delightful family life if it were not for this great evil of drunkenness? Indeed, great is the misery which the evil of drunkenness brings upon a family. A home becomes a half hell where it might have been a paradise. Poverty, want and distress take the place of comfort; grief and sorrow bringing the wife to an early grave.

Remembering how great is the dignity of the human soul, possessed as it is, of the light that streams down from above in the gift of reason, we are filled with horror at its destruction by intemperance. Appreciating, as we do, the dignity of human nature, we are struck dumb at the awful destitution of it that takes place by the act of drunkenness. As the cup draws nearer to craving lips, the angels weep and the devils laugh.

This dark and dreary valley is filling up with neglected graves, over each of which experience and truth have united to place this mournful inscription, "Here lies the wreck of what was once the noblest handiwork

of God—a man with the immortal soul redeemed by the blood of Christ. It has been shed for him in vain."

Statistics given by the Superintendent of Poor show that 75 per cent of the inmates of county institutions become paupers through the use of liquor, 20 per cent through inheritance of this evil, and the other 5 per cent become inmates because they have neither friends nor relatives left to help them in misfortune or old age.

The Superintendent of the Poor comes in contact with many pitiful cases and must contend with many undesirable conditions.

Who is to blame?

What are you going to do about it?—J. A. Popolinski in *The Boyne Citizen*.

ROBERT JOLLEY'S TRAGEDY.

Over in the city of Indianapolis there was a bright-faced girl of nine, little Gladys Jolley. She was murdered by her father, Robert Jolley, in a most diabolical fashion. The Indianapolis Sun tells the story of how this crime came to be committed in the following brief words: "For some days Jolley had been drinking." The Indianapolis Star enlarges upon this whisky-drinking murderer as follows: "Jolley had been arrested many times for drunkenness." In another place the statement is made that he has once had delirium tremens. On June 12th, just past, when he went home, he was met at the gate by his sweet little girl, who threw her arms around his neck and said that she was glad that her papa had come. This man who, through drink, was lost to every sense of paternal love, took his little child, the offspring of his own heart, up to her room, and there amid her dolls and playthings, forced carbolic acid down her throat until her hazel eyes were closed in death. Neighbors heard her screams, as she said: "Papa, papa, please don't do this!" But it was of no avail. The angelic life of this sweet baby girl was snuffed out in a brief space of time, and another horrible tragedy was added to the long line of murders for which the liquor traffic is responsible.—Vanguard.

DRANK NO MORE TEARS.

In several places in the Psalms the metaphor is used of the beverage of tears, but how often in real life is the custom of drinking the tears of

their wives and children fulfilled in the lives of intemperate husbands and fathers? In 1885, in Arkansas, this scene was enacted:

John Speeler, an old toper of long standing and capacity, on being invited by some of his boon companions to "take a drink," replied, "Boys, I won't drink without you take what I do." The "boys" were surprised.

"The idea," said one of them, "that you should prescribe for us. Perhaps you want us to drink one of your mixtures. You are a boss mixer and I won't agree to it."

"Perhaps he wants to run some castor oil on us," said another.

"No, I'm square—honor bright. Take my drink, boys, and I am with you."

They agreed, and ranged themselves along the bar. All looked at Speeler.

"Mr. Bartender," said he, "give me a glass of water."

"What? Water?"

"Yes, water. It's a new drink to me, boys, I admit, and it's a scarce article around here, I expect. But let me tell you about it. A few days ago a party of us went fishing. We took a fine share of whiskey along and had a jolly time. Along toward evening I got powerful drunk and crawled off under a tree and went to sleep. The boys drank up all the whiskey and came back to town. They thought it a good joke 'cause they left me out there and told it around the town with a big laugh. My son got hold of the report and told it at home. I lay under that tree all night, and when I woke in the morning, my wife sat right there side of me. She said nothin' when I woke up, but turned her head away. I could see she was a-cryin'. 'I wish I had suthin' to drink,' says I. Then she took a cup wot she fetched with her and went to a spring that was near and fatched it full.

"Jest as she was handin' it to me, she leant over to hide her eyes, and I saw a tear drop inter the cup. I tuk and drank, and raisin' my hands to heaven I vowed, God helping me, I'd never drink my wife's tears again, as I had been doin' for the last twenty years, and that I was goin' to stop. You boys know who it was that left me. You all was in the gang. Give me another glass of water, Mr. Bartender."—Union Signal.

JONATHAN RIGDON'S MONUMENT.

"Jonathan Rigdon died very poor, didn't he, deacon?" I said.

"Yes, they buried him in a pauper's grave. Poor Rigdon! And he had a big heart," said the deacon. "He spent his whole life and a big fortune building a monument to another man."

"Was the monument ever finished, deacon?"

"Yes, and Jonathan did it."

"How?"

"Well," said the deacon sadly, "Jonathan commenced it early. He commenced putting money into the monument at seventeen and finished it at fifty."

"And he gave his whole time to it?"

"Yes, he worked night and day, often all night long, and on the Sabbath. He seemed to be in a great hurry to get it done. He spent all the money he earned upon it—some say \$5,000. Then he borrowed all he could; and when no one would loan him any more, he would take his wife's dresses and the bed clothes and many other valuable things in his home and sell them to get more money to finish the monument."

"How self-sacrificing!"

"Yes, Jonathan sacrificed everything for this monument," said the deacon sadly. "He came home one day and was about to take the blankets that lay over his sleeping baby, and his wife tried to stop him; but he drew back his fist and knocked her down, and then went away with the blankets and never brought them back, and the poor baby sickened and died from the exposure. At last there was nothing left in the house. The poor heartbroken wife soon followed the baby to the grave. Yet Jonathan kept working all the more at the monument. I saw him when he was about fifty years old. The monument was nearly done; but he had worked so at it that I hardly knew him, he was so worn; his clothes were all in tatters, his face and nose were terribly swollen. And the wretched man had been so little in good society all the while that he was building that he had about forgotten how to use the English language; his tongue had somehow become very thick, and when he tried to speak, out would come an oath."

"But the good man did finally accomplish his great work?" I said.

"Yes, he finished it," said the deacon, his eyes moistening with tears.

"Oh, I should so like to see it," I said.

"Come with me," said my informant sadly, "and I will show it to you. It stands in a beautiful part of the city where five streets meet.

Most men put such things in a cemetery. But John had his own way, and put it in one of the finest lots to be found."

"Does it look like Grant's monument?"

"Yes, it's a good deal like Grant's monument. It is a grand house. There it is—look at it!" said the deacon, pointing to a beautiful mansion. "See! it is high and large, with great walls and fireplaces, and such velvet carpets, and oh, what mirrors! Isn't it rich and grand?"

"And who lives in it, deacon?"

"Why, the man who sold Jonathan Rigdon nearly all the whiskey he drank. He lives there with his family, and they wear the richest and the finest clothes, and——"

"And poor Jonathan?"

"Why, he's in the paupers' graveyard. Alas!" sighed the deacon, "the world is full of such monuments built by poor drunkards who broke the hearts of devoted wives and starved sweet children to do it."—The New Voice.

A TOUCHING LETTER.

My Dear Son: What would you think of yourself, if you should come to our bedside every night and, waking up, tell us that you would not allow us to sleep any more? That is just what you are doing, and that is why I am up here a little after midnight writing to you. Your mother is nearly worn out, and sighing because you won't let her sleep—that mother who nursed you in your infancy, toiled for you in your childhood, and looked upon you with pride and joy when you were growing up to manhood, as she counted on the comfort and support you would give her in her declining years.

We read of a most barbarous manner in which one of the Oriental nations punishes some of its criminals. It is by cutting the flesh from the limbs, beginning with the fingers and toes, one joint at a time, till the wretched victim dies. That is just what you are doing. You have planted many of the white hairs now appearing so thickly in her head before the time. Your cruel hand is drawing the lines of sorrow on her face, making her look prematurely old. You might as well stick your knife into her body every time you come near her, for your conduct is stabbing her to the heart. You might as well bring her coffin and force her into it, for you are pressing her toward it with very rapid steps.

Would you tread on her body if prostrated on the floor? And yet with ungrateful foot you are treading on her heart and crushing out its life and joy—no, I needn't say "joy," for that is a word we have long ceased to use, because you have taken it from us. Of course, we have to meet our friends with smiles, but they little know of the bitterness within.

You have taken all the roses out of your sister's pathway and scattered thorns instead, and, from the pain they inflict, scalding tears are often seen coursing down her cheeks. Thus you are blighting her life as well as ours.

And what can you promise yourself for the future? Look at the miserable, bloated, ragged wretches that you see every day on the streets, and behold in them an exact picture of what you are fast coming to and will be in a few years hence. Then in the end a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's doom! For the Bible says that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God. Where, then, will you be, if not in the kingdom of God?

Will not these considerations induce you to reform at once? And may God help you in the effort, for he can and will if you earnestly ask him.

Your affectionate but sorrow-stricken

Father.

—Way of Faith.

THE CAPTAIN'S METHOD.

The papers tell of a soldier in the Philippines who discourses upon a new cure for drunkenness among the soldiers. "We have," he says, "a lot of native soldiers enlisted here. When one of the white boys get drunk, the captain puts a native soldier over him, and the native puts on lots of airs while marching him around. It grinds the boys so that they wouldn't get drunk if they could."—National Advocate.

THE LIQUOR DEALER'S DIARY.

No man can injure others without injuring or imperiling himself. In some way or other injury wrought upon others is sure to recoil upon the heads of those concerned in it. Sometimes it is through the evident relation of cause and effect; at other times it is through the equally evident interposition of the retributive providence of God, whose curse

is upon the habitations of evil-doers, and upon all their gains and possessions.

It is not a light thing to incur the wrath of God which is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness. It is not a light thing to brave the judgments of the Almighty which are "true and righteous altogether." He who will not heed God's counsel may be brought to consider and heed his judgments, to hear the rod and him who hath appointed it.

Perhaps in no line of human conduct are the judgments of God more strikingly manifest than in his dealings with men who engage in the traffic of strong drink.

In many instances their enormous possessions take wings and fly away; their gains are cursed; their families are ruined by evil habits and associations; constitutions are broken; minds and bodies are wrecked; and sudden and premature death closes the earthly career of men who engage in this horrible and accursed business.

Any life insurance company insuring at ordinary rates the lives of men concerned in the drink traffic, would certainly be bankrupted by their enormous death rate. This has been proven true in England by actual experiment. Some of the best life insurance companies utterly refuse to insure the lives of liquor dealers on any terms.

Let a man study this subject in the light of facts easily obtainable, and he will find these statements to be true; and if some of the men engaged in the liquor business could be made aware of the facts and statistics which are extant on this subject, they would get out of the liquor business as Lot got out of Sodom. Now and then a man gets his eyes open to the true state of the case, and makes haste to escape the clutches of the adversary before it is too late.

"Not long ago," said Mr. Stewart, "a young man, a spirit merchant, built a large house in the country, and was retiring from business. When he first told me of his intention, I was much surprised, for he was very young, and I remarked to him: 'Surely the spirit traffic is a paying business when you are able to retire so soon.' 'No,' he answered, 'it is not that; I have retired from it through fear.' And then he went on to tell me that he was a wholesale merchant, and sold to many retail dealers. He had a diary kept in which he entered all the names and ages of his customers, and when and how they died and he said:

'I watched, with deep regret, many of those who came into this business, gradually slipping downward. When I called on some before

eleven o'clock in the morning, they were so stupefied by drink that they were scarcely able to conduct business. One morning, on looking through my diary, I was struck with the number of names I had entered there as having died suddenly through the effect of strong drink. From that moment I shut the book and resolved that I would be done with this demon that was bringing so many promising young men suddenly and early to fill drunkards' graves.'—The Safeguard.

WHO IS THE CRIMINAL?

A ragged, shivering little boy was brought before a magistrate for stealing a loaf of bread from a grocer's window. The grocer himself was the informer. The judge was about to pass sentence on the little wretch, when a kind lawyer offered the following considerations in mitigation of his offence:

"The child is the eldest of a miserable group. Their mother is an incorrigible sot; their father lies in a drunkard's grave. This morning, when the act was committed, the mother lay drunk upon the floor, and her children were crying around her for bread. The eldest boy, unable to bear such misery any longer, rushed from the hovel, resolved to obey that paramount law of nature which teaches us the principle of self-preservation even in disregard to the law of the land. He seized the penny loaf from the grocer's window, and, returning to that wretched home, spread the unexpected morsel before his hungry brothers, and bade them eat and live. He did not eat himself. No; consciousness of the crime and fears of detection furnished a more engrossing feeling than that of hunger. The last morsel was scarcely swallowed before the officer of justice entered the door. The little thief was pointed out by the grocer, and he was conducted before the public tribunal. In the midst of such misery as this, with the motive of this little criminal before us, there is something to soften the heart of man, though I deny not that the act is a penal offence.

"But the tale is by no means told. This little circle, now utterly fallen and forlorn, is the wreck of a family once prosperous, temperate, frugal, industrious, and happy. The father, strange as it may appear, was once a professor of religion. The very first drop of that accursed tincture of destruction which conducted him through the path of corruption to the grave was handed to him by the very grocer who now

pursues the starving child of his former victim for stealing a penny loaf. The farm became encumbered; the community turned its back upon the miserable victim of intemperance; the church expelled him from the communion; the wife sought in the same tremendous remedy for all distracting care an oblivion of her domestic misery. Home became a hell, whose only outlet was the grave.

"All this aggregate of human wretchedness was produced by this very grocer who sold the man liquor. He has murdered the father, he has brutalized the mother, he has beggared the children, he has taken possession of the farm, and now prosecutes the child for stealing a loaf to keep his brothers from starving!

"But all this is lawful and right; that is, it is according to law. He had stood upon his license. The theft of a penny loaf by a starving boy, where his father laid down his last farthing for rum, is a penal offence!"—The Pioneer.

WHOSE FAULT.

In his address last evening, Mr. Elwood presented to his audience the scene of a little boy ten years old, in the city of Wilmington, Delaware, who had been made intoxicated by his father, then taken out and laid on a lot covered with gasoline and set on fire.

"The little boy was burned, and seriously burned," continued Mr. Elwood, "but he was rescued from his fiendish father who was himself drunk, taken to the hospital and cared for so that he regained part of his faculties, although he was maimed for life.

"When brought to the court, his father presented the excuse, 'I was drunk,' and the court took recognition of the excuse and was lenient with him.

"Whose fault was it that the boy was made drunk? The father's, we might say. Whose fault was it that the father was drunk? The father's own fault, we might say. Whose fault was it that the father was sold drink that made him drunk? The saloonkeeper's, we might say. Whose fault was it that the saloonkeeper sold him the drink? The legislature, we might say. Whose fault was it that the legislature granted the saloonkeeper the right to sell drink? The people, who put the legislature into operation, we might say.

"Therefore, the people who voted for the legislature that made the

saloon possible, were the ones who were to blame for that boy being burned nearly to death."

"I am not here to-night to denounce any one, but I am here to state facts, and if these facts should hurt any one, I trust they will blame the facts, not me.

"The man who drinks in this age is a fool, for all the business activities require a clear brain, and the man who drinks injures his business capabilities.

"I would say to young men, especially, 'Leave drink alone if you want to be successful in business.' I would say to young women, 'Leave the man who drinks alone, if you desire a happy married life.' I would say to the young men also, 'Leave alone the girl who drinks, if you would have a happy home.'

"Drink robs more homes of their happiness than all the other evils of earth put together."

"Whenever I see a saloonkeeper, I say, 'Poor Fellow.' I say 'poor' because his business puts a social line about him that prevents him from enjoying the clean, the pure and the beautiful.

"The man in the business of making drunkards is more to be pitied than censured, because of the loss of true living that he suffers in this world and the damnation which is surely his in the next.

"The legislator who votes to license the liquor iniquity puts a stain on his character, sears his own conscience, and opens wide the door of suspicion that there is money in it for him. Very few men in the state legislatures to-day vote to license the liquor traffic just because they believe that the business should be carried on.

"The voter who goes to the polls to-day has a great responsibility upon him, and he will recognize the liquor traffic as the most destructive agency to the homes, and political purity will not only vote against it, but will work and pray and give until the day dawns when the saloons shall have flown away, and we shall have a land where the law makes it impossible for men to rob their neighbors through the evils of this beverage traffic."—Advance. .

HIS MOTHER'S CRUSADE.

John G. Woolley once told the following: "In 1874 I saw my mother kneeling in the snow to pray at a saloon door, and I crept out by a side

way, stepping softly on the sawdust, ashamed of her. That day's work cost her her life, but the saloon did not even pause, and her only child sped downward to the hell of darkness; but that snow-set prayer persisted at God's throne through thirteen awful years, and importunity he could but always hear and when I 'would' He spoke to me and speaks—and will speak on and on until on some sweet Christmas eve, I find my mother's arm again, and leaning on her great heart, celebrate the end of that crusade."—Selected.

THE TWIN EVILS.

The California Voice has for some time been turning the light on the "Red Light" sections of Los Angeles, and showing the close connection between the infamous traffic in drink and the no less infamous traffic in girls, and so vividly has this been done, that even the editors of liquor papers express themselves as shocked at the revelation of the Voice, and the way they express themselves in the columns of their papers only show that the liquor business and the traffic in girls are associated evils which flourish or die together.

Here is how the Wholesale and Retailer's Review gives relief to its pent-up feelings:

"The prohibitionists are trying to do away with all commerce of the 'red light' type—a misguided fight. We agree with the world's great scientists, that this form of vice should be under strict inspection, possibly under license, as in Paris. This is the way to protect society. But there should be a way to protect society against obscene publication."

No one doubts that the saloons and saloon organs would like to see society protected against all prohibition papers. Alcoholic drinks and female virtue are their stock in trade.—Way of Faith.

MORE INSANE SOLDIERS.

Omaha, Nebraska, March 15.—A carload of maniacs brought in from the West to-day caused commotion at the Union Station. The men were United States soldiers who had gone insane in the Philippines. All were absolutely mad and violent. All wore leg-irons and handcuffs. Some were in straight jackets and were bound to isolated parts of the car. There were eighteen in all. The soldier guards were stationed at

the doors with clubbed rifles. As the train pulled into the station there was a confused sound as of a menagerie approaching. The imprisoned men were chattering, snarling, growling, moaning, roaring and whining like so many wild beasts. Each seemed to imagine himself some representative of the animal kingdom, and the result was terrifying and heart-rending. The maniacs are being taken to the St. Elizabeth Hospital at Washington. The blue-coated maniacs are produced by the drink traffic which the government perpetuates—the government for whose defense these soldiers gave their lives.—The Searchlight.

'A TRAMP'S SPEECH.

A tramp asked for a drink in a saloon. The request was granted, and when in the act of drinking the proffered beverage, one of the young men present exclaimed:

"Stop! make us a speech. It is poor liquor that doesn't loosen a man's tongue," says the "Prairie Depot Observer." The tramp hastily swallowed down the drink, and as the rich liquor coursed through his blood, he straightened himself and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rags and dirt could not obscure.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I look to-night at you and myself, and it seems to me that I look upon the picture of my blighted manhood. This bloated face was once as handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proudly as yours, for I was a man of the world of men. I, too, once had a home and friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, but I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect into a cup of wine, and like Cleopatra, saw it dissolve, then quaffed it down in the brimming draught. I had children, sweet and pure as the flowers of spring, and saw them fade away and die under the blighting curse of a drunken father. I had a home where love lit its flame upon the altar and ministered before it, but I put out the holy fire and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspiration and ambition that soared as high as the morning star, but I broke and bruised those beautiful forms and strangled them that I might hear their cries no more. To-day I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp without a home, and a man in whom every good impulse is dead. And all has been swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his nervous fingers, shattered into a thousand fragments on the floor. The doors were pushed open and shut again, and when the group looked up, the tramp was gone. And this, gentle reader, is a true tale; the tramp at one time having been a prominent attorney at Tiffin, Ohio.—Selected by Herald of Light.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

John and James were twins, fourteen years old. Their father was very wealthy. On every birthday they expected a rich present from him. A week before they were fourteen, they were talking over what they most wanted.

"I want a pony," said James.

"And what do you want, John?" asked his father.

"A boy."

"A boy!" gasped his father.

"Yes. It doesn't cost much more to keep a boy than it does a horse, does it?"

"Well, no," replied his father, still very much surprised.

"And I can get a boy for nothing, to begin with."

"Yes," replied the father, hesitatingly, "I suppose so."

"Why papa, I know so. There are lots of 'em running around without any home."

"Oh, that's what you are up to, is it? Want to take a boy in and bring him up, do you?"

"Yes, sir; it would be a great deal better than the Saint Bernard dog you were going to buy me, wouldn't it? You see, my boy could go about with me, play with me, and do all kinds of nice things for me—and I could do nice things for him, too, couldn't I? He could go to school, and I could help him with his examples and Latin."

"Examples and Latin? God bless the boy, what is he aiming at?" and Judge Roding wiped the sweat from his bald head.

"I know," laughed James. "He wants to adopt old drunken Pete's son."

"Yes, papa, 'cause he is running about the streets as dirty and ragged as he can be, and he's a splendid boy, father. He's just as smart

as he can be, only he can't go to school half the time, 'cause he hasn't anything decent to wear."

"How long do you want to keep him?"

"Until he gets to be a man, father."

"And turn out such a man as old Pete?"

"No danger of that, father. He has signed the pledge not to drink intoxicants, nor swear, nor smoke, and he has helped me, father, for when I have wanted to do such things, he told me his father was once a rich man's son, and just as promising as James and I."

"Do you mean to tell me that you ever feel like doing such things as drinking, swearing, smoking, and loafing?" asked his father, sternly.

"Why, papa, you don't know half the temptations boys have nowadays. Why, boys of our set swear and smoke and drink right along when nobody sees them. I am trying to surrender all—every vice, every bad habit. I don't see how I could enjoy a dog or a pony, when I know a nice boy suffering for some of the good things I enjoy."

"You may have the boy, John, and may God bless the gift!"—Pure Words.

HAND OVER THE REINS.

A lady once called Henry Drummond in to speak to her coachman, who had given way to drink, and he said he did not like to be called in like this, to be asked to argue with people of a sudden and try to cure their souls, but he felt it was case demanding Christian intervention, so he plucked up his courage and went out to talk to the man. And he put the problem to him, "Suppose you were on the box and your horses ran away downhill, and you lost all control of them; what would you do?" "Oh," said the man, "I could do nothing." "Yes," said Drummond, "but suppose there was some one sitting by your side stronger than you, who could control them, what would you do?" "Oh," he said, "I would hand him the reins, sir." "Ah," said Drummond, "your life has run away with you, your appetites and passions and lusts are carrying you downhill, and you in your strength cannot control your life. But," he said, "believe me, there is One at your side stronger than you, who offers to take control of your life and make it what it should be. What will you do?" And the man saw the point and said, "Sir, I will give Him the reins."—Selected by Sent of God.

HURRYING HELLWARD.

A young man, who held a very important and paying position in the government employ, said he thought it stupid to be a total abstainer. He said: "I don't see why a man can not make himself a definite allowance. I am going to alter my system, and take just one glass a day and no more."

"Well," said his friend, "you are perfectly well without it."

"Oh, yes; I am very well in health."

"Then why not let it alone?"

"One glass a day won't hurt."

"But you are a great deal better without it."

"Well, I don't know; I shall just try one glass a day and keep to it."

This was a young man of considerable self-control, and for one year he did keep to a glass of drink a day. Then he said: "I think it is foolish for a man to lay down any hard and fast lines for himself. A man ought to be able to take as much as is good for him, and as little as is good for him. I will restrict myself to what my system needs."

Six months later, that same young man was picked up helplessly drunk in the streets. He was forgiven the first offence, as he had previously borne a good character, but he fell again and again, and soon was dismissed from the government employ, and became an outcast from society. He then plunged downward in dissipation, and delirium tremens hurried him to hell.—C. W. Sherman in *Way of Faith*.

ALCOHOLISM IN CHILDREN.

"Alcoholism from nursing is a well-demonstrated clinical fact. The alcohol passes into the mother's milk, and numbers of cases of illness and convulsions among young children have no other cause than the sometimes unconscious alcoholism of the nurse.

"In a school where the children were from four to six years of age, the teacher, giving a lesson on coffee, asked this question:

"'What do you put in coffee?'"

"'Sugar,' answered several children.

"'Brandy,' said others.

"'Children,' said the teacher, 'brandy ought not to be put into coffee.'

"'I don't put mine into the coffee,' spoke up a little tot; 'I do like

mamma and papa; I drink it alone in my cup, after I have finished my coffee.'

"Then the teacher asked, 'Are there other children here who drink their brandy in their cups?'

"Five little hands were raised. And that was the usual proportion.

"Alcohol, in the form of brandied fruit, bon-bons containing liquors, or rum-soaked cake, should never be given to children.

"We may often observe in nursing children, nervous troubles akin to meningitis, and having no other cause than alcoholic intoxication. But they may also manifest acute alcoholism in the form of actual drunkenness.

"Alcohol acts, then, in different ways with children. If the child is congenitally tainted by the poison, it may present a type of degeneracy that is in some degree due to the alcoholic poisoning of its ancestors. Alcohol can also lead to troubles that are more especially attributable to its hereditary influence, such as certain obsessions, night terrors; and particularly dipsomania. Finally, alcoholism in the parent gives rise to a disposition to the same troubles in the children."—Translation made for the Literary Digest.

SAVED BY A KIND WORD.

He had lost all respectability and was a common gutter drunkard. His family had disowned him, and would not recognize him when they met. Occasionally he would get a job at the stables where Dr. Davis kept his horses. One morning the doctor laid his hand on his shoulders and said; "Jim, I wish you would give up the drink."

There was something like a quiver on his lips as he answered:

"If I thought you cared, I would, but there is a gulf between you and me."

"Have I made any gulf, Jim?"

"No, you—haven't."

"If you had been a millionaire, could I have treated you more like a gentleman?"

"No, you couldn't."

"I do care, Jim."

There were tears in the eyes of the man now. "I do care, Jim," with tender, little emphasis on the "Jim."

"Dr. Davis, I'll never touch another drop of liquor as long as I live; here's my hand on it."

This was fifteen years ago, and Jim is to-day a respectable and respected man, and an earnest Christian—saved by a kind word.—*Scottish Reformer.*

QUAKER'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

Several persons, among them a Quaker, were crossing the Alleghany mountains in a stage.

A lively discussion arose on the subject of temperance and the liquor business, and those engaged in it were handled without gloves.

One of the company remained silent. After enduring it as long as he could, he said:

"Gentlemen, I want you to understand that I am a liquor dealer. I keep a public house of—; but I would have you to know that I have a license, and keep a decent house.

"I don't keep loafers and loungers about my place, and when a man has enough, he can get no more at my bar.

"I sell to decent people, and do a respectable business."

He thought he had put a quietus on the subject, and that no answer could be given. Not so. The Quaker said:

"Friend, that is the most damnable part of thy business. If thee would sell to drunkards and loafers, thee would help to kill off the race, and society would be rid of them.

"But thee takes the young, the poor, the innocent and the unsuspecting, making drunkards and loafers of them.

"When their character and money are all gone, thee kicks them out, and turns them over to other shops to finish off; and thee ensnares others and sends them on the same road to ruin."—Selected by Way of Faith.

A CASTOR OIL TREAT.

Mr. Perry was an old Southern gentleman, exceedingly polite. He would go out of his way at any time to avoid offending a neighbor or a friend. One day, a neighbor met him on the street with "Halloo, Mr. Perry; I was just going in to get a drink. Come in, and take something."

"Thank you, Mr.—, I don't care for anything," was the answer.

"But come in and take something, just for sociability's sake."

"Now, I want to be sociable; but I can't drink with you."

"All right, if you don't want to be sociable, I'll go without drinking," growled the friend, and he silently walked along in the direction in which Mr. Perry was traveling.

Presently the pair drew near a drug store, when Mr. Perry broke out with "Mr.—, I'm not feeling at all well to-day, and I think I'll go in this drug store and get some castor oil. Won't you join me?"

"What? a dose of castor oil?"

"Yes."

"Naw; I hate the stuff," saying, while a chill went over the man as visible in its effects to Mr. Perry as if the ague had seized him on the street.

"But I want you to take a glass of oil with me just to be sociable, you know."

The friend still refused, when Mr. Perry said:

"Your sociable whiskey is just as distasteful to me as my sociable castor oil."—Selected by Way of Faith.

'A YOUNG BUSINESS MAN'S REFORMATION.

"He drinks. We do not want him." That was all, but it meant that a certain capable young man had lost a valuable business opportunity with a fine Ohio firm. His acknowledged capacities were vain, so soon as it was known that he was a wine-taker. The keen partners of the firm decided that he would be an unsafe, untrustworthy person.

He drank quietly at home. Bought his liquor in cases. Was never seen to enter a saloon door, or to be intoxicated. But while his judgment was under the influence of the home potations, he made a very foolish business deal that caused him great financial loss, which it will take him a long time to retrieve. When he realized his silly mistake, he cleared the liquor from his cellar, and to his family declared he was forever through with alcohol. He is a man who will keep his word.—The Temperance Tribune.

AN ILL-FATED SLEIGHRIDE.

Where the snow had fallen so deeply that a bob-sled ride would be a youthful pleasure, four young men asked four young ladies to

enjoy with them an evening sleighride. After a merry jingle about the country, the party came to a village, where an oyster supper was ordered. Excusing themselves, three of the young men went from the restaurant to an adjacent hotel, and drank whisky. They did not return promptly, and lingered over their evil cups. The hour became late, and the restaurant-keeper wished to close his establishment, and he and the sober young man made two trips to the hotel before they could win the drinkers to return with them.

In the meantime, the young ladies, surprised, indignant and hurt, had started home over the snow afoot. It was two miles to the nearest home, four or more miles to the residence of the one who lived furthest away. All agreed to stop over night at the nearest home, as no young lady had the hardihood or strength to walk four miles at winter midnight. They were discovered a few rods on the way and called back by the repentant escorts, who at heart were kindly young men, but liquor-infatuated, it seemed. The young ladies were taken safely to their homes, and suffered no indignation on the way, as alarm had sobered the escorts. The young men humbly entreated pardon. The girls kept silence; but two of them alighted from the bob-sled when they reached home, utterly refusing to be aided, or to touch the hands of the young men who had been drinking. There was a lasting break-up in the friendship of that company. The drinking young men were ostracized, for no reputable girl who learned the story would trust herself to the miserable companionship of these incipient drunkards.—The Temperance Tribune.

THE LAWYER'S LESSON.

The father was a lawyer. He kept wine in the house. His young son, a bright lad, had been forbidden to taste the dangerous stuff, and it was kept out of sight, except when brought forth to treat the father's friends. Several called at the house one evening on legal business, wishing to hurry in a consultation. A bottle of wine was opened, and after the talk, there was the sound of clinking glasses and a gala draught. Then the gentlemen left the apartment, and the lad, who had been in an adjoining room, entered, spied the bottle high upon a shelf, clambered to the back of a chair, helped himself to a generous drink, and made an unsteady descent. When discovered, he was stupefied—drunk, lying upon the floor under a table, whither he had crawled with an instinctive desire to conceal himself before sleeping his drunken sleep. At nine

o'clock the mother returned home from a chat at a neighbor's. Directly her lawyer husband also came, after a trip to his office, where he had consulted certain authorities on the knotty case which confronted him. Together they searched for their little son, finding him at last on the carpet, under the shadows of a table-spread which hung low over the sides of the table. They drew him forth, saw the flushed face, heard the heavy breathing, smelled the alcoholic breath of the eight-year-old lad. With tears they vowed theirs should be a temperance hearth henceforth. And it is! That lawyer is "dry," his lesson well learned; his boy safe from further temptation. The sharp lash of conscience, and a heart of love, amde that home citadel a temperance fortress.—The Temperance Tribune.

THE BARTENDER'S REFORMATION.

He was a bartender, aged only twenty-one. It was a temporary job, accepted to assist him in pursuing a certain course of study, for which he had not the means. The hotel needed (?) a young man of good address and of pleasant ways. So he was offered the bartender's chance and took it. One night there was a dance in the big ball-room of the hotel, and in the intervals of the dancing a number of young men, friends of the young bartender, would slip away from the scene of social festivity and reinforce their strength (as they supposed) at the bar. Finally the tide from upstairs became heavier, and the rude effects of alcohol began to be apparent.

He who dispensed the drink,
Began to think.

In utter disgust at the harm that was being wrought, the rest of the night he added water to the liquor, keeping this mixing a secret for the time being. The next day he resigned his postion and told the reason, frankly declaring that he was a temperance convert. Then he eloquently appealed to his young friends who had patronized the bar. He described how maudlin and boisterous they became, how unfit to accompany young ladies to the safe shelter of their homes. He proved influential, and helped some to the straight, temperance path of decency. This temporary barkeeper will never again "touch, taste or handle" intoxicants.—The Temperance Tribune.

WHY HE REFUSED.

A man who lately came over from America told the writer that on board the steamer one of the passengers went up to another in the smoking-room and asked him to have a drink with him. The man thus invited continued reading a newspaper and made no reply. The other man again asked him to drink with him. No answer given. A third invitation was then given in these words:

"Sir, I have asked you in as friendly a way as possible, to drink with me, and each time you went on with your reading, and had not the civility to answer me. Now I ask you for the third time if you will drink wine, whisky, or anything else with me."

The man then put aside his paper and answered quietly:

"Do you see that glass, sir? Well, if I were to take even a quarter of it, I could not leave off until I had drank all the liquor on board. This is why I would not drink with you."

All present admired the man's self-control, and learned a striking lesson on the danger of putting temptation in a brother's way.—The Quiver.

THE ELEPHANT AND PYTHON.

Dr. Louis Albert Banks tell the following story, which has a most important lesson, especially for young people:

"About six months ago a baby elephant was brought over from Burmah and made a summer tour, extending into the late autumn, with a traveling show. Then it was sent to the Brooklyn boarding house to spend the winter. The elephant took a bad cold, and the landlord dosed him with whisky and quinine from a demijohn. The elephant did not like the liquor at first, but soon acquired the habit, and the other night, feeling thirsty, he knocked the head off the demijohn, which had been left in his quarters, and sucked out all there was left.

There was not enough to make him "dead" drunk, but just enough to make him feel big, and want to break something and have a great time. In his hilarity he overturned a glass-covered case in which a twenty-foot python was asleep. The big snake was angry when he waked up, and with a vicious sparkle in his little eyes, he went for that tipsy elephant and coiled himself around its body.

As the coils grew tense about the elephant, it trumpeted in agony, and struggled to shake the python off, but the snake had neither mercy nor fear.

The boardinghouse keeper was awakened by the noise and rushed into the room, club in hand. He saw the peril of the elephant, and when the snake raised its head angrily at the intrusion, he hit it a savage blow. The coils loosened and the python fell to the floor. The elephant gasped and fell likewise. Its ribs had been crushed in, and in half an hour it was dead. The snake was put back into its box, but an hour later it was dead also.

The empty demijohn in the corner told the cause of the tragedy."

BOY WANTED.

A bright, wide-awake boy, one that is the sunshine of the home, his father's and mother's joy.

He must be naturally quite active and genial. There is a demand for many boys of this kind—one hundred thousand of them are wanted every year.

Who wants them?

Satan.

What does he want them for?

How does he get them?

Through the two hundred and forty thousand legalized saloons whose doors are open day and night.

Who gives these saloons the right to run?

The government.

What is the government?

The people.

Who is responsible for all the evil that is done through the saloons?

Every man who votes wrong, and every man who doesn't vote, that can vote.

Eight hundred thousand boys and girls have gone to drunkard's graves since McKinley was first elected president.

What is the church doing to stop this evil?

She is sending her preachers to the conferences to pass resolutions against the liquor traffic, then voting against the resolutions which they pass.

Who destroyed that happy home, blighted the fondest hopes, and blotted out the young life of that devoted wife and affectionate mother? The skeleton figure of that silent form points to the saloons as the place where the man became the fiend and the rumseller the guilty party. But the saloonkeeper is not wholly to blame—the people who vote for license have a share in it.

The state of New York has a public drinking place over 410 miles long; the same state has 26,678 licensed bars. These saloons belong to the government and the people vote for them and seem to think it is all right.

“Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken also.” Hab. 2:15.—Winship Siders in Herald of Light.

A STRONG ARGUMENT.

The following card, made like a blotter, signed by a dozen grocery firms of Delaware, Ohio, has been scattered by the thousands, and has proved very effective in a campaign which, writes Dr. C. W. Barnes, “is moving splendidly”:

“Anyone who drinks three glasses of whiskey a day for one year and pays ten cents a drink for it, can have in exchange at any of the firms whose names appear on this card 3 barrels flour, 20 bushels potatoes, 200 pounds granulated sugar, 1 barrel crackers, 1 pound pepper, 2 pounds tea, 50 pounds salt, 20 pounds rice, 50 pounds butter, 10 pounds cheese, 25 pounds coffee, 10 pounds candy, 3 dozen cans tomatoes, 10 dozen dill pickles, 10 dozen oranges, 10 dozen bananas, 2 dozen cans corn, 18 boxes matches, half a bushel beans, 100 cakes soap, and 12 packages rolled oats, for the same money, and gets \$15.30 premium for making the change in his expenditures.”—Western Christian Advocate.

A LITTLE INDULGENCE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

A very marked and painful instance of the effects of a bad example occurred recently in the vicinity of Boston. A gentleman of high social position, a member of an Evangelical church, and the father of an interesting family—one whose life was closely watched, and errors as well as virtues were sure to be imitated—gave a large party. It was

on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage. The company was very select, consisting in most part of clergymen of his own denomination, and the leading literary and business men of his acquaintance, and their families, nearly all being professed Christians.

At the bountiful supper which was provided, conspicuous among the articles of luxury on the tables appeared a goodly supply of wine. It might charitably have been supposed that the host was merely weakly catering to the demands of the fashion, that his wine should have been untouched, and that he would receive gentle rebukes from more than one person present. But no! Four doctors of divinity were among the first to raise their cups. The example was infectious. Some drank who never drank before, and all followed like a flock of sheep, seeming to have the feeling (which appears to be not uncommon) that it is possible for society to be above the observance of the lesser morals.

One gentleman looked upon the scene with evident surprise for some time, then he seemed to hesitate, and finally drank more than all the rest. He went home and drank again that night, and again the next day, and the next. In a week he was a ditch drunkard, and, in a month he was discharged from the church of which he had been a consistent and valued member for seven years. He had been accustomed in early life to habits of dissipation, and that single evening's experience was sufficient to burst the old temptation upon him with overwhelming force. Christian duty, home, manliness, and all that he was or ever hoped to be, were swallowed up in that one low passion. The example of his own pastor had ruined him.

What say our defenders among the churches of moderate drinking? Is no one responsible for such a case as this? Does not the Bible say something about him "who putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips?" In this instance, results are clearly traceable, but who will dare to say how often as terrible consequences follow when nothing is said, and little is publicly known of them?—Selected by Church Advocate.

THE LAST WORDS OF A DRUNKARD.

The following extracts were taken from one of the lectures of J. J. Talbot, who died from the effects of a drunken debauch at Elkhart, Ind.:

"But now the struggle is over. I can survey the field and measure the losses. I had position high and holy. The demon tore from around

me the robes of my sacred office and sent me out, churchless and Godless, a very hissing and by-word among men. Afterward I had a business large and lucrative, and my voice was heard in large courts, pleading for justice, mercy and right. But the dust gathered on my books, and no footfalls crossed the threshold of the drunkard's office. I had money ample for all necessities, but it took wings, and went to feed the coffers of the devils which possessed me. I had a home, formed with all that wealth and the most exquisite taste could buy. The devil crossed the threshold, and the light faded from its chambers; the fire went out on the holiest of altars, and leading me from the portals, despair walked forth with me, and sorrow and anguish lingered within. I had children—beautiful to me, at least, as a dream of the morning—and they had so entwined themselves around their father's heart, that no matter where it might wander, ever it came back to them on the wings of a father's undying love. The destroyer took his hand in his and led them away. I had a wife, whose charms of mind and person were such that to see her was to remember, and to know her was to love her. Thirteen years we walked the ragged path of life together, rejoicing in its sunshine and sorrowing in its shade. The infernal monster would not even spare me this.

“I had a mother who for long years had not left her chair, a victim of suffering and disease. Her choicest delight was reflecting that the lessons taught at her knee had taken root in the heart of her youngest born, and that he was useful to his fellows, and an honor to her who bore him. But the thunderbolt even reached there, and did its most cruel work. Other days may cure all but this. Ah, me! never a reproach from these lips; only a shadow of unspoken grief gathered on her dear old face; only a tender hand laid more lovingly upon my head; only a closer clinging to the cross; only a piteous appeal to heaven if her cup were not at last full. And while her boy raged in his wild delirium two thousand miles away, the pitying angels pushed the golden gates ajar, and the mother of the drunkard entered into rest.

“And thus I stand, a clergyman without a church, a barrister without a brief or business, a father without a child, a husband without a wife, a son without a parent, a man without hope—all swallowed up in a maelstrom of drink.”—Way of Faith.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

"What harm can there be in a moderate social glass of wine?"

This is a question young men often ask.

Remember that "at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

If the sting came at the beginning of the indulgence, few would be led astray. But the pleasure comes at the first, and the sting at the last, and herein lies the danger of drinking wine or strong drink.

At first it sparkles and cheers.

At last it poisons and maddens.

At first it excites mirth and song.

At last it produces sorrow and curses.

At first it may appear to quicken the intellect to unwonted activity, and impart a captivating brilliancy to the conversation.

At last it emasculates the mind of every element of strength, and degrades the conversation to the merest stammering or idiotic gibbering.

At first it stimulates the body to unnatural vigor.

At last it breaks down the strongest frame, and sends weakness into the limbs and trembling into the flesh.

At first there may be health enough to resist the pernicious tendency of intoxication, so that with all the pleasures there are few of the pains of indulgence.

At last drinkers become victims of manifold, loathsome, and distressing diseases.

At first it is a cup of exhilaration in the hands of thoughtless youth.

At last it is a "cup of fearful trembling in the hand of an offended Deity."—Temperance Record.

THE SALOONKEEPER.

Does salvation really save?

How often does one hear men and women make excuses, attempt extenuations of their actions in remaining unsaved, on the ground that their circumstances, their environments or their avocations forbid it! Especially is this true of business men, who more than any other class of men seem to think that the saving power of our Lord Jesus Christ is limitable to certain conditions only.

"I would be a Christian," says one, "but I never could be content to be anything less than a thorough out-and-outer, and in my business that's impossible."

And the curious part of it is that ever so many of those that offer such excuses are perfectly honest—as sincere in their aspirations, perhaps, as they are dense in their stupidity. To get saved first, to really give God his opportunity, and then see what he will make of it in suiting their strength to their needs, is what seems never to enter their mind.

And yet there is hardly a business man but knows some instance in which God has saved a man and then marvelously adjusted all the man's business conditions to his salvation—not his salvation to his business conditions.

Look at that Western saloonkeeper! A better fellow, according to the dictum of all the "boys" in his town, couldn't be found alive; honest, straightforward, good-natured and generous! Why, there wasn't a kindlier fellow in the world when it came to "setting 'em up" for the crowd, or doing the fair thing by a man when he was "broke."

Yet, it need hardly be said, he wasn't a Christian. But in course of time his wife did become a Christian, and from that time a lively duel went on between her and the devil as to which should have her husband—sin or salvation.

Finally, one happy night, the persistent wife had her reward. By a bit of wife sharp practice she extorted a promise from her husband to go to the Army meeting with her, and there the Spirit of the living God swept in such splendid scorn through the soul of the saloon man, that nothing was left him but to flee to the Cross, and there cling for safety and peace.

Next morning the wife had a worrisome thought.

"But, my dear," said she, "how about the saloon?"

"I've been thinking of that," said he.

"What'll you do—sell it?"

He shook his head decisively.

"No, I shan't sell."

"But," cried the wife in alarm, "you can't continue to run it!"

"No, of course not."

"But what'll you do?"

The husband got up and buttoned his coat.

"Suppose you come along," said he, "and see."

And two hours later the news spread like wildfire that a saloon man had gone daft and was smashing his bottles and emptying his casks in the gutter of the street.

That's what salvation moved one man to do in the way of adjusting his business to his salvation, and somehow, though everyone called it a wicked waste of money, and prophesied poverty and ruin to the man who was guilty of it, when our converted saloonist opened a modest little fruit and vegetable stall, and made a bid for popular custom in that which could bring woe to no hearts and ruin to no lives, the God he served took an interest in the new business, prospered it so unmistakably that our erstwhile saloon brother has never had any doubt that it is possible very successfully to adapt one's business to one's salvation.—War Cry.

THE FIRST GLASS.

In one of our colleges, several years ago, was a young man possessed of fine mind, excellent attainments and pleasing manners—the life of the social circle and the favorite of all. He was not only a pleasant, but a safe companion, for he was free from the vices with which some of the young men who frequent college halls are familiar. The inebriating cup had never passed his lips. But there came a time when the snare of the tempter was thrown around him, and he had not the power to break away.

At an evening party wine formed a part of the entertainment, and the sparkling cup was offered him by a gay young lady. Surely he could not refuse to drink one glass with her? There could be no harm in that.

Thus the young lady pleaded, and thus the young man reasoned. He had never tasted wine; but when once the cup had passed his lips, a thirst was created which clamored for indulgence. That first glass, pressed to his lips by a young and thoughtless lady, and accepted through fear of appearing singular, was the beginning of a downward course. His studious habits were abandoned. He sought the company of revelers; rapidly, madly, he rushed to ruin, and in a few short months was laid in a drunkard's grave.

So young, so gifted! Another victim laid on the altar of intem-

perance. By his fall many fond hopes were blighted and hearts almost crushed.

His companions in college laid to heart the lessons taught by his fearful fall. Standing around his grave, they made a solemn promise never to taste the deadly poison, never to deal in it, never to offer it to others, or in any way to encourage its use.

Some of this number still live, zealous advocates of the cause of temperance.

And the young lady through whose enticing words the first glass passed his lips, can she meet at the judgment the soul of her victim? She knew not what she did, or hand and tongue would have palsied as she held before him the sparkling cup but it is never safe to trifle with a deadly poison.

Young lady, as you value the souls of those whom you may influence, shun the social glass. Let no one be influenced by your example to take the first step in the downward way.—Way of Faith.

"MY GUESTS TOUCH NO WINE."

"The most effectual temperance lecture I ever heard in my life was preached to me on New Year's Day," said a young man recently, in the hearing of a friend.

"Why, Horace, where were you? And who delivered it?" was asked.

"I was visiting in Philadelphia, and with my cousin, John Levins, set out to pay a number of New Year's calls. It is not the custom now, as formerly, to set out wine before guests, but it is still done sometimes. Our second call was at the princely home of Franklin Graves, of whom you have heard. His lovely daughter greeted us, smiling and beautiful, a very queen among women. There was also an elegant assortment of choice wines which the father pressed upon the guests. 'Did you come to see papa or me?' was always the question asked of each guest, and, so far as I know, there was but one answer, 'We came to see you.' 'My guests touch no wine,' she said. 'I have other refreshments provided for them.' The wine glasses stood untouched, the fair young girl flitted to and fro among her guests, ministering herself to their needs. The father gracefully acquiesced and finally had the wine glasses removed.

"Did you ever witness anything so effectual as that?" said Cousin John, as we started up the street together.

"Never," I answered. "No temperance lecture ever touched me like that quiet speech, 'My guests touch no wine.' God helping me, it is the last time the glass shall ever touch my lips."

"I have since learned that more than one young man began reformation on New Year's Day as the result of that very call."

"My guests touch no wine." They were simple words, quietly spoken, but what did they not imply?

This Christian girl performed a service as faithfully as though the kingdom of God depended upon her fidelity.—Home Herald.

SHERIDAN AND HIS SON.

General Sheridan, on being asked by a friend what he should choose for his little son from all the temptations which beset him, the one most to be feared, what would it be, leaned his head and said soberly:

"It would be the curse of strong drink. Boys are not saints. We are all self-willed, strong-willed, may be full of courage and thrift and push and kindness and charity, but woe to the man or boy who becomes a slave to liquor. O, I had rather see my little son die to-day than to see him carried in to his mother drunk! One of my brave soldier boys on the field said to me just before a battle, when he gave me his message to his mother, if he should be killed, 'Tell her I have kept my promise to her. Not one drink have I ever tasted.' The boy was killed. I carried the message with my own lips to the mother. She said: 'General, that is more glory for my boy than if he had taken a city!'"—Temperance Cause.

THE OPPRESSOR.

It has been my habit for several years to clip from the newspapers these ghastly records, and when I have accumulated a large number, take a spare hour or two and paste them on sheets one below another, and now and then read over the long list.

What a record of hell! What Christian heart could be unmoved? What an incentive to earnest endeavor! What an opportunity for Christ and humanity!

Stabbing, cutting, wounding, brutal assaults, homicide, parricides, infanticide, suicide, and murder in every form, all the outcome of the liquor traffic.

No wonder the grog-seller said, concerning his business, when everybody was excited over a suicide which had occurred through drink, "Gentlemen, it's a damnable business, but there is money in it."

I considered the wrongs which innocent sufferers have to endure; the blasphemy and insult to God and his Son growing out of it; the disgrace of it to our civilization and our Christianity; the contradiction of every principle of political economy and common sense; the stupidity of the nations that permit its continuance. When I think of it, I often ask, "Are we even yet more than half civilized?"

What will our grandchildren think of us when they come to peruse the records of our police courts? Oh, that is nothing. What will God think of us when we face the judgment? What will we think of ourselves? We are not doing our best. What will those poor souls who have gone down to eternal despair through the drink traffic think of us, when, had we been more in earnest, we might have led their captivity captive. We might long ago have destroyed the destroyer. We think the Hindoo wicked and stupid because he built a juggernaut and rolled it through the streets now and then, permitting those frenzied ones who would to throw themselves under its ponderous wheels. Where their car has crushed one, ours has crushed one thousand—yea, ten thousand.

Old systems of political despotism, tyranny, serfdom and slavery are all thrown into the shade when compared with the oppression which this legalized system entails upon our race. Those affected the body, this the immortal soul as well.

"Behold the tears of such as are oppressed."

A young girl came to me and said, "Mr. Lucas, three years ago my mother died. She made me promise that I would be a mother to the little ones. My father drinks up all he earns and has now begun to drink also what my two little brothers earn, till I have not one dollar left to fulfill my pledge to my dying mother." I did everything in my power to try and reform that man, but the grog-shop has more power than our moral suasion when it gets its grip upon these men. Two years later all those little ones that dying mother left behind here were in jail for stealing.

A young wife left her bed on a cold night to open the outer door for

her inebriate husband. While she was shutting it, he staggered through the inner door, and, shutting it, the spring locked her out in the bitter cold. How she came down to her death was wrung from her by her father a little before her loving and faithful spirit took its flight.

A woman at Masterton, New Zealand, went to a grog-seller and besought him with tears not to sell her husband any more liquor, as both she and her children were becoming very much afraid of him when he was under its influence. That grog-seller took her by the shoulders and shoved her violently into the street. In less than a fortnight the husband, supplied with liquor by that same grog-seller, killed the poor woman and their four children with an axe. Behold the sufferings and the tears of such as are oppressed.

One said in our meeting, "I have often gone supperless to bed because my father was a drunkard. Literally starving, I one day took a bun from a counter in a store. My father, being told of it, very nearly beat me to death."

"Have you no shoes, my boy?" said a friend of mine to a barefooted little fellow on a cold winter's day. The poor child began to cry, saying, "Sir, a lady gave me a pair of shoes, but mother sold them for beer."—Rev. D. V. Lucas, D. D., in Wav of Faith.

THE LITTLE SHOES.

At a temperance meeting in England, the chairman, addressing a young man, yet a reformed drunkard, said:

"Come, William Turner, you have known as much about the drink evil as anyone here or anywhere; come, tell us, for I never heard how it was that you changed right about face from the mouth of hell to the gate of hope. Come, man, out with it; maybe it'll do good."

The young man thus urged rose and looked for a moment very confused. All he could say was:

"The little shoes—they did it."

With a thick voice, as if his heart were in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment, heard this sound, and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash; he drew himself up and looked at the audience; the choking went from his throat.

"Yes, friends," he said, in a voice that cut its way clear as a deep-toned bell. "whatever you may think of it, I've told you the truth—the little shoes did it. I was a brute and a fool; strong drink had made me both and starved and stripped me in the bargain. I suffered; I deserved to suffer. But I didn't suffer alone; no man does who has a wife and child, for the woman gets the worst share. But I'm no speaker to enlarge on that; I'll stick to the little shoes. I saw one night, when I was all but done for, the publican's child holding out her feet for her father to see her fine new shoes. It was a simple thing, but, friends, no fist ever struck me such a blow as those little shoes. They kicked reason into me. 'What business have I to clothe others and let my own go bare?' said I. And there, outside, was my wife and child, in a bitter night. I took hold of my little one with a grip, and I saw her chilled feet. Men, fathers, if the shoes smote me, what did the feet do? I put them, cold as ice, to my breast; they pierced me through and through. Yes, the little feet walked right into my heart and turned out my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left. I bought a loaf of bread and a pair of little shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of bread all the Sabbath day, and I went to work like mad on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more money in the public house. That is all I've got to say. It was the little shoes that did it."—National Temperance Advocate.

A PROMISE TO A MOTHER.

While drinking whiskey was the fashion all about him, Abraham Lincoln never forgot his dead mother's request to close his lips against intoxicants. Once, when he was a member of Congress, a friend criticised him for his seeming rudeness in declining to test the rare wines provided by their host, using as a reason for the reproof, "There is certainly no danger of a man of your years and habits becoming addicted to its use."

"I meant no disrespect, John," answered Mr. Lincoln, "but I promised my precious mother only a few days before she died, that I would never use anything intoxicating as a beverage, and I consider that promise as binding to-day as it was the day I gave it."

"There is a great difference between a child surrounded by a rough class of drinkers and a man in a home of refinement," insisted the friend.

"But a promise is a promise forever, John, and when made to a mother it is doubly binding," replied Mr. Lincoln.—Way of Faith.

"WE PLAYED CARDS AND DRANK WINE."

Sauntering leisurely along the street, a well-dressed young lady passed me. She gave a peculiar call. It was answered by a girl about her own size and age. The two girls seated themselves on the edge of a porch and at once began an animated chit-chat, and so loud as to be distinctly heard rods off. This is a part of what I was almost compelled to hear:

"Yes, we played cards with the gentleman, and drank a good deal of wine, and perhaps did and said things that we ought not to, but the folks needn't make such a fuss about it."

"S'h!" warned her companion. "If my mother were to hear what you say, it would be the last of my going out of this house after dark."

So long as men with rotten hearts are on the lookout for victims, and such careless ones present themselves as these girls apparently were recruits will continue to swell the army of the lost.

"We played cards and drank wine." When did they begin this habit of wine-drinking, I wonder? Once when my field of labor in this gospel temperance work was in one of the interior towns of the Middle States, I met on the principal avenue a young woman, a former pupil in the Sunday School in a distant village. A moment's conversation showed me how the cruel vulture had done its ghoulish work. The spirit of the Samaritan moved me. I prayed that I might be able to turn her wayward feet. The purity of blessed childhood's days and scenes, associations sweet and sacred, hallowed memories, early playmates—all, all were presented in the brilliant color of hope and trust. A mist filled her eyes.

"Come, I'll take you home. In less than a day we'll be there. How glad your parents will be to see you! Surely you do not forget the love of father and mother, and you do want to see them again. don't you, Mary?"

Straightening herself up to her full height, her face white, her form rigid and strained, in a voice whose tone conveyed hate, mingled with despair, she answered:

"Yes, I do remember them. They taught me to drink wine at the family board. I was told to drink it like a lady. Easily and quickly enough I learned to like it. I tried to drink it 'like a lady.' Under its influence, the bottle was drained; my brain reeled; the world was torn

from under my feet; the sky became all brass. To-day I am eating the ashes of the apples of the Dead Sea. There is nothing left worth living for. I can't fight the odds much longer. Every hand pushes me nearer the bottom; then comes the end. Some day I must stand at the bar of God, and I tell you I shall be a true witness against those who taught me to 'drink wine like a lady.'"—Way of Faith.

A DRUNKARD'S WILL.

A dying drunkard in Oswego, N. Y., left the following as his "last will and testament:"

"I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example and a memory that will soon rot. I leave to my parents as much sorrow as they can, in their feeble state, bear. I leave to my brothers and sisters as much shame and mortification as I can bring on them. I leave to my wife a broken heart and a life of shame. I leave to each of my children poverty, ignorance, a low character and a remembrance that their father filled a drunkard's grave."

Ye patrons of the saloon, is this the "will and testament" you are writing out each day for your wife and children? Shame upon you to leave them such a disgraceful inheritance! Where is your manhood? Where is your love for your family? Where is your honor and nobility? Are you selling it to the saloonkeeper?

When the writer of this sat in the office recently, looking over the copy for the "Frozen Truth," an honest-looking workman came in, and in the course of conversation with the clerk in the office, said: "I used to patronize the saloons, I drank regularly, but I soon learned that I could not support the saloons and support my family, too; I could not drink and provide for the wants of my family as I should, and so I quit drinking, and I left off patronizing the saloons."—Selected by Way of Faith.

THEY HAD BEEN THERE.

A saloonist innocently reveals one of the principal difficulties in the way of enforcing the law against liquor dealers, in a trial before a justice court, according to the Templar. On being sworn, one of the attorneys in the case asked, "Mr.—, where is your place of business?"

"What for you ask me such dings? You drinks at my place more as a hundred times!"

"That has nothing to do with the case, Mr.—. State to the jury where your place of business is."

"De shury! de shury! Oh, my shiminy! Every shentlemen on dis shury has a string of marks on my cellar door shust like a rail fence."

The court then interceded in behalf of the counsel, and in a calm, dignified manner, requested the witness to state the place of his business.

"Oh, excuse me, your honor, you drink mit my place so many times. I dinks you know very well where I keep mine blace."—Watchword.

MR. GLADSTONE'S TEMPERANCE WORK.

Many years ago two young men, residents of Hawarden, became notorious for their drinking habits, and it occurred to the late distinguished statesman that he would make an attempt to reclaim the erring youths. With this in view, Mr. Gladstone arranged to see them at the Castle, where, alone in his library—the historic "Temple of Peace"—he impressively appealed for their reformation, and then knelt and fervently asked God to sustain and strengthen them in the resolve henceforth to abstain from the use of that which had hitherto occasioned so much mischief.

The sequel is best told in the language of one of the men.

"Never," he says, "can I forget the scene, and as long as I have memory, the incidents of the meeting will be indelibly impressed on my mind. The Grand Old Man was profoundly moved by the intensity of his solicitation. My companion is now a prominent Baptist minister in Wales, and neither of us from that day to this have touched a drop of intoxicating drink, nor are we ever likely to violate the undertaking so impressively ratified in Mr. Gladstone's library."

Mr. Gladstone, at Liverpool, 1892: "Let us all carry with us, deeply stamped upon our hearts, a sense of shame for the great plague of drunkenness which goes through the land, sapping and undermining character, breaking up the happiness of families, oftentimes choosing for its victims not the worst, but the most susceptible. Surely, there is hardly one among us who has not seen the pestilent results to which the habit leads. We should carry with us a deep and adequate sense

of the mischief, and an earnest intention to do what in us lies to remove it."

"What would the great nations of the earth do," asked a liquor paper, "were it not for the revenue they derive from the liquor traffic?"

"Give me a sober nation," said Gladstone, "and I will take care of the revenue." And surely America will not say "can't" when England says "can."—Selected by Way of Faith.

THE SALOON AND CHILDREN.

In a recent address, S. I. Roberts, superintendent of cotton works at Danville, Virginia, said: "The effect of the saloon upon children of the laborer, according to my observation (and it is not very limited), is indescribably sad. A few years ago, when there were saloons in Danville, I went to the mill one Monday morning quite early, and as the operators came in to their respective departments, I noticed a little girl and boy, who seemed only to have been at work a few days.

"The little girl looked thin and pale, and shortly after the machinery started, she came over to where I was, and said, 'Mr. Roberts, I am so weak and feel so badly, I cannot work to-day, brother and I have not had a mouthful of breakfast, and mother is at home, hungry and sad.'

"I said, 'What does this mean? Didn't you draw your wages Saturday evening?' 'Yes, sir,' said she, 'but (looking down on the floor, and with tears in her eyes), father has got to drinking and spent all the money Saturday night and did not buy anything for us to eat.' I went and ordered breakfast for them both, then I called them, and said, 'You go home and tell your father and mother both to come down to the mill and see me.'

"They came, and I promptly said to the father, that we would not allow his children to work for us longer, except on one condition. Says he, 'What is that?' I answered that the wages they made must be drawn by the mother and used by her to obtain food and clothing for the children, and that he must not touch the money or have anything to do with the purchases. After some hesitation, and seeing that argument was useless, he agreed.

"A few days later I was driving along the street, and a bar-keeper came out of a saloon and hailed me to stop. He came up to my buggy and said, 'Look here, Mr. Roberts, you are interfering with my business.'

'What,' said I, 'I interfering with your business? Your business is to take food from the mouths of women and children, and clothes off their backs. My business is to put them on.' He turned on his heels and walked away."—Selected by Church Advocate.

SUNSHINE OR SHADOW.

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve." There is danger in halting and in wavering.

A stonecutter had in his employ two intemperate men. One Monday, as they entered the yard, he said to them, "Why do you waste yourselves so? The moment you get your Saturday wages you go and lay out everything in rum. And Sundays you lie in the gutter until the flies are so thick on your faces that no one would know you from a brute that was dead and ought to be buried out of sight."

Ten years passed. On a recent morning this employer, on his way to his office in New York city, saw at a corner of Third Avenue one of those men taking a bone out of a garbage barrel and tearing it apart with his fingers that he might gnaw out the gristle in the joint—a poor, bleary-eyed ruin and sot.

Hardly had his former employer reached his desk, when a pleasant-looking man entered and said, "Do you remember me?" He had no difficulty in the recognition. It was the other of the two employees of years before. He went on: "I took to heart what you said to me, and dropped liquor at once and forever. I am now in easy circumstances and have two thousand on deposit at the Metropolitan Bank." There, within an hour of observation, were the fruits of ten years' history.—Christian Standard.

BOTTLES MAKE RAGS.

"Bottles and rags! Bottles and rags!" called the rag-man, as he plied his calling.

"Why do you always put these words together?" asked the passer-by.

"Because, madam," said the rag-man, courteously touching his hat to the lady, "wherever you find bottles you find rags."

Shrewd philosophy! It is a pity that our statesmen cannot see the thing as clearly, and that, for the good of prosperity, to say nothing of

the moral happiness of the people, they do not stop the accursed liquor traffic, instead of putting in the way of Christian workers all sorts of handicaps.

Remember the shrewd words of the rag-man, who sees things as they are: "Wherever you find bottles you find rags." And if you wish to save people from coming to rags, you will banish the bottle. Let us all say we shall not give over the fight until we succeed.—Angelus.

A WORD ABOUT A DROP.

"Come in, Patrick, and take a drop of something," said one Chicago Irishman to another.

"No, Mike, I am afraid of drops ever since Tim Flaherty died."

"Well, what about him?"

"He was one of the likeliest fellows in these parts. But he began the drop business in Barney Shannon's saloon. It was a drop of something out of a bottle at first. But in a little while Tim took a few drops too much, and then he dropped into the gutter. He lost his place, he lost his coat and hat, he lost his money; he lost everything but his thirst for strong drink. Poor Tim! And the worst was to come. He got crazy with drink one day and killed a man. And the last time I saw him he was taking his last drop with a slipping noose around his neck.

"I have quit the dropping business, Mike. I have seen so many good fellows when whiskey had the drop on them. They took just a drop from a bottle, and they dropped into the gutter, and then dropped into the grave. No rumseller can get a drop on me any more, and if you don't drop him, Mike, he will drop you."—Templar.

FLAVORED WITH BRANDY.

In the early married life of a certain lady in the state of New York, a young friend whom she had known and loved since childhood—an only son—came from his home in a neighboring town to spend the day with her. He had been a victim of alcohol of the "spree" variety, but to the great joy of his friends, had now for eight months triumphed over his demon master.

All went well until dinner, when for dessert, the mistress of the boarding-house sent up the usual pie and a pudding flavored with brandy. Mrs. B.— quietly moved the latter back from both their

plates, saying to her friend, "You and I will take pie," but the familiar odor had made its appeal. He alternately drew up and pushed back the plate, and at last nervously seized it and eagerly devoured the poisoned food.

Full of apprehension she returned with him to her own apartments, resorting to every possible expedient to divert and entertain him until the time for the train, shuddering at the thought of sending him home once more bound for Satan, but in vain. Looking at his watch repeatedly, he finally said, "I must go to the station." "I will go with you," was her reply, and they started out together and passed the first hell-gate safely, but at the second he darted from her side and disappeared. In dismay, she flew to her husband's office, telling him he must come and find the fugitive. The eager search was vain; but on the third day, on a pile of lumber, drenched by the pouring rain, robbed of watch and diamond studs, he was found and taken back to his home! Three months after, as a result of his exposure, he was borne to his grave. Mrs. B.— was sent for in his last hours. With failing breath, he tried to comfort his agonized mother, and to his friend he said, "Don't be troubled that I took the brandy sauce with you. I am too weak to resist temptation; it is better for me to die now," and so he passed to where the wicked cease from troubling. What a lesson for us!—Union Signal.

BE NOT DECEIVED.

"Oh, I take it to aid digestion. I suffer so from dyspepsia," was the reply of an army officer when cautioned against the use of alcoholic drink. What folly! Why, men put dead flesh into alcohol to prevent it from corruption. To take drink to allay or reduce an inflammation is like putting oil on fire. Injuries and gunshot wounds fare far worse in a drinking man than in a sober one. "But for the alcohol in him," says the doctor, "or the bad blood caused by beer, there might be hope."

A man's motive in taking the drink may be good, but liquors never stop to ask what you want of them; they go in and do their work of death.

But it is said that liquor is needful and useful in fatigue duty. Is it? Why do the soldiers need it? Is it to give them warmth? This it never does. Alcohol produces a sudden excitement and glow, but it

abstracts heat, and the man is colder after it than he was before it. Does he need it for nourishment when exhausted? This it does not give. The idea that alcohol is consumed in the system, and is properly food, is exploded. It is never digested, more than a stroke of lightning. It remains in the system, disturbing every part until it is expelled through the lungs and liver.

It goes to the brain and produces brain fever and madness, and the man who drinks it on fatigue duty is but the more fatigued and the more disqualified for his arduous duties.—The National Advocate.

THE COMMANDER'S PLACARDS.

The military commander of Paris has ordered that placards illustrating the evil effects of alcohol shall be placed on all the barracks in that city. These cards, which are hung in conspicuous places, show on one side the interior organs of a drunkard, and on the other side those of a temperate man. Beneath is a brief explanation of the pathological and moral effects of the abuse of alcohol.—Way of Faith.

WHAT'S YOUR BOY WORTH.

Last fall, with Mr. A. B. Campbell, of Topeka, I attended a temperance meeting held in a schoolhouse in Shawnee county, Kansas. After two speeches had been made a collection was taken up to raise money to prosecute liquor sellers in that county.

A tall Kansan arose and said: "Put me down for \$20; I have six boys, and, if necessary, will make my subscription more. To save them a \$100 bill would be a small amount."

Yet he was a hard working farmer; but he loved his boys, and, as a consequence, hated the liquor traffic.

In my late trip I asked a man, formerly a New York merchant, how it was that he had taken such an interest in the prohibition movement. He replied: "To my astonishment I found out that my eldest boy had taken a drink of beer."

That was enough. He loved him as "the apple of his eye." And now every energy of that business man is brought into active service to protect his son from the ravages of the liquor trade.

In a town meeting in Jersey, after a public meeting, a gentleman asked what he should do to save his two dissolute, drunken boys. A

man of means, and living in a handsome country residence, he could not see why they preferred the saloon to their home of comfort. The liquor trade, knowing that he would foot all bills, was only too willing to give the boys all the poison they asked for. He said he loved them; but he never voted for home protection, as against the saloon, on election day. His boys, practically, were not worth casting a ballot for.

I came across a mother in Ohio who loved her boy so that she would not give her husband any rest until he promised to vote for the second amendment. Some people thought she was only a humble, ignorant woman, but she was smart enough to know the value of her boy.

You mothers who read this article, answer me this question: What's your boy worth? Make the price high, for he is "bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh." Ask father if he is worth a ballot next election. Put the question to him with tear-drops trickling down your cheeks, backed up with a prayer of faith. If you can do it with all sincerity, the true value of his boy will appear and all other questions sink into insignificance.

What is your boy worth?

1. He is worth asking to sign the total abstinence pledge.
2. He is of sufficient value to be sent to a school to be educated—to be instructed as to the effects of alcohol upon the human system.
3. He is of sufficient importance for you to know where he spends his evenings and who are his associates.
4. He is of more value than many household pets, and is entitled to more of your time and attention.
5. To say nothing of the value of your boy's good character, he has cost you for food, raiment and education, more than what the average saloonkeeper pays for his license.
6. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." It will be of great importance to you whether your boy is a valuable citizen or a curse to you and the neighborhood in which you reside. If he turns out good, he will be worth his weight in gold; if otherwise, better he had never been born.
7. Being immortal, he is worth a life's work to prepare him for a happy hereafter.

No license was ever made high enough to cover the lowest esti-

mate that you can put on your boy if there's a spark of Christianity or humanity in your heart.

Nebraska virtually says its city boys are worth \$1,000; altogether too low. New York city puts the price of her boys at \$75; less than the price of a city railway horse—an insult to every mother.

What's your boy worth?

Tell me the value of his soul, and I'll name the price of the privilege to sell intoxicants.

What's your answer?—Witness.

KEEP THE PLEDGE.

A little incident related to me by an eye witness is so suggestive within itself that I have decided to give it to those who may chance to see these columns.

In one of our North Carolina towns, not a hundred miles distant, one of the hotelists habitually dispenses wine at his tables.

Not long since three young men, two of them seemingly traveling companions, the third a stranger to them both, chanced to be seated at one end of the table, while two elderly gentlemen occupied the other end.

After the viands had been served the waiter handed the wine. The two elderly gentlemen filled their glasses, and, while they sat drinking and talking, the wine was passed on to the three young men.

The stranger refused it; one of the other two said: "No, I'm under a pledge;" and the third also refused it. The waiter then deposited the decanter on the table just in front of the pledged young man.

For a few moments he sat quietly eating, but as the odor from the older men's glasses reached his olfactories and it sat sparkling before him in ruby splendor, his eyes began to glance from plate to bottle; he grew restless and inattentive to his companion's conversation, and at last he seemed to see nothing but the bottle. Finally, with eyes dilated and frame trembling, he threw down knife and fork, exclaiming: "D— the pledge," and made a grasp for the bottle.

Just then the stranger, who had been quietly watching and hesitating to speak, said: "Don't do that; keep your pledge," and gently took the bottle and placed it out of reach.

The tempted one, with a look of astonishment, turned and gazed the stranger in the face, but said nothing.

They all left the hotel and resumed their journey. Some little while after the train moved off the young man who had been so sorely tempted sought his unknown friend and said:

"You are a stranger to me, but I thank you; you saved me this time and I shall hereafter try to be a stronger man."

What will the harvest be?—Advocate.

"WHAT IT FEEDS ON."

The rum curse still rests like a deadly curse upon our enslaved people. Thoroughly intrenched behind the political platform of the dominant political party, it is hurling its missiles of death in every direction, and even such brave, clean men as hold many of our highest positions, for some reason, dare not declare war against it. So far as we are personally concerned, no political party east or west, north or south, that is in league with rum can have our support. The whisky fiend works such havoc that, were we not so calloused by its very commonness, we would be shocked beyond expression. An exchange furnishes the following list of victims in our own land, not speaking of the much larger wreckage elsewhere:

2,500 smothered babies.

5,000 suicides.

10,000 murderers.

60,000 fallen girls.

100,000 paupers.

3,000 murdered wives.

7,000 other murders.

40,000 widowed mothers.

100,000 orphaned children.

100,000 insane.

100,000 criminals.

100,000 drunkards who die yearly.

100,000 boys who take the place of the dying.

Untold crimes, misery, woe, want, weeping, wailing, war, shame, disgrace, disease, degradation, debauchery, destruction, death, riot, revelry, ruin and \$2,000,000,000 in cash.—Living Water.

A VILLAGE DISGRACE.

G—— is a beautiful village nestling in the hills of New York state. The homes are well painted. The lawn's smooth velvet is bordered with cement. The outward appearance would indicate a very high state of intelligence.

Some time ago, a year or more, the proprietor of the public house, unlicensed, was indicted by the grand jury for selling intoxicating stuff. The preacher and the W. C. T. U. were very active in this matter. The entire village was very much agitated.

The curbstone philosophers, as they kicked their heels against the dry goods boxes and spat and talked, said: "We'll show them preachers and them W. C. T. U. women what we can do; we'll have license, we will!" And they whittled and chewed and spat and talked.

The election came on and these whittlers and spitters carried the place for license. A number of "good" men were induced to join this crowd and the preachers and W. C. T. U. were literally snowed under.

Now, mark the sad results: in one year the beautiful village of G—— and its vicinity have sent to the Keeley Cure twenty subjects. Three have died, the direct result of the curse of the license. One died in the cure. Five were there from this village in one week, and the proprietor cried out in amazement: "Have you no churches in G——?"

See what desolation these spitters and chewers have wrought for that beautiful village of G——.

If the good people of that village do not arouse themselves before the next election, when the license question is the issue, then will wives and mothers and angels weep, and devils and wicked men will rejoice, and again the question will be asked: "Are there no churches in G——?"
—Selected by Oklahoma Star.

THE SERPENT OF DRINK.

Whenever the serpent of strong drink coils itself around a man, he is sure to go, if he does not stop short, face about and let it alone.

I read an account of a young man some years ago, who went from England to the jungles of Africa with an exploring party, and while there caught a young boa constrictor, and for amusement he used to spend his spare time teaching his snake to do many wonderful tricks.

One was to coil itself around his body, and as it grew to full size it reached above his head and would curve over and kiss his face, and at a signal would drop to the ground. So, when he returned, he used to give exhibitions and became very popular and made money, and with that formed the habit of drinking. One night he was to give an exhibition in Manchester. The scene was set in an African jungle. A traveler came in view from one side of the stage and stopped and listened and stood spellbound. Then a rustle was heard as of the stealthily moving of some heavy object. Presently there appeared the head of a great snake with eyes like balls of fire, and it crept softly to the man and wound itself about him, up and over, and brought its head in line with his face. The man gave the signal, but the serpent had him entirely in its power, and with one tightening of its body, crushed the life out of its victim.

This illustrates the drink habit as well as anything I ever heard of. So I would say to you that have never started, don't begin; and to those that have begun, stop before it is too late.—Frank C. Cooper, in Michigan Christian Advocate.

WHY KIPLING QUIT DRINKING BEER.

In his "American Notes," page 121, Rudyard Kipling, whose stories and poems are read by all the English-speaking world, tells how, in a concert hall in the city of Buffalo, he saw two young men get two girls drunk and then lead them reeling down a dark street. Mr. Kipling has not been a total abstainer, nor have his writings commended temperance, but of that scene he writes:

"In the heart of Buffalo there stands a magnificent building which the population do innocently style a music hall. Everybody comes here of an evening to sit around the little tables and listen to a first-class orchestra. Here I went with a friend—poor or boor is the man who cannot pick up a friend for a season in America—and here were shown the really smart folk of the city.

"One sight of the evening was a horror. The little tragedy played itself out at a neighboring table, where two very young men and two very young women were seated. It did not strike me until far into the evening that the pimply young reprobates were making the girls drunk. They gave them red wine and then white, and their voices rose with the maiden cheeks' flushes. I watched, and the youths drank until their

speech thickened and their eyeballs grew watery. It was sickening to me, because I knew what was going to happen. My friend eyed the group and said:

"'Maybe they're children of respectable people. I hardly think that, though, or they wouldn't be allowed out with no better escort than those boys. And yet the place is one where everybody comes, as you see. There may be little immoralities, but in that case they wouldn't be so hopelessly overcome with two or three glasses of wine. They may be——'

"But whatever they were they got intolerably drunk—there in that lovely hall, surrounded by the best of Buffalo society. One could do nothing except invoke the judgment of Heaven on those two boys, themselves half sick with liquor.

"At the close of the musical performance the quieter maiden laughed vacantly and protested she could not keep her feet. The four linked arms and staggering, flickered out into the street—drunk, gentlemen and ladies, as Davy's swine—drunk as lords. They disappeared down a side avenue, but I could hear their laughter until long after they were out of sight. And they were all children of 16 or 17.

"Then, recanting previous opinions, I became a Prohibitionist. Better is it that a man should go without his beer in public places and content himself with swearing at the narrowmindedness of the majority; better it is to poison the inside with very vile temperance drinks, and to buy lager furtively at back doors, than to bring temptation to the lips of young fools, such as the four I had seen. I understand now why the preachers rage against drink. I have said, 'There is no harm in it, taken moderately,' and yet, my own demand for beer helped to send those two girls reeling down the dark street to—God only knows what end. If liquor is worth drinking, it is worth taking a little trouble to come at—such trouble as a man will undergo to compass his own desires. It is not good that we shall let it lie before the eyes of children, and I have been a fool in writing to the contrary."—Tract.

GEN. FRED GRANT ON DRINK.

Gen. Frederick D. Grant, in an interview with a representative of the Defender, in 1906, said:

"Tell the young men through your paper that Gen. Grant does not

drink a drop of liquor—has not for eighteen years; because he is afraid to drink it.

"Now, you listen," continued the general. "When I was a boy at school, and at West Point, I was a pet because of the greatness of my father. I was given every opportunity to drink, and I did drink—some. As I got older and mixed with men, war-scarred veterans who fought with my father would come up and, for the sake of old times, ask me to celebrate with them the glory of past events, and I did—some.

"Then when I was made minister to Austria the customs of the country and my official position almost compelled me to drink, always. I tried to drink with extreme moderation, because I knew that alcohol is the worst poison a man could take into his system; but I found out it was an impossibility to drink moderately.

"I could not say, when drink was placed before me: 'No, I only drink in the morning,' or at certain hours. The fact that I indulged at all compelled me to drink on every occasion or be absurd.

"For that reason, because moderate drinking is a practical impossibility, I became an absolute teetotaler—a crank, if you please. I will not allow it even in my house. When a man can say, 'I never drink,' he never has to drink, is never urged to drink, never offends by not drinking; at least that is my experience. Remember, I do not say 'Moderate drinking is harmful.' The fact is, maybe, it isn't so harmful, but this fact is indisputable—the hard drinker was once a moderate drinker, and the chances are all against a moderate drinker remaining such, and I—well, I, for one, don't propose to take such chances.

"I knew a man—may be two or three—who died moderate drinkers. The stuff didn't seem to hurt them much. But the poor devils that I know, scores and scores of them, intelligent men, talented and all that, who have been ruined, disgraced by the greatest curse of Christendom, drink! Ah, the picture is a sad one.

"In many respects a hard drinker is safer in the army and elsewhere, than a moderate drinker. That is, one who gets drunk once a year or so. You see, a hard drinker is known. No important commission is ever his to execute. But your moderate drinker, why, he's apparently reliable. On the surface he's all right. Consequently he's given an important duty to perform. Then he drinks. He's sure to, just at that critical time, to steady his nerves—infernal idiocy—and fails ignominiously to himself and his family and disastrously to others.

"Give me the sober man, the absolute teetotaler every time. He's dependable. If I had the greatest appointive powers in the country, no man would get even the smallest appointment from me unless he showed proof of his absolute teetotalism.

"If I could, by offering my body a sacrifice, free this country from this fell cancer, the demon drink, I'd thank the Almighty for the privilege of doing it."—Tract.

WILSON WHISKY.

The Chicago Daily American of November 23rd contained a very striking advertisement. One whole page of this large daily contained just two words. Directly in the center appeared the words, "Wilson Whisky." As we looked at these words, and at the large white vacant space surrounding them, we thought what chapters might be printed thereon, beginning with the letters of the alphabet. Alms-houses filled, Broken hearts, Criminals produced, Drunkard's doom, Families ruined, Groans unnumbered, Homes scattered, Idiots born, Jails filled, Killed by rum, Losses how great, Murders many, Night horrors a plenty, Orphans by scores, Saloons, yes, indeed, Thugs, how they breed, Villains by scores, Wasted lives, O yes, "Xtra pale" faces (in death), Youths decloyed and then destroyed.

A reformed man, who was lecturing in Illinois, sat at a hotel dining table. Some guests wished to call attention to the lecturer. One of them lifted a glass of water and holding it in his hand said: "Frank, what's the difference between a glass of water and a glass of whisky?" The other in a drawling tone of voice answered, "T-e-n-c-e-n-t-s." Would to God that were all. What is there of misery, crime, wretchedness and woe that is not traceable to the demon whisky. What but rum can at one and the same time ruin man in body, soul and spirit? Think of this. Thou red syrup of hell. Thou enticing, alluring, destroying, damning fluid, would that thou wert swept from this fair earth. O, my brother, let it alone ere it ruin thee for time and eternity.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE RUMSELLER AND THE DEVIL.

To His Satanic Majesty:

Dear Sir—I have opened apartments, fitted up with all the entice-

ments of luxury, for the sale of rum, wine, gin, brandy, beer, and all their compounds. Our schemes, though different, can best be attained by united action. I therefore propose a co-partnership. All I want of men is their money—all the rest shall be yours.

Bring me the industrious, the respectable, the sober, and I will return them to you drunkards, paupers and beggars.

Bring me the child, and I will dash to earth the dearest hopes of the father and mother.

Bring me the father and mother, and I will plant discord between them, and make them a curse, and a reproach to their children.

Bring me the young man, and I will ruin his character, destroy his health, shorten his life, and blot out the highest and purest hopes of youth.

Bring me the young woman, and I will destroy her virtue and return her to you a blasted and withered thing—an instrument to lead others to destruction.

Bring me the mechanic and laborer, and their own money—the hard-earned fruit of toil—shall be made to plant poverty, vice and ignorance in their once happy homes.

Bring me the professed follower of Christ, and I will blight and wither every devotional feeling of his heart, and send him forth to plant infidelity and crime among men.

Bring me the minister of the Gospel, and I will defile the purity of the church and make the name of religion a stench in the land.

Bring me the lawyer and the judge, and I will pervert justice, break up the integrity of our civil institutions, and the name of law shall become a hissing and a by-word in the streets.

Awaiting your reply, I am, yours truly,

A RUMSELLER.

Reply.

“My dear Brother—I address you by this endearing appellation because of the congeniality of our spirits, and of the great work we are both engaged in.

I most cordially accept your proposals. During 6,000 years I have vainly sought for a man to do this work—one so fully after my own heart as you are. I ransacked the lowest depths of hell for spirits who could do for me the whole work of destruction. But little success attended their efforts.

I sent out the demon, Murder, and he slew a few thousands, most generally the hopeless and the innocent. But his mission was a failure.

I bade my servant, Lust, go forth. He led innocent youths and beautiful maidens in chains, destroying virtue, wrecking happiness, blasting character, and causing untimely deaths and dishonored graves. But even then, many of the victims escaped through the power of God, my enemy.

I sent out Avarice, and in his golden chains some were bound, but men soon learned to hate him for his meanness, and comparatively few fell by him.

The twin brothers, Pestilence and War, went forth, and Famine followed behind them, but these slew indiscriminately the old and the young, women and children, the good as well as the bad, and Heaven gained as many accessions as Hell.

In sadness my Satanic heart mourned over the probable loss of my crown and kingdom, as I contemplated the tremendous strides which the Gospel of Christ was making in saving men from my clutches. But when I received your welcome letter I shouted till the welkin of Hell rang again, "Eureka! Eureka!! I have found him!!! I have found him!!!!"

My dear friend, I could have embraced you a thousand times. I have given orders to reserve for you a place nearest my person—the most honorable seat in pandemonium. In you are combined all the qualifications of just such a friend and partner as I have long wished for. In your business are all the elements of success. Now shall my throne be established forever. Only carry out your designs, and you shall have money, though it be wrung from the broken hearts of helpless women, and from the mouths of innocent, perishing children. Though you fill the jails, workhouses and poorhouses—though you crowd the insane asylums—though you make murder, incest and arson to abound, and erect scaffolds and gallows in every village, town and city, you shall have money.

I will also harden your heart so that your conscience will not trouble you. You shall think yourself a gentleman, though men and women—your victims—shall call you a demon. You shall be devoid of the fear of God, the horrors of the grave, and the solemnities of eternity; and

when you come to me your works shall produce you a reward forever.
Yours to the very last,

LUCIFER.

—Written by H. S. Parmalee.

"NEW YORK'S WILDEST ORGY."

An Awful Chapter in the Story of the Decline and Fall of American Greatness—The Ruin of Wine—"Nothing but Wine."

(The New York World presents to its readers a picture of what it calls "The wildest orgy that ever took place in New York." It introduces the story with the statement that during the last ten years there has grown up, with constant increase, a custom of celebrating New Year's eve in New York; that it began with a few people having late dinners in prominent restaurants, but that the present year 75,000 people attended such dinners in fashionable New York hotels and restaurants, and spent at least \$600,000 for champagne, to say nothing of the cost of the dinners and of the carriages. The World says that it sent to see that orgy, not ministers, nor people unaccustomed to the ways of New York, but "an experienced newspaper woman and a seasoned newspaper man." Written by such people and published in the World, the story is told in articles from which the following are brief extracts. The Prohibition papers of the country have sometimes taxed their credulity in their descriptions of similar scenes and have frequently been accused of exaggeration and misrepresentation. It is not now recalled that they have ever told a story as startling as that here recorded by a "purely secular" paper.—Editorial Note.)

Midnight. Just a few women were drunk here and there. But it was a gentle intoxication. Nothing but wine. True, its degrading effects were the same as if the cause were the slops dispensed in a mixed ale dive, but here were women in costly gowns, bejeweled with gems of price, who drank nothing but wine.

One o'clock. More drunken women on nothing but wine. Two o'clock and more. Sentimentally maudlin women singing songs, bitter women in whom nothing but wine aroused old hates, jealousies and animosities.

Some were led off, some staggered off to the retiring rooms deathly sick on nothing but wine.

As the New Year grew older all shame or concealment died down in the dressing rooms. The doors stood open, maids and attendants, who also had had nothing but wine, worked perfunctorily with ice bags and restoratives over the retching and comatose.

This was not alone in one place, but in all the women's retiring rooms in every great hotel and restaurant on Broadway.

It was the slaughter of the sophisticated at the battle of the bottle. Nothing but wine.

The worn-out women attendants were "choice" now. So many were on their hands that they ministered only to those of celebrity or to the women conscious enough to tip liberally first.

Women got as far as the door and fell over in stupor from nothing but wine. There they lay. "Down and out and all in," said the maids, helping only those who could still speak or stagger.

Jewels fell from burnished locks or from gowns torn open for more air or easement from qualms. Paris dresses, bedraggled and polluted, were torn and disheveled as their owners were dragged out of the gangway.

Drunken men clamored at the doors, "Wher'sh my wife? She lef me an hour ago!"

"Aw, come in and pick her out!" snapped the maids, if the man gave no indication of coming like the Greeks with gifts. Did he wave a bill, assistance was forthcoming to carry his lady to a cab.

But as the hours crept on to the dawn and the number and helplessness of the drunken women increased, and when all semblance of dressing room decorum and segregation was thrown to the winds, drunken escorts came in the doors to "pick 'em out." Sometimes they picked out the right one, but in several cases they picked out one better of looks or of less bulk to carry. Who cared on the morning following New Year's even, the night of nothing but wine?

Think this no fanciful picture. Hold up your hands in horror no more when told of wretched women lifted from the gutter and carried on hand barrows to the station houses of a Saturday night in London, Liverpool, Belfast, and other towns of Britain where such things be.

These were not the gin-swilling wives of mechanics. They were New York women "of the gay set," many that say of themselves, "We are decent." They did not stagger out from the public bar to fall in the kennel, stupefied with the cheapest and vilest of liquors. They were

"ladies," they were carried out to cabs. They had drunk nothing but wine.

They numbered not two or ten or even twenty. Their name was legion. And every retiring room was the shameful scene of nothing but wine.—The National Prohibitionist.

WHAT WHISKEY MADE OF A FATHER.

A man walked into his home—a big, strong man physically—and when his wife met him he knocked her down. She fled shrieking into an inner room and locked the door.

Mary, the man's daughter, a child five years old, fell to her knees and clung to him, and cried out, sobbing, "Don't kill mamma, papa!"

He patted her head and told her to get her brother, Edward. Edward, a boy of six, came.

The man drew a revolver and shot his two little weeping and trembling children. Then he blew his own brains out.

"He was a good man," said his wife to the police, her face all torn and blackened by his blows. "He was a good man, and he never treated me badly before."

What suddenly transformed this usually good husband and kind father into a ferocious demon, a murdering wild beast?

Drink!

He was Frederick Dietscher, a driver for the health department, and he paid out the hard-earned money that should have gone to his family, that he might become a slaughtering lunatic. Insanity by the bottle, by the glass, may be as readily purchased as are matches to start fires with.

Some men, many men, can play with alcohol. They can warm themselves with it as they do at the genial heat of a grate; but to such as Dietscher a glass of whisky is like a match to a heap of hay—it started a conflagration.

Let drink alone, young man. It has never helped anybody, but it has ruined and is ruining millions in mind, and body and pocket. It turns kind-hearted men into cruel men, loving husbands into wife beaters, fond fathers into slayers of their children.

Look at Dietscher. See what whisky did for him and his. That one horror should be enough to shock countless thousands of tipplers

into total abstainers for the rest of their lives.—Selected by Herald of Light.

STORY OF A JACKKNIFE.

More than 70 years ago a young man owned a jackknife, which he sold for a gallon of rum, and by retailing it by the glass made enough to buy two gallons, and by selling that he was enabled to increase the quantity he purchased. He got a barrel, then a cask, and at last a large stock, and having a turn for business and industry he became rich—and when he died he left \$80,000 to his three sons and one daughter. The daughter married a man, who spent her money, and then she died. The sons entered into folly and extravagance and two died of dissipation and in poverty. The last of the family lived for many years on the charity of those who had known him in his prosperity.

He died a short time since, suddenly, in a barn, where he laid himself to take a drunken sleep. On his pockets being examined, all that was found in them was a string and a jackknife.

So a jackknife began and ended the fortune of that family.

This is a true story; and the father, who bought and sold rum, no doubt had plenty of it in his house and on his table. In giving and recommending it to others, his sons learned to like it, and so it happened according to the true proverb, "What is got on the devil's back goes under his belly."

The curse of God is on ill-gotten gain, but "the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it." Prov. 10:22.—Safeguard.

PLAYING THE FOOL.

One time an industrious shoemaker fell into the habit of spending much of his time in a saloon near his shop. When his wife would remonstrate with him for it, he would say, "Oh, I've just been down a little while playing pool."

His two-year-old boy heard him, and said, "Is you going down to play fool, papa?"

He tried in vain to correct this word. Day by day he would ask his father, "Has you been playing fool?"

It made a deep impression on him, but his mind was so weakened by drink, that he constantly yielded to the temptation. Finally his business was gone, and he found himself out of money, flour and work. Idle and despondent, he exclaimed, "No work again today, what am I to do, I do not know!"

"Why, papa," prattled the baby, "can't you go and play fool some more?"

"Oh, hush, you poor child, that is just the trouble. Papa has played the fool too much already. Intemperance always makes a man play the fool."—Way of Faith.

THE COST OF A BOY.

It would be a good thing for all boys, and girls, too, to get some idea—in real figures—of what their parents do for them. P. B. Frisk gave a lecture on the cost of a boy. He computes that at the age of fifteen a good boy, receiving the advantage of a city life, will cost, counting compound interest on the sum invested, not less than \$5,000. At twenty-one he will not cost any more unless he goes to college, when it will cost nearly twice as much. A bad boy costs about \$10,000 at twenty-one, if he does not go to college. If he does, it costs as much more. And when a man has put \$10,000 or \$20,000 into a boy, what has he a right to expect of him? What is fair? Is it fair for a boy to work himself to death, to run, jump, play ball or do in such a way as would disable or break him down? Is it fair for him to despise his father and neglect his mother? Is it fair for him to ruin himself with drink, defile himself with tobacco, or stain himself with sin? Some of us have put about all of our property into boys and girls, and if we lose them, we shall be poor indeed; while if they do well, we shall be repaid a hundred fold. Boys, what do you think about the matter?—Selected by Way of Faith.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

In a railway car a man about sixty years old came to sit beside me. He had heard me lecture the evening before on temperance. "I am the master of a ship," said he, "sailing out of New York, and have just returned from my fiftieth voyage across the Atlantic. About thirty years

ago I was a sot, shipped while dead drunk, and was carried on board like a log. When I came to, the captain asked me, 'Do you remember your mother?' I told him she died before I could remember. 'Well,' said he, 'I am a Vermont man. When I was young I was crazy to go to sea. At last my mother consented I should seek my fortune. "My boy," she said, "I don't know much about towns, and I never saw the sea, but they tell me they make thousands of drunkards. Now, promise me you'll never drink a drop of liquor." He said, 'I laid my hands in her's and promised, as I looked into her eyes for the last time. She died soon after. I've been on every sea, seen the worst kind of life and men—they laughed at me as a milksop and wanted to know if I was a coward. But when they offered me liquor I saw my mother's pleading face and I never drank a drop. It has been my sheet anchor; I owe it all to that. Would you like to take that pledge?' said he." My companion took it, and he added, "It has saved me. I have a fine ship, wife and children at home, and I have helped others."

That earnest mother saved two men to virtue and usefulness—how many more He who sees all alone can tell.—Wendell Phillips.

THE DYING CHILD'S PRAYER FOR HER DRUNKEN FATHER.

A child from a poor family had an intemperate father, who often used to abuse his wife and children. This child had been to Sunday school—had become pious. The physician told the father that his little girl would die. No! he did not believe it. Yes, she will—she must die in a few hours. The father flew to the bedside; would not part with her, he said.

"Yes, father, you must part with me, I am going to Jesus. Promise me two things. One is, that you won't abuse mother any more, and will drink no more whisky."

He promised in a solemn, steady manner. The little girl's face lighted up with joy.

"The other thing is, promise me that you will pray," said the child.

"I cannot pray; don't know how," said the poor man.

"Father, kneel down, please. There, take the words from me, I will pray; I learned how to pray at Sunday school, and God has taught me how to pray, too; my heart prays, you must let your heart pray. Now say the words."

And she began in her simple language to pray to the Savior of sinners. After a little while he began to repeat after her; as he went on his heart was interested, and he broke out into an earnest prayer for himself; bewailed his sins, confessed and promised to forsake them; entered into a covenant with God; light broke out upon him in his darkness; how long he prayed he did not know; he seemed to have forgotten his child in prayer. When he came to himself he raised his head from the bed on which he had rested it; there lay the little speaker, a lovely smile was upon the face, her little hand was in that of the father, but she had gone to be among the angels.—Power of Prayer, by Prime.

WHY HE QUIT DRINKING.

A professional gentleman, who was accustomed to take his morning glass, stepped into a saloon, and, going up to the bar, called for whisky. A seedy individual stepped up to him and said:

"I say, squire, can't you ask an unfortunate fellow to join you?"

He was annoyed by the man's familiarity and roughly told him:

"I am not in the habit of drinking with tramps."

The tramp replied:

"You need not be so cranky and high-minded, my friend. I venture to say that I am of just as good a family as you are, have just as good an education, and before I took to drink was just as respectable as you are. What is more, I always knew how to act the gentleman. Take my word for it, you stick to John Barleycorn, and he will bring you to just the same place as I am."

Struck with his words, the gentleman set down his glass and turned to look at him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face bloated, his boots mismatched, his clothing filthy.

"Then it was drink that made you like this?"

"Yes, it was, and it will bring you to the same if you stick to it."

Picking up his untouched glass, he poured the contents upon the floor and said, "Then it's time I quit," and left the saloon, never to enter it again.—Selected by Sunday School Messenger.

I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES.

Near the close of a lovely June day a company of brilliant men

gathered at a garden banquet. The pavilion was set among beds of flowers, and opened toward the west.

The table was a dream of beauty with its fruits and flowers, its flashing glass and glittering silver. Some of the noblest of the land sat around the board. Among them was an eager, bright-eyed boy, brought to his first club dinner by his father, an honored judge.

Wit and wisdom sparkled back and forth and wine gleamed like ruby and amber. The boy saw and heard everything. This was an enchanted land. For the first time he looked upon the faces and heard the voices of great men who had been his heroes from afar. Their words, their bearing, their dress, were full of interest. Yet of all this goodly company, to him his father was the king.

An empty glass stood by his plate—a dainty shell with points that caught the light like diamonds. A waiter stopped beside him with a tray of costly drinks and named them over glibly, questioning: "What will you take?"

The judge was an abstainer at home. The boy had never tasted wine. The names were strange to him. But he said with ready confidence, "I'll take what father takes." The father heard. The glass in his uplifted hand shed over it a crimson light like blood. All eyes were upon him. Was he afraid to drink? In a swift vision he saw the serpent in the cup. For policy, for pride, for social custom should he set this deadly thing upon his best beloved? There was a hush as he set down the untasted wine and said distinctly, "I'll take water—cold water."—*Crusader's Monthly*.

A SHARP REJOINDER.

Some years ago the Rev. E. Klumph, while seated in a village store, accosted a saloonkeeper with the remark:

"Come over to the church to-night and hear me lecture on temperance."

The reply was: "I won't; you said whiskey-sellers were robbers."

"I didn't," was the reply of Mr. Klumph.

"What did you say?"

"I said you were worse than a robber. I said you took my innocent boy and sent me home a maudlin fool. I said you took an intelligent man and sent a lunatic to the asylum. I said you took a respected

citizen and sent a criminal to prison. I said you took a kind father and sent a fiend to throw his family into the street. I said you took a loving husband and sent a demon to kick his wife. I said you took the immortal soul and sent it to hell. I said you were worse than a robber."

Sharp, and yet terribly true.—National Temperance Advocate.

NERVELESS DRINKERS.

"I take a drink when I feel like it," said a Canal Street business man, "and can't see that it has ever done me any harm, but I witnessed a little episode this morning that has haunted me ever since, and has forced me to do a whole lot of thinking.

"I had stepped into a bar very early to get a cocktail, and while it was being compounded, a middle-aged gentleman came and asked one of the attendants to pour him out a little plain whiskey. He was carefully dressed, and had all the marks of refinement and good breeding, and his request was so unusual that I turned involuntarily to look at him. The bartender exhibited no surprise, and placed half of a small glass of whiskey at his elbow, but the instant he stretched out his hand, I saw that the man was on the verge of nervous collapse. He shook like an aspen, and when he finally managed to seize the tumbler, its contents flew in every direction. 'Let me assist you, Colonel,' said the bartender quietly, and pouring out another drink, he leaned over and held it to his lips. The man said nothing, but gave him a haggard look that went into my heart like a knife. My God! what a look! Shame, humiliation and abject animal terror. It started the sweat on me like water. Well, he drank his whiskey, stood still for a minute as if gathering himself together, and sauntered out as cool as ever.

"I asked the bartender if he had many such customers, and he laughed. 'Lots of 'em,' he said. 'There isn't a first-class bar in town,' he went on, 'that don't patch up a few old boys like that every morning. They are not drunkards, but they've been at it so many years that their nerves are gone, and, although they don't know it, they are working on absolutely nothing but whiskey. As soon as they get a little fresh fuel in the morning, they are all right, but they come in scared and out of their wits, and thinking they're going to drop dead every minute. I'll bet that gentleman you saw can sign his name now without a quiver.' I walked out reflecting."—Way of Faith.

THEY HOLD THE KEY.

Rev. Dr. French, of the Park Presbyterian Church, Newark, in preaching on "Our Creed" for 1898, paid the following compliment to the influence of women. He said:

"You may laugh, deny or deride, as you please, but we announce as our solemn conviction that the young maidens of this country and generation hold the key to the solution of the whole question of temperance and intemperance among our young men; that their combined and resolute action, if it could be secured, would do more to stop the drinking habit of young men and shut up the saloons than all the temperance societies, crusades and pledges in the world.

"If the marriageable young women would enter into a solemn covenant with themselves and with each other that they would never accept the attentions, with view to marriage, of any young men who frequent the saloon or are in the habit of tippling, and then would keep their vow, there would be a revolution in society to which the Reformation in Europe would seem but a ripple.

"Let the young maidens say, 'Never will we put our hearts, our hopes, our happiness into the keeping of young men who, soon after the honeymoon is past, will spend their earnings in the saloon and their evenings at the club, leaving us to loneliness, and only to certain misery!' Let them say, 'As soon would we have the tongue of a viper touch our lips as accept the proffered kiss of any young man whose breath is redolent of whiskey or brandy!'

"Let them say to the dashing young fellows, however rich or handsome or polite or suave they may be: 'No, sir! When you show yourselves the men who believe that a woman's life and heart and happiness are too holy things to be trifled with, and worth infinitely more than the indulgence of your selfish and debasing appetites, then come to us like true men, and we will give you that which is better than a dozen fortunes—a true, faithful loving woman's heart that will cleave to yours until you die.'

"With all my soul, I believe that such a coalition among the young women of America would stand next to the universal grace of God, in its power to banish intemperance from our land, and make it the paradise regained of virtue and moral beauty."—National Advocate.

CONQUERED BY A DRINKING CUP.

Alexander the Great made an imperial banquet at Babylon, and though he had been drinking the health of guests all one night, and all the next day, the second night he had twenty guests, and he drank the health of each separately. Then calling for the cup of Hercules, the giant, a monster cup, he filled and drained it twice to show his endurance; but as he finished the last draught from the cup of Hercules, the giant, he dropped in a fit, from which he never recovered.

Alexander, who conquered Sardis, and conquered Halicarnassus, and conquered Asia, and conquered the world, could not conquer himself. And there is a threatening peril that this good land of ours, having conquered all with whom it has gone into battle, may yet be overthrown by the cup of the giant evil of our land, that Hercules of infamy—strong drink. Do not let the staggering embruted host of drunkards go into the next century looking for insane asylums, alms-houses, and delirium tremens, and dishonored graves.—Talmage.

'A POLICEMAN'S TESTIMONY.

A number of young men were once sitting around the fire in the waiting-room at the Normanton Station of the Midland Railway, England, talking about total abstinence societies. Just then a policeman came in with a prisoner in handcuffs. He listened to the young men's conversation, but did not give any opinion. There was also in the room, Mr. McDonald, a minister of the gospel, who, hearing what the young men were saying, stepped up to the policeman and said:

"Pray, sir, what have you got to say about temperance?"

The policeman replied:

"Why, all I've got to say is that I never took a teetotaler to York Castle (prison) in my life, nor to Wakefield House of Correction either."
—Selected by Church Herald.

WHISKEY'S DEADLY WORK.

Burned so that he is suffering agonies, and will be scarred hideously for life, a handsome, intelligent little boy of seven years lies moaning in Bellevue hospital.

How did the child receive these horrible burns?

A woman, at 2 o'clock in the morning, took the lids from the kitchen stove and held the boy's face over the fire till his cheek was scorched to the bone and one eye was so seared that he will never see with it again.

To the neighbors and police who broke in the door the screaming little one pointed to a woman lying on a lounge and said that she had done this awful thing. He had annoyed her by not going to sleep.

The woman was the child's mother!

What had driven mother love out and let fiendish cruelty and fury into that woman's heart?

Whiskey!

Whiskey, always whiskey. It works the devil's miracles for him by transforming human beings into demons.

The scarred and tortured child lying on the hospital cot asks for his mother, cries for her. He fears that something will be done to her for what she did to him. She was a loving and kind mother to her boy when she was herself—all the neighbors testify to that. But trouble, separation from her husband and the strain of making a poor livelihood as seamstress caused her to seek the false solace of drink, and drink drove her in madness to a crime of which she would have been less capable than of suicide when in her sober senses.

Willie Goggin's Story.

"Mamma built the fire with wood and kerosene.

"Then she left the lid off the stove and laid me on the fire on my face.

"Mamma had been drinking all the evening with another lady in the flat.

"They went to several places and took me along. I was so tired and sleepy when we came home I just could not stay awake. So I sat down in the rocking chair and fell asleep, while mamma built the fire.

"I woke up when she had the wood and kerosene in the stove, and began to take off my shoes and stockings. The can, almost full of oil, was setting on the floor. Mother fell over it and spilled the oil all over the floor.

"The fire was burning hard and the lids were off the stove. I don't know whether mamma was angry with me or was angry just because she fell down, but she picked me right up and laid me flat on top of the stove on my face. . She was swearing.

"She had the door locked, and put chairs in front of it, so that no one could come into the room."

Mrs. Margaret Jaconi's Story of How She Saved Willie Goggin.

"On hearing Willie's screams I rushed to the Goggin rooms and took him from his mother. Her mouth was set in a grim, hard line, her face was deathly white, her eyes were blazing with rage.

"She fought like a tigress because I came between her and her child. She flung me out at the doorway and locked the door.

"I burst it open and she attacked me.

"She said the child was hers; she would do as she pleased with him; I should not interfere.

"She had rubbed all the burned skin off around his mouth, in the effort to close it with her hand, and stop his screams. His condition was pitiable.

"I was determined to take that child from her if she killed me. We rolled all over the floor. I was fighting for Willie and I would do anything. At last I dragged her into the corner and got the child.

"I took him downstairs, called a policeman, who took charge of Mrs. Goggin, and had Willie sent to the hospital for proper treatment."

The Husband's Story.

"Four times did I make a home for her," said the husband. "But the children were neglected. The meals were uncooked. Her love for us died. It was all the fault of liquor."

And so they parted. The children were placed in the Catholic Protectory by the father.

One day, two months ago, the mother stole little Willie from the Protectory and brought him to her home.

Sometimes she was good to him, but when drinking, her worst side was almost uppermost.

All the mother in her died. Even in her kindest moods her love was purely selfish. She simply looked on her child as her property to do with as she willed.

And so, when the little Italian caretaker with the expression of the Madonna in her dusky eyes went to Willie's rescue the mother would have killed her if she could.

The most pitiable part of the awful story is that as the mother reflects on it all, there is neither remorse nor repentance.

And one hundred and thirty licenses granted in Clearfield county to grind such grists as this! Who can tell what pandemonium of inhumanity will be let loose during the coming year.—The New York Journal.

ALCOHOL AHEAD.

A thick-set, ugly-looking fellow was seated on a bench in the public park and seemed to be reading some writing on a sheet of paper which he held in his hand.

"You seem to be very much interested in your writing," I said.

"Yes; I've been figuring my accounts with old alcohol to see how we stand."

"And he comes out ahead, I suppose?"

"Every time, and he has lied like sixty."

"How did you come to have dealings with him in the first place?"

"That's what I've been writing. You see, he promised to make a man of me, but he made me a beast. Then he said he would brace me up, but he made me go staggering around, and then threw me into the ditch. He said I must drink to be social. Then he made me quarrel with my best friends and be the laughing stock of my enemies. He gave me a black eye and a broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my health. He ruined the little I had and left me as sick as a dog."

"Of course."

"He said he would warm me up, and I was soon nearly frozen to death. He said he would steady my nerves, but instead he gave me delirium tremens. He said he would give me strength, and he made me helpless."

"To be sure."

"He promised me courage. Then he made me a coward, for I beat my sick wife and kicked my little sick child. He said he would brighten my wits, but instead he made me act like a fool and talk like an idiot. He promised to make a gentleman of me, but he made me a tramp."—Christian Work.

WANTED: BOYS FOR CUSTOMERS.

Mr. J. B. Green, superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School of Opelika, Ala., on a recent temperance Sunday used the follow-

ing with telling effect, putting it in the mouths of the saloons of that place:

Wanted.

One hundred boys for new customers. Most of our old customers are rapidly dropping out.

Ten committed suicide last week.

Twenty are in jail—eight are in the chain-gang.

Fifteen were sent to the poorhouse—one was hanged.

Three were sent to the insane asylum.

Most of the balance ain't worth fooling with—they've got no money.

We are just obliged to have new customers—fresh, young blood, or we will have to shut up shop.

Don't make any difference whose boy you are—we need you. You will be welcome.

If you once get started with us, we guarantee to hold you. Our goods are sure.

Come early—stay late.—American Issue.

WHO AM I? WHISKY, "THAT'S ALL."

The following comes from the Washington County (Ala.) News, and it gives the testimony of the glass on its own behalf; let it speak for itself:

"I am whisky, that's what I am—not Mr. Whisky, nor Colonel Whisky, but Plain Old Whisky. I have several aliases and pet names, such as "bug juice," "corn juice," "old rye," "fire water," and "oil of joy." Some folks call me "Soul Destroyer," "Liquid Murder," "Lingering Death," and "Rectified Ruin." I am all of these and more. I am "Family Disturbance," "Liquid Sin," "Bottled Death," "Crime Provoker," "Liquid Pizen." When you hear a man call for "O, Be Joyful," "Red Liquor," "Snake Bite," "The Cup that Cheers," or "John Barley Corn," you may bet your boots that it's me he's looking for. Ask the bartender for "Tangle Foot," "Eye Opener," "Night Cap," "Jersey Lightning," "Toddy," "Mountain Dew," "Gray," or "Gooze," and he will set me out. If it is a "Flowing Bowl," "Nose Paint," or "Rot Gut," you are seeking, I am it. I am the whole push. I am bad medicine, that's what I am. Don't monkey with me unless you are looking for trouble. When I get my clutches on a man, he's my meat. Call me

what you will, I work on the same lines. Before you tackle me, have your life and soul insured. All are my fish that fall in my net. Rich or poor, high or low, bound or free. I am no respecter of persons—man or woman, boy or girl, are all the same to me. I rob them of their honor, self-respect, money, home. I make widows and orphans, paupers and criminals, thieves and gamblers. Don't monkey with me, for I am Whisky."

THE ITEM THAT TOLD

A certain gentleman tells a story in connection with an agency that, some years ago, kept a record of the position and standing of every business man in the country.

The record kept by this house gave detailed information, not only of the amount of property which the parties owned, but also their standing in regard to punctuality, integrity, temperance, morals, etc.

The story relates that a certain firm of four men in Boston were considered all right. They were rich, prosperous, young and prompt. A friend of this firm had a curiosity to see how they were rated, and found these facts on the book. He was satisfied as he read. But, at the end of the account, these words were added:

"But they all drink."

A few years later, the one looking up that record found that two of the firm were dead, a third was a drunkard, and the fourth was poor and dependant partly upon charity. So it would seem that that one item at the end of their rating was the most important and significant of all the facts collected and embodied in their rating.—Selected.

A HORRIBLE IDEA.

According to a story which had been floating around through the newspapers, there are circumstances under which a "light wine" can by no means be called a light drink.

An Easterner, riding on a mail stage in Northern Colorado, was entertained by a dialogue which was sustained upon the one side by the driver and upon the other by an elderly passenger, evidently a native of the region.

"I understand you're temperance," began the driver.

"Yes, I'm pretty strong against liquor," returned the other. "I've been set against it now thirty-five years."

"Scared it will ruin your health?"

"Yes, but that isn't the main thing."

"Perhaps it don't agree with you?" ventured the driver.

"Well, it really don't agree with anybody. But that ain't it, either. The thing that sets me against it is a horrible idea."

"A horrible idea! What is it?"

"Well, thirty-five years ago I was sitting in a hotel in Denver with a friend of mine, and I says, 'Let's order a bottle of something,' and he says, 'No, sir. I'm saving my money to buy government land at one dollar and a quarter an acre. I'm going to buy to-morrow, and you'd better let me take the money you would have spent for the liquor and buy a couple of acres along with mine.' I says, 'All right.' So we didn't drink, and he bought me two acres.

"Well, sir, to-day those two acres are right in the middle of a flourishing town; and if I'd taken that drink, I'd have swallowed a city block, a grocery store, an apothecary's, four lawyer's offices, and it's hard to say what else. That's the idea. Don't you think it's horrible?"
—Selected by Gospel Herald.

THAT SOBERED ME.

A gentleman high in commercial circles in a Western city was relating some of his experiences to a group of friends.

"I think," said he, "the most singular thing that ever happened to me was in Hawaii.

"My father was a missionary in those islands, and I was born there. I came away at an early age, however, and most of my life has been spent in this country; but when I was a young man—and a rather tough young man, too, I may say—I went back there once on a visit.

"The first thing I did was to drink more than I should have done. While I was in this condition, an old man, a native, persuaded me to go home with him. He took me into his house, bathed my head, gave me some strong coffee and talked soothingly and kindly to me.

"'Old man,' I said, 'what are you doing all this to me for?'"

"'Well,' he answered me, 'I'll tell you. The best friend I ever had was a white man and an American. I was a poor drunkard. He made

a man of me, and I hope, a Christian. All I am or ever hope to be I owe to him. Whenever I see an American in your condition I feel like doing all I can for him, on account of what that man did for me.'

"This is a little better English than he used, but it is the substance of it.

"What was the name of the man?' I asked him.

"Mr. Blank, a missionary.'

"God of mercy!' I said, 'He was my father!'

"Gentleman, that sobered me—and, I hope, made a man of me. It is certain that whatever I am to-day I owe to that poor old Sandwich Islander."—Youth's Companion.

DON'T MARRY A DRUNKARD.

A young lady in Iowa, against the earnest wishes of her parents and the advice of her friends, married a man addicted to the use of liquor. He had promised he would reform, that after they were married he would not touch a drop of liquor, and she believed him. A year of married life was sufficient to dispel the illusion. The husband drank deeper and deeper, and sank lower and lower, till the wife felt that she could live with him no longer, and applied to the Supreme Court for a divorce. Her petition was denied, the court informing her that having voluntarily chosen a drunkard for a husband, she must discharge the duties of a drunkard's wife. "His failure to keep a pledge of reformation, made before marriage," said the court, "does not justify you in deserting him. Having knowingly married a drunkard, you must make yourself content with the sacred relationship."—Lutheran Observer.

TWIN DEMONS—A COLLOQUY.

"I am hungry," said the Grave. "Food, food, give me food!"

Death answered, "I will send forth my ministers of destruction, and you shall be satisfied."

"What ministers will you send?"

"I will send Alcohol and Tobacco, twin demons. They shall go in the guise of food and medicine. The people shall drink, smoke, chew and die."

And the Grave answered, "I am content if two such demons as Rum and Tobacco join hands in answering my wishes."

And now the church bells begin to toll and the mournful procession begins to advance.

"Who do they bring now?" said the Grave.

"They are bringing," said Death, "a household. The drunken father aimed a blow at his wife. He killed the mother and her child together, and then dashed out his own life. I can give you an abundance of such victims; they are on hand day and night."

"And who," said the Grave, "comes next, followed by a train of poor, weeping children?"

"This is a broken-hearted woman, who has long pined away in want, while her husband has wasted his time and substance at the tavern, in drinking and smoking. And he, too, is borne behind, killed by the hand of violence, killed in a fashionable saloon."

"And who comes next?"

"A young man of noble impulses, who, step by step, became dissipated and squandered his all. He first smoked, then drank, then gambled, then embezzled his master's money, went to jail, came out, went from bad to worse, and my agent turned him out to be frozen in the street."

"Hush!" said the Grave; "now I hear a wail of anguish that will not be silenced."

"Yes, it is the widow's cry. The old cry. It is the only son of his mother. He smoked, he chewed, he drank, he mingled with vile women and vile men. He spurned his mother's love, reviled her warnings, and the ragged prodigal, a bloated corpse, comes to thee. And thus they come, farther than the eye can reach, thousands on thousands the procession crowds thy abodes. And still lured by the enchanting drugs and drinks which I have mingled, the sons of men crowd the path of dissipation. Vainly they dream of escape, but I shut behind them the invisible door of destiny. They know it not, and with song and dance and riot, they hasten to thee, O Grave! Then I throw my fatal spell upon the new throngs of youth, generation after generation, and soon they, too, will be with thee."

"Now," said the Grave, "thy work pleases me. Continue to send forth these mighty agents of thine, O Death, to entice the young to first chew and smoke, that, mingling with the dissolute, they may learn to drink and fight. Enchant them with the pleasure of base appetite, that

they may forget God and the true object of life and die early; so shall our harvest be great, and we will rejoice together."

But God shall bring every work into judgment.—Tract.

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

A solemn hush fell over the crowded court-room, and every person waited in almost breathless expectation for an answer to the judge's question.

Will the prisoner answer? Is there nothing that will make him show some sign of emotion? Will he maintain the cold, indifferent attitude he has shown through the long trial even to the place of execution? Such were the questions that passed through the minds of those who had followed the case from day to day.

The judge still waited in dignified silence. Not a whisper was heard anywhere, and the situation had become painfully oppressive, when the prisoner was seen to move. His head was raised, his hands were clenched, and the blood had rushed into his pale, care-worn face, his teeth were firmly set, and into his haggard eyes came a flash of light. Suddenly he arose to his feet, and in a low, firm, but distinct voice, said;

"I have. Your Honor, you have asked me a question, and I now ask, as the last favor on earth, that you will not interrupt my answer until I am through.

"I stand here before this bar convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a loafer, a drunkard, and a wretch; that I returned from one of my long debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no remembrance of committing the fearful, cowardly and inhuman deed, I have no right to complain or condemn the verdict of twelve good men who have acted as jurors in this case, for their verdict is in accordance with the evidence.

"But, may it please the court, I wish to show the court that I am not alone responsible for the murder of my wife!"

This startling statement created a tremendous sensation. The judge leaned over the desk, the lawyers wheeled around and faced the prisoner, the jurors looked at each other in amazement, while the spectators could

hardly suppress their intense excitement. The prisoner paused a few seconds, and then continued in the same firm, distinct voice:

"I repeat, your Honor, that I am not the only one guilty of the murder of my wife. The judge on this bench, the jury in the box, the lawyers within this bar, and most of the witnesses, including the pastor of the old church, are also guilty before Almighty God, and will have to appear with me before the judgment throne, where we all shall be righteously judged.

"If twenty men conspire together for the murder of one person, the law power of this land will arrest the twenty, and each will be tried, convicted and executed for the whole murder, and not one-twentieth of the crime.

"I have been made a drunkard by law. If it had not been for the legalized saloons of my town, I never would have become a drunkard, my wife would not have been murdered; I would not be here now, ready to be hurled into eternity. Had it not been for the human traps set out with the consent of the government, I would have been a sober man, an industrious workman, a tender father and a loving husband. But to-day my home is destroyed, my wife murdered, my little children—God bless and care for them—cast on the mercy of a cold and cruel world, while I am to be murdered by the strong arm of the state.

"God knows I tried to reform, but as long as the open saloon was in my pathway, my weak, diseased will power was no match against the fearful, consuming, agonizing appetite for liquor. At last I sought the protection, care and sympathy of the Church of Jesus Christ; but at the communion table I received from the hand of the pastor who sits there, and who has testified against me in this case, the cup that contained the very same alcoholic serpent that is found in every bar-room in the land. It proved too much for my weak humanity, and out of that holy place I rushed to the last debauch that ended with the murder of my wife.

"For one year our town was without a saloon. For one year I was a sober man. For one year my wife and children were supremely happy, and our little home a perfect paradise.

"I was one of those who signed the remonstrance against reopening the saloons in our town. The names of one-half of this jury can be found to-day on the petition certifying to the good moral character (?) of the rumsellers, and falsely saying that the sale of liquor was 'necessary' in our own town. The prosecuting attorney in this case was the one who

so eloquently pleaded with this court for the license, and the judge who sits on this bench, and who asked me if I had anything to say before sentence of death was passed upon me, granted the license."

The impassioned words of the prisoner fell like coals of fire upon the hearts of those present, and many of the spectators and some of the lawyers were moved to tears. The judge made a motion as if to stop any further speech on the part of the prisoner, when the speaker hastily said:

"No! no! your Honor, do not close my lips; I am nearly through, and they are the last words I shall ever utter on earth.

"I began my downward career at a saloon bar—legalized and protected by the voters of this commonwealth, which has received annually a part of the blood money from the poor, deluded victims. After the state has made me a drunkard and a murderer, I am taken before another bar—the bar of justice (?)—by the same power of law that legalized the first bar, and now the law-power will conduct me to the place of execution and hasten my soul into eternity. I shall appear before another bar—the judgment bar of God, and there you who have legalized the traffic will have to appear with me. Think you that the Great Judge will hold me—the poor, weak, helpless victim of your traffic—alone responsible for the murder of my wife? Nay; I, in my drunken, frenzied, irresponsible condition have murdered one, but you have deliberately and wilfully murdered your thousands, and the murder-mills are in full operation to-day with your consent.

"All of you know in your hearts that these words of mine are not the ravings of an unsound mind, but God Almighty's truth. The liquor traffic of this nation is responsible for nearly all the murders, bloodshed, riots, poverty, misery, wretchedness and woe. It breaks up thousands of happy homes every year, sends the husband and father to prison or to the gallows, and drives countless mothers and little children into the world to suffer and die. It furnishes nearly all the criminal business of this and every other court, and blasts every community it touches.

"You legalized the saloons that made me a drunkard and a murderer, and you are guilty with me before God and man for the murder of my wife.

"Your Honor, I am done. I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to

the laws of this state. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open your blind eyes to the truth, to your individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-born traffic."—Tallie Morgan in *Youth's Outlook*.

HOW A DRUNKARD WAS SAVED.

I know a man, a carter in Glasgow, who was a drunkard and never thought about God or his soul.

There came a time when God saw fit to take to Himself the drunkard's little girl, who was loved by her father with all his heart.

The night before the funeral, the man took his two other little girls into the room to have a last look at their sister. There they all wept together bitterly.

After standing in the death-chamber a little while, one of the wee girls clasped her father round the knees and said, through her tears:

"Has Jeanie gone to heaven?"

"Yes, dearie," said the heart-broken father.

"Will I go one day?" asked the little girl again.

"Yes," said the father, "if you're a good girl you will see Jeanie in heaven some day."

The little girl had now caught her father's hand, and, looking up again into his face, she asked:

"Father, will you be there, too?"

That staggered him, and the drunkard found no rest until he knelt in penitence before God and forsook his sin.

Both he and his wife, as well as his family, are serving God to-day.—Selected by *Gospel Herald*.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD BOY.

"They all put brandy in them!" said one.

"They all don't. My mother has never put a drop of brandy in her mince pie since the day Bob said he could taste the brandy and it tasted good. Mother said then it was wrong, and she would never be guilty of it again; and if mother says a thing is wrong, you may be sure it is wrong, for what mother knows, she knows."

"How about the mince pies? Are you sure she knows how to make pies good?" And a laugh went up from a group of girls gathered around the register of the recitation room, eating their lunch. But some of them winced a little when back were tossed these words: "If she doesn't, she knows how to make a boy good, and isn't a boy worth more than a mince pie?"—Selected.

CHRISTIAN (?) CIVILIZATION, MISSIONARIES AND RUM.

When poor, old, worn-out David Livingston died upon his knees in a lonely hut in Central Africa, praying, "Oh, let Thy kingdom come!" we thought he had opened the great Dark Continent to the onward march of Christian civilization and the light of God's truth. Missionary societies and conventions caught the inspiration, large contributions began to flow in, and scores of devoted missionaries volunteered, and the procession began to move. Watch it; one missionary and 70,000 gallons of rum, rum and missionaries; and thus we enter the Dark Continent. Watch again. One convert to Christ, a hundred drunkards. The missionary's heart grows sick and cries out, "For the love of Christ, stop the rum!" The climate does its exhaustive work, and one by one the brave workers sink beneath the burning sun or return home broken down in health; hearts at home are discouraged, and the next ship goes only with rum—without missionaries. Some years ago 200 Africans, maddened and crazed by liquor, sent from Boston, slaughtered one another in a single day. At another time fifty were killed in a fight caused by a single gallon of rum. Judas sold his Lord for \$17.00, but Christian America sends fifty heathen souls to perdition for 90 cents.—Welcome News.

THE BRANDY PEACH.

"Ain't it splendid!" I heard a little boy exclaim, as he took a huge bite from the brandy peach his playmate had offered.

"What makes it so good, Lewis?"

"You little goose, don't you know? Why, it's the brandy, of course," was his companion's reply.

"Then brandy must be very good if it makes peaches taste so nice," said Franky, smacking his lips.

"I rather think it is—it's delicious!" answered Lewis. "I coax mother to give me a spoonful every time she opens a jar. Father don't like for her to do it, though. He says I might grow up to be a drunkard; but mother says there is no danger, and I say so, too; for I do think it is awful mean for a man to get drunk and go staggering about the streets and rolling in the gutter. No, indeed; I'll never, never be a drunkard!"

Years passed, and I was one day strolling through the still, shadowy groves of Glenwood cemetery, when a funeral procession filed slowly in.

The coffin was very rich and costly, and as a sunbeam, the farewell of the departing day, flashed across the silver plates on the lid, I read:

"Lewis Abbott. Aged 18."

When the coffin was lowered, the mother, who had been strangely calm, suddenly sprang away from the arm on which she had been leaning, threw herself on her knees beside the grave, with her hands clasped and her tearless eyes gazing wildly down into the dark receptacle.

"O, my precious boy! Lost forever! Sent to perdition by your mother's hands!" As this despairing cry burst from her lips, she threw her arms upward, and with a deep groan of mortal anguish, fell backward, deathlike and inanimate. She was removed by her friends to the house of the officer in charge of the cemetery, and I, shocked and startled beyond measure, left the place with that terrible cry of self-reproach ringing in my ears.

As I passed out I met a friend, to whom I related what had transpired, mentioning the name of the youth.

"I heard of his death this morning. Poor Lewis! It is a brief but sad history, and as I have known the family for years. I can explain the scene you have witnessed.

"Mrs. Abbott was justly famed for her delicious brandy peaches, and allowed her children to eat of them freely. Lewis, the only son, seemed to have a special fondness for them, carrying one to school almost every day, as a part of his lunch. After a time he began to beg for the brandy in which they were preserved, and the indulgent mother often gave him a spoonful. At last it began to disappear very rapidly and strangely, and Lewis was caught one day drinking from the jar. Her jars were locked away safely, but it was too late. The infatuated boy spent his pocket money for brandy; and when that was withheld, sold his skates, then his watch, then his books; his medal, which he prized so highly, and even articles of clothing, were all sacrificed to

the fatal appetite. Now the star of his young life has gone out in everlasting darkness. His last words were full of the most fearful import: "Those infernal brandy peaches, mother—they gave me the first start on the downward road. Remember that, mother!"—Christian Guide.

"AM I TO BLAME?"

"Am I to blame, mother?" asked a young lad, who had joined a temperance society. His father and mother appeared to be displeased with him. After a silence, the boy broke forth, "Sister Mary has a drunken husband, who abuses her every day; Sister Susan's husband drank, and has gone off and left her, and you are obliged to take her home and take care of her children. Brother James comes home every night drunk; and because I have joined the cold water army, and you are likely to have one sober person in the family, you are scolding me. Am I to blame?"

The mother, overcome by the argument of her child, replied, "You are right, my boy. May God bless you, and help you to keep your good resolution."—Selected by Church Advocate.

A CORRECT ANSWER.

A liquor dealer in the town of Ayr, Scotland, had a particular brand of whiskey which he wished to advertise. One day he offered a prize for the best answer to the question: "Why does this particular brand of whiskey resemble a certain bridge across the water of the Ayr?"

The judges examined the answers and announced the successful competitor. He proved to be a poor boy whose father was a drunkard, and his answer was: "Because it leads to the poorhouse, the lunatic asylum, and the cemetery." The liquor dealer looked glum when he paid that prize, and he won't be apt to offer any more conundrums to advertise his whiskey.—Selected.

REMORSE AND RETRIBUTION.

In an account of the work of the Woman's Temperance Union of New York, Helen E. Brown communicated to the Witness the following:

"A thrilling incident was related in connection with a drinking

saloon which had been visited. The place is one of 'great respectability,' frequented by the better class. About a month before, one of the customers had the 'misfortune' to overstep the bounds of moderate drinking and decorum, and was forcibly ejected from the premises by the proprietor. It was feared from the first that the young man was mortally injured, and so great was the terror of the rumseller, in view of the consequences to himself in case death should ensue, that he was completely prostrated. His wife tried in vain to comfort him, and wished to call a physician, but the man refused all consolation and advice, saying: 'Can a doctor cure a broken heart?'

"The victim of his cruelty died, and when the long train of funeral carriages passed the house, fingers were pointed from them, like mute sign-boards, indicating: 'There, there's the house! There, there's the murderer!' The miserable man, who had risen from his bed to look at the procession, saw the fingers! Each one was like an arrow of remorse to his soul, which curdled the blood in his veins, and sent him reeling back to his pillow.

"Shortly after, the officers of justice entered for his arrest. His wife protested: 'He is ill; why disturb him?' 'Good woman,' they replied, 'cease your excuses; he cannot evade the law.' They thought he was feigning sickness, and proceeded to their work, but as they lifted him from his bed, he fell back, groaned and died!

"As a sequel to this terrible fact, illustrating even more forcibly the soul-destroying effects of this unholy traffic, the wife and the daughter of this man continued the business on the same corner, their consciences being evidently much less sensitive than that of the husband and father." —Selected by Herald of Light.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

The police courts abound in strange revelations; for often there the curtain falls upon the closing scene in some eventful drama which began with mirth, and wine, and pleasure, but which ends in anguish, darkness and despair.

A writer gives the following sketch of such a scene:

"Johnson, the officer says you were drunk, and that you haven't drawn a sober breath for a week. How is that, Johnson?"

"Yer honor," said Johnson, as he dropped one arm over the rail,

and leaned back heavily on the policeman who supported him by the shoulder, "yer honor, it's true; I've been drunk for a week, as you say, an' I haven't got a word to say to defend myself. I've been in this 'ere court, I guess, a hundred times before, an' every time I've asked your honor to let me off light. But this time I don't have no fear. You can send me up for ten days or ten years; it's all one now."

As he spoke he brushed away a tear with his hat, and when he paused he coughed a dry, racking cough, and drew his tattered coat closer about his throat.

"When I went up before," he continued, "I always counted the days an' the hours till I'd come off. This time I'll count the blocks to the Potter's field. I'm most gone, Judge."

He paused again, and looked down upon his almost shoeless feet.

"When I was a little country boy, my mother used to say to me: 'Charlie, if you want to be a man, never touch liquor;' an' I'd answer: 'No, mother, I never will.' If I'd kept that promise, you an' me wouldn't have been so well acquainted. If I could only be a boy again for half a day; if I could go into the school-house just once more and see the boys and girls as I used to see them in the old days, I could lie right down here and die happy. But it's too late. Send me up, Judge. Make it ten days or make it for life. It don't make no difference. One way would be as short as the other. All I ask now is to die alone. I've been in crowded tenements for years. If I can be alone for a little while before I go, I'll die contented."—The Common People.

AN INDIAN TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

The morning was perfect.

The blue of the sky was intensely blue, and the grass-blades had a new dress, for a frost had settled upon mother earth during the night. A walk of four or five miles took me from the station through the white settlement. Two miles farther through the woods lay the little Indian village with the log church.

The leaves were falling from the maples. Occasionally a squirrel gave vent to his joy.

But sounds were few. It was a time for meditation. The glory of God seemed to fill the forests. The soul was stirred with a new reverence and love.

While I was quietly walking, and meditating upon the message to which the patient Indians were to listen, this exquisite solitude was abruptly ended.

The intruder proved to be a white settler returning from the Indian village.

By his attitude it appeared that some startling news was in store. Anxious to relate it, he introduced his remarks with, "Say, Elder, don't think your preaching's reached quite all the Indians yit."

Then he recited the sad tragedy of "Big Jack's" death.

Big Jack was known as a jolly good fellow, tall and strong. He had earned "a stake" loading vessels.

It was the sad story of many an Indian, and white man, too, in that north country. Some one had treated him, and then, they said, "he had gone crazy, and would not stop." He lost his money, of course; no one knew how; and at a late hour they started him on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad for home. The next morning his mangled remains were found.

My thoughts quickly changed. What could I say to those people to help them? The fact was that the Indians had been ashamed to send for me, and had buried Jack among the hemlocks and maples.

That day I talked to them, not upon the subject which I had prepared, but upon intemperance, and pressing home the truth that the Master was able to keep them if they would trust him.

They listened attentively; some of them wept. The older women, who always insisted on sitting upon the floor instead of in the pews, swayed and moaned.

The meeting was followed by the usual hand-shaking, and the frequent "That's so," "Good talk for Indian," "Me need that so," "Poor Jack!" etc., gave fair promise that good results would come.

Two weeks passed; the scattered field of eight places was traversed; and now the walk once more to the Indian village, this time in the midst of a cold November storm.

My thoughts went back to the bitterness and sorrow attending the previous meeting.

The same respectful audience of men, women, and children were assembled. As I walked up the steps into the pulpit, something strange greeted my eye. It was a temperance pledge pinned to the wall.

While I read it there was a deathlike silence. After reading it some

moments were spent, still facing the wall, in the endeavor to regain my usual gravity.

The pledge was as follows:

"We know whisky bad. Jack dead because of whisky. We 'gree not touch whisky. Trust God keep us."

Then followed a long list of the names of men, women, and children.

Some said, "Me 'gree not touch whisky for six months"; another could hold out only three months; still another one month; some could keep the pledge as long "as mother or wife not want to touch," but all pledges were given in good faith and with perfect sincerity.—Christian Endeavor World.

A MOTHER'S STRUGGLE.

A father, mother and five children live in a humble home in Philadelphia; the youngest child is a mere baby of two years; the father awakens in the morning to find his wife has slipped away, and, searching, finds her in the bath-room dead from self-asphyxiation. She leaves this note for him:

"Tony: You will be surprised to hear I have gone away—where, I do not know. But before the day is over you will find out why. Be good to the baby. I know you will never forgive me for what I have done. God help and have mercy on me. Good-bye to all. May God be good to you all. From a wretched and bad wife and mother. My last good-night. Mother."

Within a week this mother had attempted her life twice, but her husband's love and watchfulness had prevented her from succeeding before.

"Why," you ask, "did she persist?" It is not a strange story, be assured. She was a victim of the liquor habit. She had been accustomed to beer from childhood. Gradually the craving had grown upon her until it was a mighty passion that surged through her veins and would not be stilled. More fiery liquors were craved and drunk. A few months ago she had delirium tremens. Then she realized her danger and fought desperately for relief; she summoned all her powers of mind to the task; she struggled bravely against the thirst for three weeks, but then gave up in real despair; the sequel was another attack of tremens; then she went under treatment, but no good came of it; then she

ran the gamut of patent medicines and recommended remedies. But her attacks of delirium were frequent and more than once she lay at death's door. Her husband mercifully and tenderly nursed her through these crises and loved her royally and faithfully. But the end was reached, as the story above records it.—Selected.

PLAGUE-SPOTS.

In sentencing a murderer to death, the judge made use of the following language: "Nor can the place be forgotten in which occurred the shedding of blood. It was one of the thousand ante-chambers of perdition which mar, like plague-spots, the fair face of our state. You do not need to be told that I mean a tippling-shop—the meeting place of Satan's minions, and the foul cesspool which, by spontaneous generation, breeds and matures all that is loathsome and disgusting in profanity and babbling and vulgarity and Sabbath breaking. I would not be the owner of a groggery for the price of this globe converted into precious ore. For the pitiful sum of a dime the liquor seller made the deceased a fool and the trembling culprit a demon. How paltry a sum for two human lives! This traffic is tolerated by the law, and therefore the vender has committed an offense not recognized by earthly tribunals; but in the sight of Him who is unerring in wisdom, he who deliberately furnishes the intoxicating draft which inflames man into anger and violence and bloodshed is 'particeps criminis' in the moral turpitude of the deed. Is it not high time that the sinks of vice and crime should be held rigidly accountable to the laws of the land, and placed under the ban of all enlightened and virtuous public opinion?"—The Vanguard.

SAVED BY REVERENCE FOR THE BIBLE.

One evening a liquor saloon in New York City was crowded. There was a "Bible raffle." As the men went to the counter one by one to shake the dice box, there was laughter and blasphemy. At last one who lay stupidly drunk was roused and bidden to take a hand. He staggered to the counter and threw the highest number. The boisterous crowd gathered round him with jests and questions. He grew sober in a moment, and not noticing their jokes, took the Holy Book in his hands reverently and said to the bar-keeper, "Please wrap this in the cleanest

piece of paper you have, but don't let it have the smell of whisky about it." Turning to the amazed group, he said, "Good evening, gentlemen. It's the last time we'll meet here. I'm going home to make one of the best wives in the world, the happiest woman in New York," and taking the Bible he passed out, jeered by some, but cheered by others. He walked rapidly to his squalid home. He mounted the rickety stairs, entered the room, walked to where his wife sat, and laid the parcel on her lap. She started and, looking up with a faint semblance of the old, almost forgotten smile, said, "You are early to-night, John." She saw a change had come over him, and quickly opened the package. Seeing the book, she burst into tears, and said, "John, I've been thinking of you all day, and wondering if you would ever be your own old self again. While I was thinking, little Agnes came up, and putting her arms around my neck, said, 'Mamma, why doesn't papa have prayers and the Bible as grandpa does when we go to see him?' I could not answer her, John, but now you can." "Yes, I'll answer her, wife; get me a pen and some ink." Then he opened the fly-leaf and wrote: "To my faithful wife, whom I shall never again voluntarily cause a sorrow or blush of shame, John." The husband kept his word. His reverence for the Book of God led to reverence for the Word of God and saved him.—Selected by King's Highway.

HOW LIQUOR AFFECTS THE HEART.

The late Dr. Sir Benjamin W. Richardson, one of the greatest physicians England ever produced, once heard a man praising wine and beer, and said he could not get along without it, when Dr. Richardson, by a simple experiment, showed him one evil of liquor drinking. Dr. Richardson said to him:

"Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?"

"He did so. I said, 'Count it carefully; what does it say?'"

"'Your pulse it 74,' said he.

"I then sat down in a chair and asked him to count it again. He did so, and said, 'Your pulse has gone down to 70.'"

"I then lay down on the lounge, and said:

"'Will you count it again?'"

"He did so, and replied, 'Why, it is only 64; what an extraordinary thing!'"

"I then said, 'when you lie down at night, that is the way nature

gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up, it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down, the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by 60, and it is 600; multiply it by eight hours, and within a fraction it is 5,000 strokes different; and as the heart is throwing 60 ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of 30,000 ounces of lifting during the night.'

"When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog, you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest, you put on something like 15,000 extra strokes, and the result is, you rise up tired and very unfit for the next day's work."—Tract.

HOGS WORTH MORE THAN MEN!

Several years ago, when Sam Jones lectured in Sigourney, Iowa, he gave a deserved roasting to those who signed saloon petitions. This report is from a Sigourney paper:

"This nice little Iowa town, with a farming region around it, makes one of the garden spots of the world; but with all your blessings you can't get along without three saloons to debauch your village and ruin your boys, because you need the money.

"Here Mr. Jones inquired of the surprised audience, 'How much is the license here?' Some one answered, '\$300 each to the town.' 'Nine hundred dollars altogether,' resumed Jones. 'What is your population?' Answer, '2,000.' The speaker then did a little lightning calculation, and resumed:

"The liquor dealer walked up to you and said, 'If you will let us damn this town, we will give you forty cents apiece. Say, what would a 200-pound hog bring?'

"Answer, '\$12.' 'So,' resumed Jones, 'hogs \$12 apiece and folks forty cents a head. Say, brother, don't you wish you were a hog? You and your whole family wouldn't bring enough in this town to buy a suckling pig. This is a little lower down than I have ever found them. For the pitiful sum of forty cents apiece you turn over your boys to be debauched, the hearts of mothers to be crushed, and the town ruined—all for forty cents. That is cheap; but I expect that is all you are worth, eh?

"I want to drop this out. There is not a man of you that signed that petition to bring saloons to this town, or county, but deserves that every boy you have in your home shall fill a drunkard's grave, and your daughters live in the embrace of drunken husbands. What did you sign it for? If you did not want your boys to drink, or your daughters to marry a drunkard, what did you do it for? Stand up and talk back. You surely did not sign, hoping your boy would not drink, but that your neighbor's would. Why don't you say, 'To tell you the God Almighty truth, I did it for the forty cents.' If the devil don't get you for it, it is just because he don't want you, and every man that will sign that petition—the devil will get the last man of you—but thank God, he won't get much. If you fellows that signed that petition don't feel like a hog, you don't feel natural, that's all.'"—Tract.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S EXPERIENCE.

"At first my admission into the printing house (Palmer's, Bartholomew Close, London), I took to working at press, imagining I felt the want of the bodily exercise I had been used to in America, where press work is mixed with the composing. I drank only water; the other men, nearly fifty in number, were great drinkers of beer. On one occasion I carried up and down stairs a large form of types in each hand, while others carried but one form in both hands. They wondered at this and several instances, that the Water American, as they called me, was stronger than themselves who drank beer. We had an alehouse boy, who attended always in the house to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink strong beer, that he might be strong to labor. I endeavored to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by beer could only be in proportion to the grain of flour of the barley dissolved in the water of which it was made; that there was more flour in a pennyworth of bread; and, therefore, that if he would eat that with a pint of water, it would give him more strength than a quart of beer. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that vile

liquor; an expense I was free from. And thus these poor devils keep themselves under."—From his Autobiography.

REPORT OF A GOVERNMENT INVESTIGATION.

The United States Commissioner of Labor made an investigation into the question as to what extent the fact of being a drinking man bars a man from obtaining employment.

Circulars of inquiry were sent to 7,000 employing concerns, all of which are representative in their lines of business. There were 6,976 replies received. Of these, 5,363 state they take the drink habit into consideration in employing new men. The reason given by most is that it is simply a business precaution. The employer is liable for damages done by accident in his establishment, and it is only prudent to employ men with clear heads.

The reason is a good one, and should be pondered by every workman. To have a reputation as a sober man is distinctly in a man's favor in obtaining work, and in these days of intense competition, every man who desires to prosper will see the necessity, as a bit of business prudence, for avoiding the drink habit.—Tract.

LARGEST BUSINESS MEN DON'T DRINK.

Mr. Edward Bok, the editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, made an investigation as to the proportion of the leading business men of the nation who are addicted to the use of liquors. Twenty-eight of the largest business men of the country were taken for the purpose of the investigation, and the results show that twenty-two out of the twenty-eight, or more than five-sevenths, have never used alcoholic liquors in any way, shape or form. Mr. Bok says:

"As I looked around, and came to know more of people and things, I found the always unanswerable argument in favor of a young man's abstinence; that is, that the most successful men in America to-day are those who never lift a wine-glass to their lips. Becoming interested in this fact, I had the curiosity to inquire personally into it; I found that of twenty-eight of the leading business men in the country, whose names I selected at random, twenty-two never touched a drop of wine. I made up my mind that there was some reason for this. If liquor brought safe

pleasures, why did these men abstain from it? If, as some say, it is a stimulant to the busy man, why do not these men, directing the largest business interests in this country, resort to it? And when I saw that these were men whose opinions in great business matters were accepted by the leading concerns of the world, I concluded that their judgment in the use of liquor would satisfy me. If their judgment in business matters could command the respect and attention of the leaders of trade on both sides of the sea, their decision as to the use of liquor was not apt to be wrong.”—Tract.

DISCHARGED FOR ENTERING A STORE.

A business man tells me that he saw one of his employees come out of a certain store, and when he reached his office he promptly discharged him. Have you business men any doubt what the store was? It was probably a book store, and he feared his clerk was becoming too intelligent; or it was a restaurant, and he feared the young man was getting too much to eat; or it was a furnishing store, and he was about to wear clothes too good for him. If we were half-witted, we might miss the kind of store out from which he came. There is one kind of store which you will not allow your trusted employee to frequent, and that is the liquor store, the saloon.

A railroad company was much disturbed about the habits of its employees. It held no brief for their morals, and had no foolish notions about its right to restrict their personal liberty, but it felt that certain habits made them inefficient, that they were not likely to be reliable if they went to certain places. The company did not say that they might go a limited number of times each day, with that beautiful spirit of true temperance which some men urge, did not trust the men who kept these stores to watch that these men kept truly temperate. That would have been a sweet thing to say and also idiotic. It said to them: “You enter those places, or use their products, and you will be summarily dismissed from the service.” Now, it is significant that the forbidden places were not book stores, nor grocery stores, nor restaurants, nor library buildings, but saloons, and any places where liquor is sold. You may claim the right to be a user of liquor yourself, but you will not willingly ride in a train behind an engine whose cab is occupied by a man, to whom the saloon is an institution of common

personal experience. You may be willing to live next a grocery store, but you neither live nor raise your children any nearer a saloon than you have to be.—Rev. C. B. McAfee, D. D.

A BANK'S TEMPERANCE RULE.

A leading bank of Cleveland, Ohio, has adopted a very stringent rule against the use of intoxicants by its employees. When a man or boy enters the service of this institution, he is required to sign an agreement that he will not enter any place where intoxicating liquors are sold. Two who had signed the pledge were dismissed because they took a couple of young women into a liquor-selling restaurant after the theatre.

"It may seem a hardship," said an official of the bank, in explanation of their action, "to prevent a young man from entering a hotel or restaurant to which he might go with the best of motives, but with this rule agreed to on the part of the employees and enforced on the part of the bank, we feel sure that an employee is not going to steal the bank's money for the purpose of spending it in improper places, nor are the employees likely to form the acquaintance of short card gamblers or race track touts in the dairy lunch rooms. We are seriously contemplating the extension of the order, so that it shall apply to any place where stocks or produce is dealt in on a margin."—Tract.

A PHYSICIAN'S BLUNDER.

Schoharie County, New York, has another dark page in its history, a shocking murder—a murder that was directly the result of the liquor traffic. The connection is perfectly clear.

The murderer is the son of one of the most respected families in the county. His father is a leading Methodist and a well-known prohibitionist. The young man acquired the taste for intoxicating liquors through a prescription given by a physician when he was a mere boy. Some evil influence seemed to make it impossible for him to shake off the habit. In spite of everything that could be done by his friends, and his own apparently earnest efforts, he suffered from periodical lapses, in which he would become grossly intoxicated. On the evening of Monday, April 30, 1906, in an intoxicated condition, he attempted to enter the

house of some people in the village and was refused admission. A quarrel ensued and he shot the woman who was refusing to let him in, killing her almost instantly.

Every item of the case marks it distinctly as a whiskey tragedy. It began with the criminal blunder of a physician. It was developed by the presence of the perpetual temptation in the licensed saloons of this village. It culminated in an act of drunken fury inspired by drink which had been sold the poor fellow by men who perfectly well knew that they had no legal right to sell it, in view of his known intemperate habits.

The terrible tragedy shows how utterly impossible it is for even the most careful parents to guard their homes from an evil that is legalized by the state and ignored by the so-called "better elements" of society.—The Defender.

SENSIBLE WORDS FROM A SENIOR.

I heard two collegians discussing the subject of wines, apropos to a collegiate dinner.

"Of course," said one, with a consequential touch of self-complacency, "if a fellow hasn't wit enough to know when to stop, he'd better be careful at first. Some heads are built weak, you know."

"Careful in what?" interpolated I.

"Why, drinking, of course," said the speaker. "A fellow has to take his seasoning sooner or later; some can stand it, some cannot, at least for a while."

He was a freshman. His friend, a bearded senior, the only son of a rich man, slapped him good-naturedly on the shoulder. "When I was your age, old fellow, my father said to me, 'If I had my life to live over, I would never take a glass of wine nor smoke a cigar.' I answered, 'It would be foolish not to profit by what such a sensible man says.' I have never tasted wine nor touched tobacco, and I am glad of it—gladder every day I live. I might have been built with a strong head, and then again I might not."

"What do you say when you are offered a treat?"

"I say, 'No, thank you; I never take it.' Generally that settles the matter quietly."

"And if they poke fun at you?"

"I let them poke, and stand by to be ready to put them to bed when their heads give out."

There are—for the comfort of others, let it be said—many strong enough to maintain this stand; sensible enough to see that the risks are not worth taking.—Watchman.

MORAL SUASION OR PROHIBITION, WHICH SHALL IT BE?

A young man once advised me to advocate pure moral suasion. At a meeting where this young man was present, I said to the audience, pointing to him, "Some say we ought to advocate moral suasion exclusively. Now, I will give you a fact. Thirteen miles from this place there lived a woman who was a good wife, a good mother, a good woman." I then related her story as she told it:

"My husband is a drunkard; I have worked, and hoped, and prayed, but I almost gave up in despair. He went away and was gone ten days. He came back ill with the small-pox. Two of the children took it, and both of them died. I nursed my husband through his long sickness—watched over him night and day, feeling that he could not drink again, nor ever again abuse me. I thought he would remember all this terrible experience. Mr. Leonard kept a liquor-shop about three doors from my house, and soon after my husband was well enough to get out, Mr. Leonard invited him in and gave him some drink. He was then worse than ever. He now beats me and bruises me. . . . I went into Mr. Leonard's shop one day, nerved almost to madness, and said, "'Mr. Leonard, I wish you would not sell my husband any more drink."

"'Get out of this,' said he, 'away with you. This is no place for a woman; clear out.'"

"'But I don't want you to sell him any more drink.'"

"'Get out, will you? If you wasn't a woman, I would knock you into the middle of the street.'"

"'Mr. Leonard, please don't sell my husband any more drink.'"

"'Mind your own business, I say.'"

"'But my husband's business is mine,' I pleaded.

"'Get out! If you don't, I will put you out.'"

"I ran out and the man was very angry. Three days after a neighbor came in and said, "Mrs. Tuttle, your Ned's just been sent out of Leonard's shop so drunk that he can hardly stand!"

“What! my child, who is only ten years old?” “Yes.”

“The child was picked up in the street and brought home, and it was four days before he got out again. I then went into Leonard's shop and said, “You gave my boy, Ned, drink.”

“Get out of this, I tell you,” said the man.

“I said, “I don't want you to give my boy drink any more. You have ruined my husband; for God's sake, spare my child!” and I went down upon my knees and tears ran down my cheeks. He then took me by the shoulders and kicked me out of doors.’”

Then, said I, pointing directly to my friend, “Young man, you talk of moral suasion? Suppose that woman were your mother, what would you do to the man who kicked her?” He jumped right off his seat and said, “I'd kill him. That's moral suasion, is it? Yes, I'd kill him, just as I'd kill a woodchuck that had eaten my beans.”

Now, we do not go as far as that; we do not believe in killing or persecution, but we believe in prevention and prohibition.—John B. Gough.

AND WHISKEY DID IT.

It was the early hour of a Sabbath night in mid-summer. Peace seemed to be claiming our city for her own. Worshippers by hundreds had gathered in our various churches to reverently speak in prayer, and song, and sermon, the blessed name of our Prince of Peace. The stillness and sweet solemnity of the sacred day dwelt around us; and we were thanking God for the joy of rest and security and calm content. Suddenly, as if hell had grown jealous of heaven's temporary reign on earth, there rang out five murderous pistol shots, followed by the agonizing screams of a dying woman; and again by the terrified cry of a horror-stricken mother who looked aghast upon a scene of blood and death. And what an appalling scene was that upon which that grief-crazed mother gazed! Her daughter and her son lay dead, slain by the hand of that daughter's young husband; and just outside the desolated but once happy, though humble, home, the murderer lay gasping for breath, two ghastly, self-inflicted wounds in his breast. He had sought his own life after he had taken the life of his wife and that of her manly young brother. It was all over in a moment—all? No, not all, for the aged mother's cruel sorrow had only just begun; and the long night of the

life of humiliation which must be endured by the now motherless and worse than fatherless children had just now entered its dusk. All over? No, for the surgeons say that the death which the drunken young man wooed for himself may not be won; unhappily for him, professional skill and an abnormally robust constitution may restore him to life, and—remorse, a remorse which only the hangman's noose can kill. Gaping crowds of curious and unfeeling people throng the sidewalks and push into the wrecked home and stare at the aged woman who sits in her wretched loneliness and weeps over her poor dead children. There is a coroner's inquest and a terrible double funeral—and—despair.

Nine years ago there was a festal scene. It was a marriage evening. A pure young girl had been wedded to a handsome and apparently honest and promising young mechanic. The mother, younger then, and stronger, sat by amid the merriment, and heard with a fond mother's pride the cordial words of congratulation, the generous praise which friends showered upon the youthful husband and his radiantly happy bride. Sacred words had been spoken by the minister who, in God's dear name, had made the twain one flesh. Their life together had begun; and the mother of the girl-wife said, "Surely they will be happy—surely, surely."

Just eight years; but the time was long enough for the serpent to enter that Eden and despoil it. It was not many months after this scene of brilliant joy and cheery laughter, and happy hope beginnings, until this same husband began to drink, a little at first, then more, until beastly drunkenness was his pitiable portion. With his own degradation there crept into his mind the poison of a hellish suspicion that his wife, too, had grown unfaithful. It may not have been a wholly groundless suspicion. The world may never know. Certain it is that if she, who had pledged her troth to a man so unworthy, was not stalwart in character, she must have found it hard to be true to him who was so basely untrue to her.

The sequel of this awful story was told in the introduction; and whiskey did it. His closest friends declare that, when sober and before he became a slave to the saloon, this young man was large-hearted, and genial, and honorable, peaceable and manly. He is a double murderer now; and before these lines are read, the word "suicide" may be added to the record he has written in blood. God pity and save him; and,

O, God, pity the living sufferers in his own family and in the family of his poor slaughtered wife!

Yes, reader, we are quite as willing to end this heart-chilling recital as you are anxious to have it ended. It is a true story, though, and it occurred right here in Nashville, Sunday, August 22. True, the parties to the tragedy were not members of your family nor of ours, not even acquaintances; but they belonged to other families nevertheless, and they were loved and are lost; and, with drink to aid in arousing the slumbering demon that lurks in most of our souls, these things might have occurred in any of our households. What, then, is the plain duty of the hour? Here it is—join us in it, and let God witness our vow—death to the saloon!—Cumberland Presbyterian.

THE STRUGGLE WITH APPETITE.

I shall never drink again, but one night in a New England train, and very ill, I met a stranger who pitied me and gave me a quick, powerful drug out of a small vial, and my pain was gone in a minute or two, but alcohol was licking up my very blood with tongues of flame.

I should have gotten drunk that night, if I could. I thought of everything—of my two years of clean life; of the meeting I was going to, vouched for by my friend and brother, D. L. Moody; of the bright little home in New York; of Mary and the boys; I tried to pray, and my lips framed oaths. I reached up for God, and He was gone, and the fiercest fiend of hell had me by the throat and shouted, "Drink, Drink, Drink!" I said, "But Mary—but the boys"; it said, "To hell with Mary—come on, to the saloon!"

It was not yet daylight, Sunday morning, when I stood on the platform at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, alone. I flew from saloon to saloon, they were shut up, so were the drug stores; and all that day, locked up in my room at the hotel, I fought my fight and won it in the evening by the grace of God; but the people of Pawtucket never knew that the man who spoke to them that night had been in hell all day.

What would you take in cash to have that put into your life?

That is to be my portion until my dying day; but if merciful, patient time shall cauterize and heal the old, dishonorable wounds, and cover them with repulsive but impervious cicatrices, yet because I had those wounds I am to be through my whole life considered a moral cliff-

dweller, a creature of precipices, where one false step ends all; and so, denied full confidence of my fellow men—the highest grace of life to strive for, in this world; and I am told I have a Christian enemy or two who wait on tiptoe of expectancy and cheerfully prophesy the sure, near coming of my final plunge back into the Dead Sea of drink.

Several years ago, at another time, after a long lecture tour in the west, I telegraphed to my wife in Boston: "I will arrive home tonight at eleven." The train was late, and long after midnight I came under her window. The light was burning, and I knew that she was waiting for me. I let myself in; there were two flights of stairs, but twenty would have been nothing to me, my heart was hauling away, like a great balloon.

She stood in the middle of our room as pale and cold and motionless as a woman of snow, and I knew at a glance that the sweet, brave life was in torture. "What is it?" I cried, "What is the matter?" and in my arms she sobbed out the everlasting tragedy of her wedded life: "Nothing—at any rate, nothing ought to be the matter. I do believe in you; I knew you would come home; but I have listened for you so many years, that I seem to be just one great ear when you are away beyond your time; I seem to have lost all sense but that of hearing when you are absent unexplained, and every sound on the street startles me, and every step on the stairs is a threat and a pain, and the stillness chokes me, and the darkness smothers me. And all the old, unhappy, home-comings troop through my mind, without omitting one detail, and tonight I heard the children sighing in their sleep, and I thought I should die when I thought of you having to walk in your weariness, and in this midnight through Kneeland street alone."

She thinks that I will never fall; and would deny today that she knows any fear, but yet, until the undertaker screws her sweet face out of my sight forever, that ghastly, unformed, nameless thing will walk the chambers of her heart whenever I am unaccounted for.

By the mercy of God, that has given to you the unshaken and unshakable confidence of her you love, I beseech you to make a fight for the women who wait tonight until the saloon spews out their husbands and their sons and sends them maudlin, brutish, devilish, vomiting, stinking, to their arms.

And you, happy wives, whose hearts have never wavered nor had occasion to waver, and who, when your husbands fail to come on time,

can go to bed without a fear and go to sleep with smiles upon your lips, and sleep the long night through too peacefully even to dream, by the mercy of God, that gives you that, I beseech you, band yourselves to help, at least to cheer, the wives, who, their whole lives through, must walk the rotten lava-crust of burntout confidence—their very love a terror and a pain.

And you, good, calm, untempted men who never fell, who never tasted death for any man and never mean to, I beseech you to cast a vote the next time for the sake of the drunkard, and try to make the stations on life's highway safe for storm-tossed men to stop at any day or any night.—John. G. Woolley.

CHARLES LAMB TO YOUNG MEN.

Charles Lamb, one of England's great writers, was a hard drinker. Listen to his sad wail:

"The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I could cry out to all those who have set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will—to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all godliness emptied out of him, and yet not able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about him the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my feverish eye—feverish with the last night's drinking and feverishly looking for tonight's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of death out of which I cry, hourly with feebler outcry; to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth, in all the pride of its mantling temptation."—Tract.

PART III
POINTED
PARAGRAPHS

Those who fondle the serpent shall feel its fangs.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

Rum is all right in its place, and that is—in hell.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

“A whiskey straight has made many men crooked.”

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

The skeleton in many a closet is a long-necked bottle.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

“We favor shorter hours for overworked bartenders.”

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

Whiskey is expensive. It costs a man dollars and sense.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

Strong drink is bad for the health as well as for the pocket.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

Grape juice has killed more than grape shot.—C. H. Spurgeon.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

Intemperance is the great crime of crimes.—Hon. L. M. Morrill.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

The cause of drunkenness is drink; the cure is total abstinence.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

Drink, the dynamite of modern civilization.—Hon. John D. Long.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

“The man who ‘hits one’ usually strikes those most dear to him.”

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

Drink, the only terrible enemy England has to fear.—Prince Leopold.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

Many a man who sets out to kill a giant is tripped up by an old barrel hoop.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

“A wry face may be made cheaper than a rye face, and is more easily cured.”

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

He who would regulate the saloon, should first try to regulate Mt. Sinai.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

Wine may sometimes move itself aright, but always moves the drinker wrong.

Prohibition strengthens education, religion and law; the saloon helps neither.



The saloon was born of evil, but it exists because good men tolerate it.



"From drink, with its sorrow and ruin and sin,
I surely am safe if I never begin."



You can't fight the saloon in a whisky party. This is a good time to get out of it.



Many a man would rather lose his boy than lose his vote, or at least he acts that way.



Chicago's drink bill for three years equals the amount of property destroyed by the great fire.



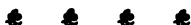
Man is at his best when he shows greatest chivalry in defense of the women and children.



I never use it; I am more afraid of it than of Yankee bullets.—General Stonewall Jackson.



"They that be drunken are drunken in the night. Let us who are of the day be sober."—Paul.



Intoxicating liquor is one great source of all wrong, misery and crime.—Gov. Thomas Talbot.



If we had a sober nation, Mr. Statesman, don't you think we could make short work of the trusts?



"Beer is a far more dangerous enemy to Germany than all the armies of France."—Von Moltke.

The saloon gives aid and comfort to the vices of the people, while prohibition encourages the virtues.



"The mission of the Prohibition party is to teach the old parties that there is a God in Israel."—Gov. St. John.



A total abstainer is good. A total abstinence society is better. Little is gained without organization.



The drinker is simply amusing himself with the rattle of his chains when he brags of his power of moderation.



Men need no stimulant. It is something I am persuaded they can get along without.—General Robert E. Lee.



And the cocktail's red glare, the bomb bursting in air, gave proof that some things must be handled with care.



The quartette of drink, debt, dirt and doubt, is to many a man but another version of the game of follow your leader.



It isn't the drop in wages that hurts a man so much as the drop he takes after getting his wages. That's what drops him.



Alcohol is poison. For a country to legalize the sale of a poison for beverage purposes is one way for it to commit suicide.



License makes it EASY to do wrong and HARD to do right; prohibition makes it hard to do wrong and easy to do right.



More schoolhouses and fewer saloons. That's a pretty good platform, but ours is better—More schoolhouses and no saloons.



"Though a member of the 'sterner sex,' we believe it is much more becoming to wear the little white ribbon than the big red nose."

If "prohibition does not prohibit," then regulation don't regulate, restriction don't restrict and execution don't execute.—Andrew Johnson.



God sends us nothing but what is naturally wholesome and fit to nourish us, but if the devil has the cooking of it, it may destroy us.



No one knows the wrecking influence of drink like he who has been wrecked, and then stranded on the reefs of shame and disgrace.



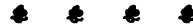
Does prohibition prohibit? is a minor question to this one: Do I give my SANCTION to the sale of strong drink in Lynchburg?



"Come ye out from among them" applies with great force to clean men connected with corrupt, dishonest, whisky-soaked politicians.



In the "first" glass that a young chap drinks is found a true story of the "last"! It is all written there even though he cannot read it.



The pious people who vote to legalize the sale of liquor on Monday must expect to sooner or later see it legally sold on Sunday.—Defender.



You cannot regulate the liquor traffic, and there is no use wasting your energies, time, money and disgusting yourself trying to do so.



If those who are searching after a "sure cure for drunkenness" would quit drinking while they are looking for it, they would find it.



The devil doesn't mind anti-liquor resolutions being carried at church conferences, so long as they are not given effect at the ballot-box.



"The man who feels no moral responsibility, who kneels at no shrine, who has no religious belief, is pretty poor material for citizenship."

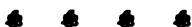


The man who votes for a license party ought not to object if any one of his boys falls in the saloon trap which his own ballot helped to set.

A sober father does not always mean sober sons, but the influence for temperate living that a sober father exerts in a household is very great.



No man has a good word for drunkenness. Why, then, should Lynchburg continue the policy of making her citizens DRUNK BY LAW?



Temperance and labor are the two best physicians of man; labor sharpens the appetite, and temperance prevents him from indulging in excess.



The makers and dealers in rum often profit financially through the saloon at the expense of the masses. Are you a dealer or one of the masses?



If the ballot box were a gramophone, it would undoubtedly record and reproduce some extraordinary feats performed by our religious acrobats.



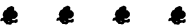
The hand that crushed liberty in the Philippines is just as surely crushing it here. If you have any tears, shed them for your own stupidity.



It is easier to give up altogether the taste of intoxicating drink than to measure it out to one's self. Have done with it therefore, altogether.



Fifty or a hundred men united in the cause of temperance can certainly do much more good than if they tried to work simply as individuals.



You pay big money to insure your house against the fire fiend. Why not put a little money in a cause to insure your son against the drink fiend?

"What is whiskey bringing?" inquired a dealer in the vile stuff. "Bringing men to the gallows and women and children to want," was the truthful reply.



When the enemies of the saloon shall shun license parties as the saloon men shun the prohibition party, we shall soon be able to organize victory for our homes.



Every dollar expended for liquors as a beverage comes out of the landlord, grocer, baker, tailor, butcher, and others who pursue an honest calling.—H. H. Faxon.



If prohibition, handicapped as it is by the inter-state commerce law, works so admirably well, what would it do, A fortiori, if it had a fair chance?—Andrew Johnson.



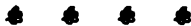
It is impossible to become intoxicated without taking one drink. No drunkard on earth or in hell would be where he is if he had not taken one drink. Let it alone.



Of all selfish creatures on God's earth, the drunkard is the meanest, because his meanness wrecks the happiness of those who love him best—his nearest and dearest.



The nation, the state, the town, the society, or the church which does not adopt temperance as one of its cardinal virtues, stands upon uncertain ground.—H. H. Faxon.



Statistics show that ten thousand people are killed by whiskey, where only one is killed by a mad dog. What of it? Shoot the mad dog, and license the sale of the whiskey.



The liquor fraternity dislikes prohibition because "prohibition breeds blind pigs." But just as sure as prohibition goes into effect this same liquor fraternity goes right into the breeding business.

It is necessary for the clean Christian citizen to be separated from the saloon not only intellectually, morally, personally, spiritually, financially, but also politically.—Andrew Johnson.



The saloon is the only business that does not advertise its results or point to its successes. No "finished goods" sign is put up by the liquor dealer. Look for that in the potter's field.



"We cannot make people moral by law." No, but you can make them immoral by licensing immoral institutions by law, and then the people will become more immoral as a consequence.



It does not pay to give one man, for \$15 a quarter, a license to sell liquor, and then spend \$5,000 on the trial of another man for buying that liquor and committing murder under its influence.



Every ninth day's wages of the laborers of this country are handed over to the liquor dealers, putting about \$900,000,000 annually into their coffers—or about \$13 for every man, woman and child.



Bottled woe, squabbles, inane grumbling, insane drivel, bruises of shame, not glory, are on sale. Redness of eyes is on tap. Poverty is purchasable, but one must pay money, health and honor.



License is a tax. Taxation means representation, permission, protection and perpetuity. License money is a bribe and the acceptance of it by the United States is a national sin.—Andrew Johnson.



A prohibition speaker was interrupted with the question, "If prohibition comes, what will the farmer do with his corn?" As quick as a flash the speaker retorted, "Raise more hogs and less hell."



You shall not press down upon the brow of American homes the crown of thorns platted by the hand of the liquor traffic; you shall not crucify man upon a cross of high license.—Andrew Johnson.

If, in the future, the temperance reform is to be more fortunate than in the past, there must be more general, united, and efficient action for its promotion by the pulpit than there has been in the past.



Why is it? If prohibition does not prohibit, and it cannot be enforced, as liquor papers claim, that those same papers frantically appeal to saloonkeepers and brewers to organize and oppose prohibition?



I have rented houses for more than thirty years, and can safely say that three-fourths of all my losses in rent during that period have been due, directly or indirectly, to the use of intoxicating liquors.—H. H. Faxon.



It is strange with what conscientiousness some temperance men refuse to "let" their property to be used for dram selling purposes, while, at the same time they vote to license their neighbors' on the same street.



The Church Temperance Sunday is a good thing, but the country's greatest need is a Church Temperance Tuesday. This is the only church celebration that has any scare in it for the saloon.—Clinton N. Howard.



If the traffic in ardent spirits is immoral, then of necessity are the laws which authorize the traffic immoral. And if the laws are immoral, then we must be immoral if we do not protest against them.—Gerritt Smith.



A Scotch woman once wanted to have the devil buried with his face downward, so that the more he scratched the deeper he would go. So it should be with the liquor traffic—its face down, and no resurrection written on its back.



Would all the officers unite in setting the soldiers an example of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, it would be equal to an addition of 50,000 men to the armies of the United States.—General George B. McClellan.



"We hang the murderer, jail the thief and the drunkard, but license the manufacturer of murders, the makers of thieves and drunkards, and

furnish the raw material from our homes out of which the murderer, thief, and drunkard are made."



"A saloonkeeper discharged a clerk for getting drunk. A distiller advertised for two teetotalers to run his still. A drunkard is at a discount with all people. Even the devil wants a more respectable man than a drunkard to work for him."



Now, it is mad, it is driveling, to talk of regulating the traffic in intoxicating beverages. Raise the price to \$10,000, and enact that nobody but a doctor of divinity shall be allowed to sell, and you will have the same old devil.—Horace Greeley.



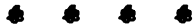
Drunkenness is not only the cause of crime, it is a crime; and the encouragement of drunkenness for the sake of profit on the sale of drink is certainly one of the most criminal methods of assassination for money ever adopted by the bravoës of any age or country.



What does it profit a man to send his children to school, accumulate property, build big barns, etc., for his children, if his son is to go to ruin through the grog-shop, and his daughter to preside over a drunkard's hovel? Let us save our children.—Sacred Heart Review.



A saloon in New York is in trouble because, according to the limit law, it is too close to a church. Which should move in such a case, the church or the saloon? But are not all the saloons in the city too close to the churches and too close to the homes of the people?



A little boy was going past a liquor saloon, the door of which was open, with his dog, Sport. The dog not knowing any better, went in, but his little master was soon after him, with the following good advice: "Come out there, Sport! Don't be disgracing the family."



A boy was passing by a saloon, and seeing a drunken man lying in the gutter in front of it, he opened the door and said: "Mister, your sign's fell down."

The saloonkeeper chased him half around the square.

Much ado is made about child labor in factories and night work for women, when every sociologist well knows that if the traffic in drink were outlawed, and a fair effort made to crush it, in a few years these problems would be well solved.—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.



"Tom," said a drunkard to his friend, "where shall I find the poor-house? I should like to see it."

"My dear friend, continue in your present course a short time longer, and you will not need to ask the question," was the pointed reply.



The whiskey business is the poison vine which entwines itself around the oaks of our national prosperity, the noxious weed that has sprung up in the garden of American industries, the nauseating bilge-water in our glorious ship of state, the pest of all ages.—Andrew Johnson.



Drink is the parent of crime. It would not be too much to say that if all drinking of fermented liquors could be done away, crime of every kind would fall to a fourth of its present amount, and the whole tone of moral feeling in the lower orders might be indefinitely raised.—Buxton.



Five dollars for whiskey means the loss of three weeks' work. The loss of three weeks' work means the loss to your family of a barrel of flour, a load of coal, shoes for all, and the contracting of a debt for necessities that require the sacrifice of everything that makes home life dear.



In the debate in the United States Congress on the question of the repeal of the prohibitory law of Alaska, Senator Hansbrough, of North Dakota, hit the nail on the head when he said: "A high license law is simply a certificate of partnership between the government and the saloonkeeper."



We can never get the saloon out of politics as long as we get our politics out of the saloon. Just laws will never be enforced by corrupt officials who depend upon criminals to back them up. If you appoint a

rascal to be his own hangman, he will probably die a natural death.—
H. H. Faxon.



Drive the evil from the school through education, banish it from the home through love, rule it from society by decency, dislodge it from business by economy; but wilt thou know, oh vain man, that it takes ballots with which to drive it from its favorite entrenchment of politics.—Andrew Johnson.



The rum business is an Ishmealite, its hand is against every man. The fact that every man's hand is not against it is one of the marvels of our time. By-and-by this will change and the liquor business will go to the doom it has long deserved.—President Charles A. Blanchard, Wheaton College.



Drink is the mortal enemy of peace and order, the despoiler of men and terror of women, the cloud that shadows the faces of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshrived to judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plagues of Egypt.



Should these wages of iniquity be put into the treasury? They are the price of blood, and in their aggregate would be inadequate to buy fields enough to bury the multitudes who are victims of the dreadful traffic for whose profits they sell the people's sanction.—State Board of Charities of Pennsylvania.



High license for the privilege of whiskey-selling means that the whiskey-devil will strike higher game. It tends also to make an aristocracy of evil. The man who can afford to pay a thousand dollars for the privilege of helping the devil in his murderous work, ought to have a seat in his front parlor.



Why is it? If there is more liquor sold in a town which has voted no-license under local option than in a town under license, as liquor men claim, why is it that liquor men have organized to defeat local option,

and why are they appealing to brewers and wholesalers to assist them with money in their fight?



When some one tried to rebuke Mark Guy Pearse for preaching temperance sermons by reminding him that his duty as pastor consisted in taking care of his flock, he replied: "The sheep are all right just now; I am looking after the wolf." One way of caring for the sheep is to put an end to the wolf.



It seems very strange that the liquor traffic is spending its millions in trying to fight the prohibition movement and at the same time claim that prohibition increases the sale of liquor and the amount consumed. The American voter is a hard-headed individual with a sense of humor and is not to be hoodwinked with such nonsense.



The saloon is the school of political debauchery, and it is against this debasing influence that all true temperance men should direct their efforts. The rum-seller in his dive forges the tools by which he burglariously enters the happy home of the laboring man and steals the bread from the mouths of the family.—H. H. Faxon.



It is high time for some kind of an organization to teach people that the free coinage of boys into drunkards, of men into maniacs, of homes into hovels, is a bigger question than the coinage of silver. The protection to the homes of the nation is a bigger question than the amount of tariff that should be assessed on a barrel of axle-grease.



One drink is what gives the policeman his job, pays the salary of the police judge, puts silk on the saloonkeepers's wife, fills the drunkard's wife's closet with skeletons and rags, and is the primary ingredient in a mixture that paints a cartoon of misery and woe on the drunkard's face that is not duplicated anywhere else this side of hell.



When the citizen brings to the altar of his country and his God an offering against the saloon, no portion of the goods must be kept back. If he presents the wares of sentiment, thought and abstinence and does

not deliver the political portion of the goods at the ballot box, he is in danger of becoming a member of the Ananias club.—Andrew Johnson.



The Bar-Room as a Bank.—You deposit your money—and lose it. Your time—and lose it. Your character—and lose it. Your health—and lose it. Your strength—and lose it. Your manly independence—and lose it. Your home comfort—and lose it. Your wife's happiness—and lose it. Your children's happiness—and lose it. Your own soul—and lose it.



Saloon men often boast that they "start things." They do, bungs, also brawls, lawsuits, trouble, expense, debt, corruption, misery, ruin, shame, and hell. They are strong on the start. They also "finish things," happiness, home, reputation, self-respect, reason, love, position, hope. Any man who "takes a little" to clear his vision ought to "see his own finish."—Wisconsin Issue.



In Sweden the saloons are closed on pay day, and the banks are kept open from early morning until midnight. The government is protecting the laboring men against the greedy, ruinous saloon traffic, and encouraging them to put their money in the bank. It would be a commendatory act if our government would take an equal interest in her subjects.—Arkansas Searchlight.



The distiller is armed with a ballot; the brewer is armed with a ballot; the saloon-keeper is armed with a ballot; the bartender is armed with a ballot; the drunkard—the male drunkard—is armed with a ballot. The home-maker, the child rearer, is powerless against such a foe, without the ballot which determines political conditions in this country; and it is the crime of our day!



Every luxury enjoyed by the rum-seller and his family comes out of those who patronize his bar; hence, while he takes his comfort napping in his easy chair or riding in his top-buggy drawn by a docked horse with a gold-mounted harness, his customers make music with their wood-saws or trudge along on foot with bare toes sticking out of their worn-out boots or shoes.—H. H. Faxon.

The late Dr. Guthrie of Scotland on one occasion expressed his opinion of whisky in these words: "Whisky is good in its place. There is nothing in this world like whisky for preserving a man when he is dead, but it is one of the worst things in the world for preserving a man when he is living. If you want to keep a dead man, put him in whisky, if you want to kill a living man, put whisky in him."



The minotaur of Crete had to have a trireme full of fair maidens each year; but the minotaur of America demands a city full of boys each year. Are you a father? Have you given your share to keep up the supply of this great public institution that is helping to pay your taxes and kindly electing public officials for you? Have you contributed a boy? If not, some other family had to give more than its share.



Did you know how much may be gotten out of one bushel of corn? The Free Press tells as follows: "The distiller gets four gallons of whiskey, which retails for \$16.80. The United States Government gets \$4.46. The farmer gets fifteen cents. The railroad company gets one dollar. The manufacturer gets \$4. The consumer gets drunk. The wife gets hungry. The children get rags. The devil rejoices." Is that what God made the corn for?



The camp of Israel where "much people died" from fiery serpents, is but too faithfully repeated in every city and village in America and England. There are few families in either land which have not some victims of the liquor traffic more or less nearly related to them, and it would be little exaggeration to say of this curse of our countries, "There was not a house where there was not one dead." Surely common sense says, "Do not 'play on the cockatrice' den.'"



An Iowa paper says that one of the justices of the peace for Des Moines was recently approached by a young man who showed unmistakable evidence of dissipation, with the following pathetic request: "Please, Mr. Court, send me to jail for ten days. I want to sober up and can't when the saloons constantly tempt me to drink." A warrant was issued and served at once; he pleaded guilty, and was sent to jail as the only refuge from the mulct law saloon.

The wisest and strongest man that ever lived is as powerless to prevent alcohol from disintegrating the tissues of his brain as the weakest and most stupid. The dry hay in the barn may as well try to dictate to the fire that gets into it, as you try to control the ravages of alcohol in the gray matter in your head. What you see, and what you hear, and what you do, when you put this mysterious drug into your mouth, is a question of chemistry, and not of will.



"The church preaches, without ceasing and without reserve, that the saloon ought to die the death of a pirate, and a murderer taken red-handed. But the law gives it license, the leaders do its bidding, candidates court it, statesmanship ignores it, the voting church sanctions it, and the man who insists upon its death is deemed a terror to his church and a traitor to his party, or else a motley fool. The case is made out: The saloon is a 'wonderful thing.'"—John G. Woolley.



Mr. Nelson, the most distinguished of English actuaries, after long and careful investigations and comparisons, ascertained by actual experience the following astounding facts: Between the ages of fifteen and twenty, where ten total abstainers die, eighteen moderate drinkers die. Between the ages of twenty and thirty, where ten total abstainers die, thirty-one moderate drinkers die. Between the ages of thirty and forty, where ten total abstainers die, forty moderate drinkers die.



The saloon must have boys or it must shut up shop. Can't you furnish it one? It is a great factory, and unless it can get about 2,000,000 from each generation for raw material, some of these factories must close out, and its operatives must be thrown on a cold world, and public revenue will dwindle. "Wanted—2,000,000 boys," is the notice. One family out of every five must contribute a boy to keep up the supply. Will you help? Which of your boys will it be?



All our vices deal with us as cats do with mice,—they let us go a little way, and then fix their claws and drag their prey back again. Drink is one of the greatest oppressors and cruelest Pharaohs of them all, and comes back after the fugitives, and too often hauls them back. The drunkard has a constantly diminishing pleasure in his vice, and a

constantly increasing craving for it, and drinks at last not because he wishes to drink, but because he cannot do without it or bear to be sober.



If the saloon insists on "personal liberty" we say, Let the saloon go to the places where personal liberty is known, e. g. Central Africa. There personal liberty is the law of the land. To plead it here is folly. Civilized men have given up their personal liberty. Personal liberty is all well enough until it injures others, then it ought to cease. But when a trade is so driven to the wall as to resort to such arguments all reasonable men can see through it and soon the public will say: "The saloon must go."



I here now and forever say that no prohibitionist ever by word, deed, letter or act consents or agrees to the sale or manufacture of rum in any form except for medical or scientific purposes. No prohibitionist ever consents to the license of a saloon, neither high license nor low license, because we all know that the Englishman's spelling of saloon is correct. He told a boy to spell it with a hess, a hay, a hell, two hoes and a hen. So all saloons have a hell in them, even in the spelling.—C. T. Hogan in Houston Chronicle.



We are in need of a new Tom Jefferson who shall write another Declaration of Independence declaring the United States is and of right ought to be free forever from all sinful complicity with the iniquitous liquor traffic. If King George III. oppressed the colonies with the iron heel of tyranny, King Alcohol is more severely oppressing the nation today. As the political bands that united us with the former were cut by the keen edge of the revolutionary sword, the cords that bind us to the latter should be broken by ballots.—Andrew Johnson.



"The friends of the saloonkeepers denounce their opponents for not treating the saloon business like any other. The best answer to this is that the business is not like any other business, and that the actions of the saloonkeepers themselves conclusively prove this to be the case. It tends to produce criminality in the population at large, and law-breaking among the saloonkeepers themselves. When the liquor

men are allowed to do as they wish, they are sure to debauch, not only the body social, but the body politic also."—Theodore Roosevelt.



As we look in the madhouse, says one, monster Drink cries: "One-third of these are mine!" As we survey the inmates of our prisons, he cries, "Two-thirds of these are mine!" As we look at the paupers sustained by public charity, he cries, "These are all mine!" And when we gaze in horror at the one hundred thousand corpses with which his dungeon is annually gorged, he shouts exultingly: "Mine! mine! all these are mine!" When we tremblingly ask: "What have you done with their souls?" he sneeringly answers, "You'll know at the Judgment."



The men who would successfully solve the labor problem, must not leave out of the question how to exterminate the saloons of the land. If all the trouble connected with the struggle between capital and labor could be properly arranged to-night, it would get wrong to-morrow, if the present saloon system is allowed to still go on. The horrors of the drink traffic have never been fully portrayed. No pencil is black enough to paint the picture, and do it full justice. No tongue is eloquent enough to tell the sad story of all its dreadful details. The use of alcoholic beverages is of all scourges the most wide and withering.



A Quaker was once advising a drunkard to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. "Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave of the appetite. "Yes!" answered the Quaker, "it is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend." "Convince me of that, and I will promise you to do as you tell me," replied the drunkard. "Well, my friend, when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that contains it before reaching thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again." We are told that the toper was so well pleased with this plain advice that he followed it and became a sober man.



That was a thrilling moment, when at a political meeting in Iowa, after a man had been vaunting the glories to be gained in the state by supporting the party that calls for "a saloon on every hill-top," the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" stole into the arena of strife, and swelled out grandly in the chorus, "There's No Place Like Home."

Strong men buried their faces in their hands, weeping like children, and the arguments of Lucifer himself would have been powerless to counteract the sentiment called up from its hiding places in brave men's hearts. "The home against the saloon" is a very unequal contest, if only the home gets fairly into the field.

THE DRUNKARD'S PRAYER.

(The Lord's Prayer Transposed.)

Our master which art in hell, cursed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in hell.

Rob us this day of our daily bread.

And help us to make debts, and to jump all our debtors.

And lead us into evil temptations.

Deliver us from righteousness:

For thine is the kingdom of darkness both now and forever. Amen.

—N. B. Herrell.

FACE WAS FAMILIAR.

Judge—Have you been arrested before?

Prisoner—No, sir.

Judge—Have you been in this court before?

Prisoner—No, sir.

Judge—Are you certain?

Prisoner—I am, sir.

Judge—Your face looks decidedly familiar. Where have I seen it before?

Prisoner—I am the bartender in the saloon across the way, sir.—Selected.

STRANGE, ISN'T IT?

It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that alcohol, regularly applied to the thrifty farmer's stomach, will remove the boards from the fence, let the cattle into his crops, kill his fruit trees, mortgage his farm and sow his field with wild oats and thistles. It will take the paint off his buildings, break the glass out of the windows and fill them with rags. It will take the gloss from his clothes and the polish from his manner, subdue his reason, arouse his passions, bring sorrow and disgrace upon his family and topple him into a drunkard's grave.—Selected.

THE DEVIL'S INVITATION TO THE DRUNKARD.

Come unto me all ye who are clean and respectful and that have plenty of money and a nice home, and I will give you in exchange for it a blasted life, a red nose, bleared eyes, a wrecked body, a cursed soul. I will break the heart of your wife and send your children to the poor-house, or orphanage, or on the street to follow your steps. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for my yoke is galling, heavy, and hard to bear. You can pretend to drown all your trouble in my flowing river of liquors, but when you come to yourself, all of them will be on top as dead weights to drag you deeper.

To those who have left the devil's ranks, he would say: Return unto me and I will return and enter your heart and I will make you harder in sin than you ever were in all your life.—A Voice from Canaan.

KING ALCOHOL.

(23rd Psalm Contrasted.)

King Alcohol is my shepherd, I shall always want.

He maketh me to lie down in the gutters; he leadeth me beside troubled waters.

He destroyeth my soul; he leadeth me into the paths of wickedness for his effect's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of poverty and have the delirium tremens, I will cling to evil; for thou art with me; thy bite and thy sting they torment me.

Thou preparest an empty table before me in the presence of my family. Thou anointest my head with hellishness, my cup of wrath runneth over.

Surely destruction and misery shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the devil forever, except I repent.—N. B. Herrell.

HENRY GRADY ON RUM.

To-night it enters a humble home to strike the roses from a woman's cheek, and to-morrow it challenges this republic in the halls of Congress.

To-day it strikes a crust from the lips of a starving child, and to-morrow levies tribute from the government itself.

There is no cottage humble enough to escape it, no palace strong enough to shut it out.

It defies the law when it cannot coerce suffrage.

It is flexible to cajole, but merciless in victory.

It is the mortal enemy of peace and order, the despoiler of men and terror of women, the cloud that shadows the face of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshrived to judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plagues to Egypt, and all the wars since Joshua stood beyond Jericho.

It comes to ruin, and it shall profit mainly by the ruin of your sons and mine.

It comes to mislead human souls and to crush human hearts under its rumbling wheels.

It comes to bring gray-haired mothers down in shame and sorrow to their graves.

It comes to change the wife's love into despair and her pride into shame.

It comes to still the laughter on the lips of little children.

It comes to stifle all the music of the home and fill it with silence and desolation.

It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home, and it knows it must measure its prosperity by the swiftness and certainty with which it wrecks this world.—Selected by Way of Faith.

PART IV
POEMS

THE SALOON KEEPER'S CASH DRAWER BELL

S. D. McMANUS



THIRTY, O master, the cash drawer bell
Tinkles the tidings that all is well;
That your coffer is filling with good realin's cash,
That your silver greets gold with a gleesome clash.
Sweeter to you than a heraph's song,
Is the music that peals from your cash drawer gong.
But, O while yearing for the gold of price,
Gathered by sin and in avarice,—
Ring for the things no gold can buy,
The wealth beyond traffic and usury.
Ring for the lives of good men lost,
Burnt as a wisp in a holocaust:
Ring for the life that was due the world,
Blasted and down to destruction hurled.
Ring for a father once strong and brave,
Whose son lies wrapped in a drunkard's grave.
Ring for the mother with prayers and tears,
Her hair grown gray with the grief of years.
Ring for the wife with her sullied name,
A broken heart and a living shame,
Ring for the children with tainted blood
Coursing their veins like a poisoned flood.
Ring for the home with its hallowed bliss,
Turned to remorse and to bitterness.
Ring for the hope that for years has lain
Dead, like a friend on the battle plain.
Ring for the hope with its warm, dead face,
Its arms yet clasped in a last embrace.
Ring for the joy that might have been,
Turned to a pain and a haunting sin.
Ring for the peace Christ meant should be,
A foretaste sweet, of eternity.
Ring for the holiness life has missed,
Sacred and sweet as the eucharist.
Ring, O bell, for the drunkard's death,
And the curses that died on his latest breath.
Ring, O bell, for the drunkard dead,
Whose life was wasted and blasphemed.
Solemn, my master, the cash drawer bell,
Tolls on the air a funeral knell.
Some one has murdered a man to-day!
What will the Judge on the Great Throne say?
Carved on the stone on Sinai's hill
Is the law of the Prophet, *Thou Shalt Not Kill!*
Who shall plead guilty of this foul crime,
Before God's bar in the Judgment time?



WILSONS
WHISKEY

“—WHISKEY—”

THAT’S ALL.”
AN ANSWER TO THIS POPULAR AD.

BY OLIVER ALLSTORM

*All? Why, no, there’s a
great deal more:
There’s an arm that’s
weak and a head
that’s sore;*



*There’s a home that’s
filled with grief
and woe,
And a wife that’s felled
with a savage blow.*



*All? Why, no, there's a
job that's lost,
There's an empty purse that
can meet no cost;*



*There's a watch to pawn and
a chair to sell;
There's money to borrow and
a thirst to quell;*



*There's an empty glass
and a fight or two,
And a fine to pay
for an eye that's blue.*



*All? Why, no, there's
a demon's curse;
There a child to kick
and a wound to nurse;*



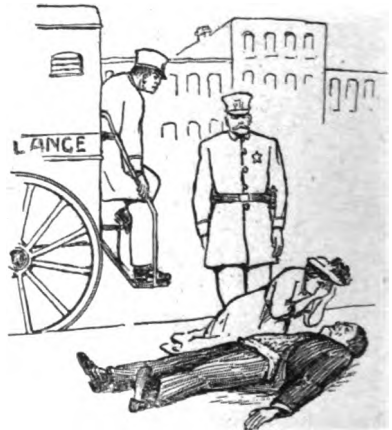
*There's a home to break
and a wife to scrub--
And the song of her life
is rub, rub, rub;*



*There's a free lunch served
in a sample room,
And some chores to do
with a rag or broom;*



*There's the price to beg
for a burning drink,*



*And a place to sleep
where drunkards sink.*



*All? Why, no, there is
half untold:
There's a heart grown sick
and limbs grown cold;*



*There's a manhood gone
and a substitute
That is half a fiend
and half a brute;*



*There's a place to rob and a man to kill;
There's a prison cell for a man to fill:*



*There's a speedy trial, and a verdict read,
And a wife that weeps as the doom is said;*



*There's a curse and a prayer
as the gallows fall;*



*And as for your whiskey,
why, "that's all."*

RUM'S MANIAC.

Confined mid crazy people? Why?
Why am I thus, the maniac cried,
I am not mad; knave, stand aside,
I'll have my freedom or I'll die.
It's not for cure that here I've come,
I tell you all I want is rum,
I must have rum.

Sane? Yes, and have been all the while,
Then why tormented thus? 'Tis sad,
Why chained and held in durance vile?
Then men who brought me here were mad.

I will not stay where specters come.
Let me go home, I must have rum.
I must have rum.

'Tis He! 'Tis He! My aged sire,
What has disturbed thee in thy grave?
Why bend on me that eye of fire?
Why torment since thou canst not save?

Back to the churchyard whence you've come,
Return! Return! But send me rum,
Oh, send me rum.

Why is my mother musing there,
On that same consecrated spot
Where once she taught me words of prayer?

But now she heeds, she hears me not
Mute in her winding sheet she stands;
Cold! Cold! I feel her icy hands,
Her icy hands.

It won't wash out—that crimson stain—
I've scoured those spots and made
them white.

Blood reappears again; again;
Soon as the morning brings the light.
When from my sleepless couch I come,
To see! To feel! Oh give me rum.
I must have rum.

'Twas there I heard his piteous wail
And saw his last imploring look,
But steeled my heart and bade him die,
And from him golden treasure took.
Accursed treasure, stinted sum.
Reward of guilt: Give, give me rum,
Oh! give me rum.

Hark! still I hear that piteous wail.
Before my eyes his specter stands,
And when it frowns on me I quail.
Oh! I would fly to other lands,
But that pursuing there 'twould come.
There's no escape. Oh! give me rum,
Oh! give me rum.

Guard! Guard! those windows, bar that door,
Yonder I armed bandits see,
They've robbed my house of all its store
And now return to murder me.
They're breaking in. Don't let them come.
Drive, drive them hence, but give me rum,
Oh! give me rum.

See how that rug those reptiles soil.
They're crawling o'er me in my bed.

I feel their clammy, snakey coil
On every limb, around my head.
With forked tongue I see them play—
I hear them hiss-s-: Tear them away,
Tear them away.

A fiend! A fiend! with many a dart,
Glares on me with his bloodshot eye.
And aims his missiles at my heart.
Oh! whither, whither shall I fly?
Fly? No! It is no time for flight.
Fiend, I know thy purpose well.
Avaunt! avaunt! thou hated sprite,
And hie thee to thy native hell.

He's gone, he's gone, and I am free.
He's gone, the faithless braggart liar.
He said he'd come to summon me.
See there again, my bed's on fire.
Fire! Water! Help! Oh haste! I die!
The flames are kindling round my
head,
The smoke! I'm strangling! cannot fly.
O! snatch me from this burning bed!

There, there again; that demon's there,
Crouching to make a fresh attack.
See how his flaming eyeballs glare.
Thou fiend of fiends, what's brought
thee back?
Back in thy car; for whom, for where?
He smiles, he beckons me to come.
What are those words thou'st written
there?

"In hell they never want for rum."

Not want for rum? read that again.
I feel the spell. Haste, drive me down.
Where rum is free, where revelers reign
And I can wear the drunkard's crown.

Accept thy proffer, fiend? I will,
And to thy drunken banquet come.
Fill the great cauldron from thy still
With boiling, burning, fiery rum.
There will I quench this horrid thirst.
With boon companions drink and
dwell.

Nor plead for rum as here I must.
There's liberty to drink in hell.

Thus raved that maniac rum had made.
Then starting from his lowly bed.
On! on! Ye demons, on! he said.
Then silent sunk. His soul had fled.
Scoffer, beware, he in that shroud,
Was once a temperate drinker proud.
—Selected.

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt.
And the cold, proud world's scorn;
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief—the scalding tear.

Go weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept,

Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, beseech and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside—
Thy prayers burlesqued; thy tears
defied.

Go stand as I have stood,
And see the strong man bow,
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in
blood,

And cold and livid brow;
Go catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go hear what I have heard—
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer; 4
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear;
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed
brow,

The gray that streaks her dark hair
now;

Her tollworn frame, her trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth;
But who, foresworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there, 'mid want and
strife,

That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife!
And stamped on childhood's brow so
mild,

That withering blight—a drunkard's
child!

Go hear, and see, and feel, and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look upon the wine-cup glow;
See if its brightness can atone;
Think if its flavor you will try,
If all proclaimed, "'Tis drink and die!"

Tell me I hate the bowl;
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred,
When e'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark beverage of hell.
—Selected.

"T."

If you want a red nose and dim bleary
eyes;
If you wish to be one whom all men
despise;

If you wish to be ragged and weary and
sad;
If you wish, in a word, to go to the
bad;
Then drink!

If you wish that your life a failure may
be;
If you wish to be penniless—out at the
knee;
If you wish to be homeless, broken, for-
lorn;
If you wish to see pointed the finger of
scorn;
Then drink!

If you wish that your manhood be shorn
of its strength;
That your days may be shortened to
one-half their length;
If you like the gay music of curse or of
wail;
If you long for the shelter of poorhouse
or jail;
Then drink!

If your tastes don't agree with the "if"
as above;
If you'd rather have life full of bright-
ness and love;
If you care not to venture nor find out
too soon
That the gateway of hell lies through
the saloon!
Then don't drink!
—Selected.

BLOOD-MONEY.

At ease, in his glory, the rumseller ate,
Nor cared for the cost of his viands and
plate.
His wife shone in silks, and her jewels
were bright,
He thought not, nor cared for, the ter-
rible blight
To his customer's home, where poverty
fed
On crusts in the gloom and no warm,
downy bed
Was left for the weary ones resting on
straw;
His heart was too cold for sweet Pity to
thaw.
The angel looked sadly about him and
said:
"This wealth is all blood-money, bloody
and red."

A delicate cup of old Java's delight
Stood 'mid the china so pearly and
bright;
He sips at his coffee, delicious with
cream,
And Cuba's best sugar; how fragrant
the steam!
The steak rare and tender gives flavor
as sweet
As Solomon tasted in glory complete.
But still spoke the angel its warning
and said:

"'Tis all bought with blood-money,
bloody and red!"

The pie was mince, rich with sweets
from the isles,
The spices Malacca had nourished with
smiles.
The hot rolls were tender, the butter
like gold;
But still spoke the angel in whispers
bold:

"The table is cursed, ah, most bitterly
cursed!

'Tis bought with the serpent that mur-
ders with thirst."
Stern was his look as with anguish he
said:

"'Tis all bought with blood-money,
bloody and red!"

The rumseller heard not, but leaned in
his chair,
And thought of his customers jolly and
fair;
Whose nerves were still firm, who could
pour down the wine,
And praise his strong brandy; their
wealth was a mine;
And from it he hoped his great coffers
to fill.
His labor was easy! the worm of the
still
Worked ceaseless for him, while God's
messenger said:
"'Tis blood-money, blood-money, fear-
fully red!"

He said in his heart, like the rich men
of old,
"Take ease, and be merry for silver and
gold."
He thought when his coffers with treas-
ures were deep,
His joy would be greater, and sweeter
his sleep.
And little he dreamed of the horror to
come,
When he should be called from his
riches and rum!
But yet the strong angel cried louder,
and said:
"The wealth is but blood-money, bloody
and red!"

Go through the city and mark where ap-
pears
The blood-money reeking and briny with
tears.
O, what a sacrifice! for it were given
Both body and soul, and the sweet hope
of Heaven,
There's a cry! there's a cry from the
dark pit of woe!
O, my soul, there's a hell where the
drunkard must go.
And if he be sent there 'mid terrors
untold,
Then what is his doom who destroyed
him for gold?

—Selected.

THE SHADOW.

Drink, drink, drink,
It is only a sip at first,
And drink, drink, drink,
With never a dream of the worst;
But a ghastly shadow stands
With a mocking laugh and a taunt,
And whispers low of a life of woe,
And misery, grief and want.

Drink, drink, drink,
In a parlor rich and grand.
And drink, drink, drink,
The toast from the jeweled hand;
But drunkard you never have seen
And drunkard you never will see
Who read his doom in the gilded room
Or the smile of a bride to be.

Drink, drink, drink,
While the youthful fires burn bright,
And drink, drink, drink,
Secure in your boasted might.
In the garden of early years
Life's habits grow deep and fast.
And the drinking song of the merry
throng
May end in a dirge at last.

Drink, drink, drink,
The fires burn lower now,
But drink, drink, drink,
It must come, no matter how!
No longer the gilded room,
No longer the bride to be,
But a mother wild with a starving child
In a garret of poverty.

Drink, drink, drink,
The Shadow has claimed its prize,
And drink, drink, drink,
Stands forth in its proper guise.
Yes! Prophet of Death, stand forth!
Thou Vulture of Night, be known!
If but to be raised in righteous wrath,
High on a blood-stained throne!

There with Chaos and Ruin
Exult o'er the anguish you spread;
Endless distress for the living,
Eternal despair for the dead!
Encompass the fatal beginning
With every alluring delight,
And smile when the bark drifts out in
the dark,
To sink in the ocean of night.

—Harvey M. Rarr.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

Weary and sad I am sitting alone
With a dying babe and a cold hearth-
stone;
And list to the sound of the drifting
snow;
Oh, how unlike to long ago!

Those golden dreams have passed away,
That filled my heart on its marriage day.
And the trembling tear drops silent flow
Are the tribute pearls of long ago.

Oh! the hidden power of the sparkling
wine
Can banish love from its holiest shrine,
And place in its stead a wreath of woe
In the faded hopes of long ago.

The crowning joy of a woman's life
Is breathed in the blissful name of wife,
And the deepest pangs her heart can know
Is the blighted love of long ago.

—Selected.

UNDER THE LICENSE LAW.**SCENE I.**

Plays a boy whose very loveliness
Brim full of mirth and glee,
Before me like a vision bright,
Gladdens the heart to see.

His face is fair, his eyes are blue,
His cheeks are rosy red;
Long shining curls of golden hue,
Are clustering round his head.

A father's pride, a mother's joy,
From the moment of his birth,
A gentle, loving, noble boy—
Too innocent for earth.

SCENE II.

The scene is changed; a mother sad,
Her lonely vigil keeps.
Watches and waits with aching heart,
While all the household sleeps.

Where is my darling boy to-night?
What keeps him out so late?
Weeping, she looks and listens,
When! Hark! Yes, that's the gate.

And voices, too, her mother heart
Is sinking now with fear,
Rising, she opens wide the door.
Oh! bring him quickly here.

Struck by a comrade whom he loved,
Killed in a drunken row,
And the mother's reason leaves its throne
As the color leaves her brow.

SCENE III.

In prison cell, a handsome youth
With grief is stricken low,
For he, while maddened by the drink,
Had struck the cruel blow.

Killed him! say you? my dearest friend,
And drove his mother wild;
And my poor mother; what of her?
I am her only child.

Licensed to sell! Licensed to sell!
We read and thought we'd go
In there and have a jolly time;
No fear of law, you know.

Licensed to sell! Licensed to sell!
To blight, to blast, to kill,
To craze the brain and cause a crime,
The prison cells to fill.

He sells, and all the better lives;
I drink, and must I die!
Is this, my father, what you did.
Voting for License High?

Take care, ye men who make the laws,
Your boys may be like me,
You license men to sell the curse,
Who shall its victims be?

—E. E. Race.

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

Citizens, neighbors, you and I,
What are we going to do if this town
goes dry?
We may get along without our drink,
But who will it hurt most, do you think?

What are we going to do if the town
goes dark,
With not enough money for the electric
spark,
Not enough money for water plugs,
Our town at the mercy of fire and thugs?

Who's going to pay for the needed
police?
Who's going to furnish the needed
grease
To oil the wheels of the city machine,
To keep the town healthy, the streets to
clean?

What will we do? Will we issue bonds
To pay our officers and drain our ponds?
What will we do in case of fire,
With our firemen all fired and none to
hire?

When insurance goes up and property
goes down,
With never a job for a man in town,
And the market is off for the farmer's
rye
And his corn and barley, when the town
goes dry.

I tell you, my friends, it's a serious
thing
That some of these fanatics to this town
would bring.
The only thing left when they stop the
cup
Is to cut our suspenders and go straight
up.

—Author unknown.

What will we do if the town goes dry?
We will save our money, provisions to
buy;
Though butter and eggs be ever so high,
We'll have plenty for all if the town
goes dry.

Who will it hurt the most, do you think?
The man who's determined to have his
strong drink,
If the laws are enforced and carried out
right,

It will hurt the man most who goes in
for a fight.

We'll have plenty of money for boots
and shoes,
For light or dark clothing, whichever
you choose,
Don't worry about money to pay for the
light,
If the town will go dry and learn to do
right.

Don't be afraid of the town going dark,
Or lacking the funds to pay for the
spark,
Cut out the bottle, the glass and the
jug,
You'll have plenty of money to pay for
the plugs,
And our town can rest, not fearing the
thugs.

The town will not need so many police,
Hence you'll not need so much of the
grease.
The walks will keep clean by night and
by day,
And all the vile odors be taken away.

What will we do? Yes, we'll issue bonds,
And build a fine schoolhouse with foun-
tains and ponds.
What will we do if fire should come?
We'll fight it with firemen not fired up
with rum.

When insurance goes up and property
down,
You may bet your old boots you are in
a wet town,
For the risk is greater and the cost runs
higher
In a town with its people filled with hell
fire.

If the market goes off, on corn, barley,
and rye,
As the old whiskey wets raise a hue and
a cry,
I'll tell you, good farmer, how to do
well,
By raising more hogs and not so much
hell.

I'll tell you, my friends, it's a serious
thing
To clean up a town of pollution and sin.
If the town should go dry, may God
speed the day,
Don't cut your suspenders, for you won't
go that way.

And now, my friends, if I have answered
you right,
And shown you a way for your water
and light,
With prosperity in sight and victory
nigh,
Just trust in the Lord and vote your
town dry.

—G. C. Brown.

A VOICE FROM THE POORHOUSE.

"My dear friends," said the doctor, "I favor

License for selling rum,
These fanatics tell us with horror
Of the mischief liquor has done;
I say as a man and physician,
The system's requirements are such
That unless we, at times, assist nature,
The body and mind suffer much.
'Tis a blessing when worn out and weary—

A moderate drink now and then."
From the minister by the pulpit
Came an audible murmur, "Amen!"

"'Tis true that many have fallen,
Become filthy drunkards, and worse,
Harmed others. No, I don't uphold them;
They made their blessing a curse,
Must I be denied for their sinning?
Must the weak ones govern the race?
Why, every good thing God has given,
Is only a curse out of place.
'Tis only excess that destroys us;
A little is good now and then."
From the white-haired, pious old deacon
Came a fervent, loud-spoken "Amen!"

Then, up from a seat in the corner,
From the midst of the murmuring throng,

From among the people there gathered
To crush out and trample out wrong,
'Rose a woman, her thin hands uplifted,
While out from her frost-covered hair
Gazed a face of such agonized whiteness.

A face of such utter despair,
The vast throng grew hushed in a moment,

Grew silent with terror and dread;
They gazed on the face of the woman
As we gaze on the face of the dead.

Then the hush and the silence was broken,

A voice so shrill and so clear
Rang out through the room: "Look upon me,

You wonder what chance brought me here;
You know me and now you shall hear me,

I speak to you, lovers of wine,
For once I was young, rich and happy.
Home, husband and children were mine.

"Where are they? I ask you where are they?

False teacher of God's holy word!
My husband—my kind, loving husband—
Whom my prayers and tears might have stirred,
Remembered your teachings, turned from me—

Me kneeling and pleading with him.
'Twas a God-given blessing, you told him,
And only excess was a sin.

And where are my boys? God forgive you!

They heeded your counsels—not mine;
You, doctor, beloved and respected,
You could see no danger in wine
For my boys so strong and so manly,
How could I hope ever to win
When their doctor said 'twas a blessing,
And only excess was a sin?

"My husband, so noble and loving,
My boys, so proud and so brave,
They lie side by side in the churchyard,
Each filling a drunkard's grave.
I have come from the poorhouse to tell you

My story, and now it is done.
Go on, if you will, in your madness,
And license the selling of rum.

"Before the great judgment eternal,
When the last dread moment has come,
They'll stand there to witness against you,

My dear ones, the victims of rum.
When the shadows of earth are lifted,
And life's secret thoughts are laid bare,

By the throne of the Great Eternal,
I shall witness against you there."

—Selected.

THE SIGN BOARD.

I will paint you a sign, rumseller,
And hang it above your door,
A truer and better sign board,
Than you have had before;
I will paint with the skill of a master,
And many shall pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting,
So like the reality.

I will paint yourself, rumseller,
As you wait for that fair young boy,
Just in the morn of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy;
He has no thought of stopping,
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly,
That he pauses to chat a while.

I will paint you again, rumseller,
I will paint you as you stand,
With a foaming glass of liquor
Held out in either hand;
He wavers, but you urge him,
"Drink! pledge me just this one!"
And he lifts the glass and drains it,
And the fatal work is done.

And I next will paint a drunkard,
Only a year has flown,
But into this loathsome creature
The fair young boy has grown;
The work was quick and rapid;
I will paint him as he lies
In a torpid, drunken slumber,
Under the wintry skies.

I will paint the form of a mother,
As she kneels at her darling's side—
Her beautiful boy who was dearer
Than all the world beside;

I will paint the shape of a coffin
Labelled with one word—"lost!"
I will paint all this, rumrunner,
I will paint it free of cost.

The sin and the shame and sorrow,
The crime and want and woe,
That are born there in your rumshop,
No hand can paint you know;

But I'll paint you a sign, rumrunner,
And many may pause to view
This wonderful, swinging sign board,
So terribly, fearfully true.

—Church Union.

THE PART THEY DO NOT TELL.

When the Fourth of July comes round
each year

An army of orators take the stand
And tell with a show of words sublime,
The glories that crown our native land.

They speak in a tone to bring forth tears
Of the good red blood the patriots
spilled;

And with quavering voice they tell of
the host
Who in later wars were maimed and
killed.

They dwell on the Constitutional clause
That says nobody should be denied
The right to happiness, liberty, life;
They point with a pardonable pride
To the Stars and Stripes whose bright
folds wave

O'er the land where justice seems to
reign,
The land of the free, the home of the
brave.

They praise with enthusiastic vim
A fleet that unchallenged floats the sea,
And bring forth the cheers of the mul-
titude

Recounting a nation's prosperity.

But they never whisper, nor peep, nor
hint

Of a nation's partnership with hell—
Of a deal with a traffic born to blight—
No, this is a part they do not tell.

They do not tell of a nation's sons—
A felon each man in a prison cell,
The sure effect of the cause it grants—
This belongs to the part they do not tell.

They do not mention the want and pain
That marks the homes where the drunk-
ards dwell;

They never describe the broken hearts
Nor the walls that sound like a funeral
knell.

They do not picture the potter's field,
Describing how most of the victims fell;
They say no word of the drunkard's
doom,

No—this is the part they do not tell.

Give us some orators—men, not tools,
Who will cry aloud and never spare,
Until a nation's league with sin
Shall of its gloss, lie stripped and bare.

The ship of state with its sails set free
Rides high prosperity's fickle wave;
But under this smooth inviting sea
The rocks of destruction surely hide—
Rocks of a legalized deal with hell,
A deal that the orators never tell.

—Bernie Babcock.

THE JOLLY DISTILLER.

Oh, I am a jolly distiller;
I'm rich and contented with life;
My nose may be red, but I am well-fed,
And so are my children and wife.

Yes, I am a jolly distiller,
At morning, at night and at noon;
And I never hurry or get in a worry
Lest folks should destroy the saloon.

Oh, I am a jolly distiller,
For business is booming, you see;
My gains are immense, (at others' ex-
pense),
And that is convenient for me.

For I am a jolly distiller,
An' temperance people are fools;
But I ain't afraid o' the rumpus they've
made,
For Liquor is king—an' he rules.

Oh, I am a jolly distiller,
Who knows his position is strong;
For all the church ranks, 'captin' tem-
perance cranks,
Are votin' for us right along.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

CAN IT BE RIGHT?

Can it be right to take the fruit
That heaven in love bestows
And make the vile, deceitful stuff
That fills the world with woes?

Can it be right to take the grain
That God to man has given
And make of it the awful stuff
That keeps men out of heaven?

Can it be right for me to say
That the men can buy and sell
This awful stuff in such a way
That sends their souls to hell?

Can it be right for me to pray
"Thy kingdom come," and then
Go cast my vote in such a way
That helps the devil win?
Selected and revised by Elton R. Shaw.

A BOY WANTED.

I want a boy at my saloon,
A boy has died, and now there's room
For a new boy to start right in
To live a life of shame and sin.

I want a boy with a fine home,
A boy who has a good income.
I want a boy with many friends,
For without boys my business ends.

I want a boy, some mother's boy,
Who is her comfort and her joy,
Such boys to me are worth the most,
For they are leaders of a host.

I want a boy who is not afraid
To start right on the downward grade,
A boy who's always very brave,
For he must fill a drunkard's grave.
Selected and revised by Elton R. Shaw.

THE DRUNKARD'S FATE.

One drink won't hurt a man, they said,
But ah, alas! I know
My health has fled, my hopes are dead,
My friend is now my foe.

I once was clean and pure and good,
Until I tipped the bowl,
But now a wrecked and ruined frame,
A blighted, withered soul.

An outcast and a vagabond,
Unclean and all defiled,
Disgraced and ruined without hope
By appetite beguiled.

Beware, young man, 'tis the first drink
That starts you down the row,
That leads from purity and peace
To misery and woe.
Selected and revised by Elton R. Shaw.

"THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS."

"The beer that made Milwaukee famous"
fame,
For which her noble sons would blush
with shame,
If beer her legends told. Tear down the
lie,
And rise, Milwaukee, rise and make re-
ply.
Show your metropolis in light more fair,
Show where your handiwork few can
compare.
Blot out the lying words, tear down the
sign,
Lift up an emblem, your graces refine.
Show that all beer is beer, label or cork,
Ribbon or brand, beer is beer in New
York;
Beer's beer in a keg, and beer's beer in a
can,
No matter if made away off in Japan.
So tear down the sign, Milwaukee, your
beer

Is as bad as the worst that causes a
sneer.
It's as bad as the worst that goes to the
head,
And makes a man wish that he really
were dead;
It's as bad as the beer that's taken the
coin,
Which should have bought bread, butter
and loin;
It's as bad as the beer that causes a
fight,
From a sot that is out on a drunk for
the night.
Then rise, city, rise, Milwaukee, your
fame
Should be found in the towers that cher-
ish your name,
In your parks, and the bay where the
whitefish abound,
And your harbor as safe as ever was
found;
And your men, who respond to charity's
call,
Are things that have made you most
famous of all.
So tear down the maudlin, the frivolous
lie,
That cheapens your worth and vexes the
eye,
And raise up a banner the sober may
cheer,
Milwaukee forever, but never for beer.

—Oliver Allstorm.

I HAVE DRUNK MY LAST GLASS.

No, comrades, I thank you, not any for
me;
My last chain is riven, henceforth I'm
free;
I will go to my home and my children
to-night
With no fumes of liquor their spirits to
blight;
And with tears in my eyes I will beg
my poor wife
To forgive the wreck I have made of her
life,
I never refused you before! Let that
pass,
For I've drunk my last glass, boys; I've
drunk my last glass.

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and
disgrace,
With my bleared, haggard eyes, and my
red, bloated face;
See my faltering step, and my weak, pal-
sied hand,
And mark on my brow that is worse
than Cain's brand;
See my crownless old hat, and my el-
bows and knees,
Alike warmed by the sun, or chilled by
the breeze.
Why, even the children will hoot as I
pass;
But I've drunk my last glass, boys; I've
drunk my last glass.

You would scarce believe, boys, to look
at me now,
That a mother's soft hand was pressed
on my brow
When she kissed me and blessed me, her
darling, her pride,
Ere she laid down to rest by my dear
father's side;
But, with love in her eyes, she looked up
to the sky,
Bidding me meet her there, and whis-
pered, "Good-by."
And I'll do it, God helping. Your smile
I let pass,
For I've drunk my last glass, boys; I've
drunk my last glass.

Ah! I reeled home last night; it was not
very late,
For I'd spent my last sixpence, and
landlords won't wait
On a fellow who's left every cent in
their till,
And has pawned his last bed their cof-
fers to fill.
Oh! the torments I felt, and the pangs
I endured!
And I begged for one glass, just one
would have cured.
But they kicked me out doors, I let that,
too, pass,
For I've drunk my last glass, boys; I
have drunk my last glass.

At home, my pet, Susie, with her rich,
golden hair,
I saw through the window, just kneel-
ing in prayer;
From her pale, bony hands her torn
sleeves hung down,
While her feet, cold and bare, shrank
beneath her scant gown;
And she prayed, prayed for bread, just a
mere crust of bread.
For one crust, on her knees, my poor
darling plead.
And I heard with no penny to buy, alas!
But I've drunk my last glass, boys; I've
drunk my last glass.

For Susie, my darling, my wee six-year-
old,
Tho' fainting with hunger and shivering
with cold,
There on the bare floor asked God to
bless me;
And she said, "Don't cry, mamma, He
will; for you see,
I believe what I ask for." Then sobered
I crept
Away from the house, and that night
when I slept,
Next my heart lay the pledge. You
smile! Let it pass,
For I've drunk my last glass, boys; I
have drunk my last glass.

My darling child saved me! Her faith
and her love
Are akin to my dear sainted mother's
above!
I will make my words true or I'll die
in the race,

And sobered I'll go to my last resting
place;
And she shall kneel there, and, weeping,
thank God,
No drunkard lies under the daisy-strewn
sod!
Not a drop more of poison my lips shall
e'er pass,
For I've drunk my last glass, boys; I
have drunk my last glass.

—Selected by E. W. Hurley.

THAT'S SO.

THAT'S SO, the dance is a joy of a vul-
gar sort,
'Tis a sensual, carnal, voluptuous sport;
And the ballroom's a snare, with lewd-
ness alive,
Where "mashers" may swarm like bees
in a hive;
'Tis the highroad where passion first
yields to the flame,
Then falls, and is crushed in the gutter
in shame.
Go ask those that writhe in the whirl-
pool of lust,
How first they were led to a life of dis-
gust;
And the slattern of body and seared one
of soul,
Will answer, "The ballroom led me to
this role."

THAT'S SO, and yet others will trip the
mad waltz,
And smile on the step so alluring and
false.
There's the libertine there—should he
elsewhere employ
His tact at deception, or strive to decoy
The one that you rocked as a baby to
sleep,
Into ways that bring ruin, and pits that
are deep,
All true men would brand him, and
brothers would rave,
And a bullet may hasten the friend to
his grave.

THAT'S SO, yet the ballroom has license
to jeer
In the face of all honor, to flout and to
jeer
At the laws of respect; half-roled they
unite
In the "hugging to music"—tight, and
more tight;
Then a wine-glass or two and an ante-
room rest,
And a midnight wind blowing upon the
warm breast.
Death lurks in that wind, and a dirge
moves the night,
And a fun'ral march follows the one of
delight.

THAT'S SO,—many fair ones have per-
ished in sin,
For they never come out just as they
go in.

Still men for "stag dances" shall no
eagerness show,
So long must our answer be sadly,
"THAT'S SO."

—Oliver Allstorm.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

The saloon is wide open in our little
town,
And doing its best to succeed
In debauching our morals, and dragging
us down
To serve the saloon-keeper's greed.
There are some who think
An occasional drink
Is a thing at which good people
surely might wink;
Though their talk is all nonsense, their
reasoning lame,
The saloon is wide open, and who is to
blame?

And then there are others you will not
find loath
Each argument, threadbare, to seize
To decry moral law—and affirm with an
oath,
The right to do just as they please.
And such people will,
Of course, guzzle and swill,
And deposit their funds in the bar-
keeper's till;
Unlimited license and freedom they
claim:
The saloon is wide open, and who is to
blame?

We have plenty of churches and good
people, too,
As respectable folk we are great;
In comparison drunkards and brawlers
are few
To the many who keep themselves
straight.
We have, by the way,
A Y. M. C. A.,
And devotional service at noon
every day;
Yet the truth must be spoken with sor-
row and shame,
The saloon is wide open, and who is to
blame?

—Frank Beard.

POORHOUSE NAN.

Did you say you wished to see me, sir?
Step in; 'tis a cheerless place,
But you're heartily welcome, all the
same;
Oh, yes, sir! 'tis only twenty winters
gone
Since poor Jim took to crooked ways.
And left me all alone!
Jim was my son, and a likelier lad
You'd never wish to see,
Till evil counsel won his heart
And led him away from me.

'Tis the old and pitiful story, sir,
Of the devil's winding stair,
And men going down, and down, and
down.

To blackness and despair;
Tossing about like wrecks at sea,
With helm and anchor lost;
On, and on, through the surging waves,
Not caring to count the cost;
I doubt sometimes if the Saviour sees—
He seems so far away—
How the souls he loved and died for,
Are drifting, drifting astray.

Indeed 'tis no wonder, sir,
If woman shrieks and cries,
When the life-blood on rum's altar
spilled.

Is calling to the skies;
Small wonder if her own heart feels
Each sacrificial blow,
For isn't each life part of hers?
Each pain, each hurt and woe?
Read all records of crime and shame,
'Tis bitterly, sadly true:
Where manliness and honor die,
There some woman's heart dies too.

Often I think when I hear folks
Talk so prettily and so fine,
Of alcohol as a needful drink;
Of the moderate use of wine;
How the world couldn't do without it,
There was clearly no other way,
But for man to drink or let it alone,
As his own strong will might say;
That to use it, but not abuse it,
Was the proper thing to do;
How I wish they'd let old Poorhouse Nan
Preach her little sermon, too!

I could give them scenes in a woman's
life
That would make their pulses stir,
For I was a drunkard's child and wife,
Aye, a drunkard's mother, sir;
I would tell of childish terrors,
Of childish tears and pains,
Of cruel blows from a father's hand,
When rum had crazed his brain.
He always said he could drink his fill,
Or let it alone as well;
Perhaps he might, he was killed one
night
In a brawl in a grog-shop hell.

I would tell of years of loneliness
The drunkard's child had passed,
With just one gleam of sunshine,
Too beautiful to last!
When I married Tom I thought for sure
I had nothing more to fear,
That life would come all right at last,
The world seemed full of cheer;
But he took to moderate drinking.
He allowed 'twas a harmless thing.
So the arrow sped, and my bird of hope
Came down with a broken wing.

Tom was a moderate drinker;
Oh, sir! do you bear in mind
How the plodding tortoise in the race
Left the fleeing hare behind?

'Twas because he held right on and on,
And steady and true, if slow;
And that's the way, I'm thinking,
That the moderate drinkers go!
Step over step, day after day,
With sleepless, tireless pace,
While the toper sometimes looks behind
And tarries in the race.

Ah! heavily in the well-worn path
Poor Tom walked day by day;
For my heartstrings clung around his
feet,

And tangled up the way.
The days were dark, and the friends
were gone.

And life dragged on full slow;
And children came, like reapers sad,
To a harvest of want and woe;
Two of them died, and I was glad
When they lay before me dead;
I had grown weary of their cries,
Their pitiful cries for bread.

There came a time when my heart was
stone;

I could neither hope nor pray;
Poor Tom lay out in the potter's field,
And my boy had gone astray.

My boy who had been my idol,
While like hounds athirst for blood,
Between my breaking heart and him
The liquor seller stood,
And lured him on with his poison,
His pleasure and his wine.

Ah! God have mercy on other hearts,
As bruised and sad as mine.
There were whispers of evil doings,
Of dishonor and of shame,
That I cannot bear to think of now,
And would not dare to name;
There was hiding away from the light
of day,

There was a creeping about at night,
A hurried word of parting,
Then a criminal's stealthy flight,
When he gave me the good-bye kiss;
And I've never seen my poor, lost boy,
From that black day to this.

Ah! none but a mother can tell you, sir,
How a mother's heart will ache
With the sorrow that comes of a sinning
child,

With grief for a lost one's sake,
When she knows the feet she trained to
walk

Have gone so far away,
And the lips grown bold with curses,
That she taught to sing and pray.
A child may fear, a wife may weep.
But of all sad things none other
Seems half so sorrowful to us
As being a drunkard's mother.

They tell me that down in the vilest
dens

Of the city's crime and muck,
There are men with the hearts of angels,
Doing the angels' work;
That they win back the lost and the
strayed,

That they help the weak to stand,

By the wonderful power of loving words,
And the help of God's right hand,
And often and over, the dear Lord knows,
I've knelt and prayed to Him,
That somehow, somewhere, it would
happen.

That they'd find and save my Jim.
You'll say 'tis a poor old woman's whim;
But when I prayed last night,
Right o'er yon eastern window
There shone a wonderful light,
(Leastways it looked that way to me)

And out of the light there fell
The softest voice I ever heard:
It rang like a silver bell;
And these were the words,
"The Prodigal turns, tired by want and
sin;

He seeks his Father's open door;
He weeps and enters in."

Why, sir, you're crying as hard as I;

What is it I have done?
Have the loving voice and helping hand,
Brought back my wandering son?
Did you kiss me and call me mother
And fold me to your breast?
Or is it one of those tampering dreams
That come to rob me of my rest?

No, no! thank God, 'tis a dream come
true;

I know he has saved my boy
And the poor old heart that had lived
on hope
Is broken as last with joy.

—Selected.

THE CRIMSON BALLOT.

One day in a crowded court room
A sentence of death was said,
In hush of the awful stillness:
"To be hanged by the neck until dead."
And a mother's heart was broken
As she faltered a murmured name,
And a father's face was furrowed
With the tears of grief and shame.

It was only one of the dramas
That are acted every day.
And the judge on the bench had asked
him

What the prisoner had to say.
"The jury has said I am guilty,"
Was the low, resigned reply,
"The land has summoned the hang-man
And said that I must die.

"But before the God of Heaven
I did not kill my friend,
And to the looming scaffold
A guiltless man you send.
The dram-shop did this murder,
And the drink that fired my brain
That made me do its bidding,
And held me in its chain.

"But not upon the dram-shop,
Nor brewery, nor still,
Nor on the high officials,
Who watch them steal and kill;

But on your skirts, your honer,
And every man who stood
To legalize the gin-mill
Is stamped the brand of blood."

His voice rang out like a bugle,
No other sound was heard,
While something akin to terror
In all who listened, stirred.
And all the court room cowered
Beneath the lash of truth;
The boy seemed judge and jury,
And they the sentenced youth.

"For back of the law's officials
Is the law that spells my fate,
And back of the law are the people,
And the people are the State.
My hands held the murderous weapon,
And the blood on its blade they saw,
But back of the dead was the dram-
shop,
And back of the dram-shop the law.

"And whosoever hath voted
To license this evil, ties
The shameful noose of the hang-man
Round the neck of the man who dies.
And on his hands are the blood drops
And on his brow a sign
That he is the man who sheddeth
My dead friend's blood and mine."

Then back to his cell they led him
And there on the trap he'll stand;
And the bloody farce will be acted
Again and again in the land.
And every reddened gibbet
Shall be for a nation's blame;
For every ballot is crimson
That is cast for a nation's shame.
—Purity Journal.

VOTE IT DOWN.

There's a demon in the glass,
Vote it down!
You can bring the thing to pass;
Vote it down!
Oh! my brothers, do you know
You can turn to joy its woe,
And its tyranny o'erthrow?
Vote it down!

How it fills our souls with dread!
Vote it down!
As it rears its serpent head,
Vote it down!
Oh! so subtle has it been
Dare not close your eyes and say
It has left its trail of sin,
Vote it down!

It is growing all the time,
Vote it down!
To protect it is a crime,
Vote it down!
Dare not close your eyes and say
"There must be some other way,"
Lest your own the demon slay,
Vote it down!

In your manliness arise,
Vote it down!
Throw aside old party ties,
Vote it down!
If you love our native land,
Smite this blighting, cursing hand
With your ballot's magic wand,
Vote it down!

Christian man, we call on you,
Vote it down!
Are you honest? are you true?
Vote it down!
Christ, your Saviour crucified,
Then, as though he stood beside,
Vote it down!

—Ida M. Budd.

DON'T MARRY A MAN TO REFORM HIM.

Don't marry a man to reform him,
To God and your own self be true;
Don't link his vice to your virtue;
You'll rue it, dear girl, if you do.

No matter how fervent his pleadings,
Be not by his good promise led;
If he can't be a man while a-wooing,
He'll never be one when he's wed.

There's many a maiden has tried it,
And just proved a failure at last;
Better tread your life's pathway alone,
dear,
Than to wed a lover that's fast.

Mankind's much the same the world
over,
The exceptions you'll find are but few,
And the rule is defeat and disaster—
The chances are great against you.

Don't trust your bright hopes for the
future,
The beautiful crown of your youth,
To the keeping of him who holds lightly
His fair name, his honor and truth.

To "honor and love" you must promise;
Don't pledge what you cannot fulfill.
If he'll have no respect for himself, dear,
Most surely you then never will.

Make virtue the price of your favor;
Place wrong-doing under a ban;
And let him who would win you and
wed you,
Prove himself in full measure a man!
—Selected.

WHAT WHISKEY WILL DO.

I.
They tell us alcohol removes grass
stains from summer clothes,
And puts a funny blossom upon the
drinker's nose,
It takes the carpet off the floor, the
clothes from off his back,

And sends him staggering down the street a miserable drunken wreck.

II.

It takes away his manhood, robs him of self-respect,
And everything about the home is ruined by neglect,
It takes his mental faculties and fills him with the shakes,
And through an impaired vision he sees a thousand snakes.

III.

It takes away his credit from every kind of store,
The people that have trusted him won't trust him any more,
It robs his wife of happiness and steals the children's bread,
And turns them out to charity in order to be fed.

IV.

It will take a prosperous business man and make of him a bum,
If you want to see a maniac, just fill him up with rum,
It will make him beat and kick his wife and take away her life,
And change the home of happiness to misery and strife.

V.

It fills our jails with criminals, supplies the orphan's home,
And turns men's wives upon the street in misery to roam,
It takes all sunshine from their life and fills them with despair,
And sends them to the river to end their sorrows there.

VI.

Yes, alcohol will do all this; it has done it all before,
Yet men endowed with common sense will drink and call for more,
May God help every citizen to rise in all his might,
And free our land and nation from the gin-mill's awful blight.

—David Warnock.

THE SALOON BAR.

It bars the doors of happiness,
And bolts the doors of love;
Plants thorns and thistles in the path
That leads to heaven above.

It bars the sunlight from the home,
Where peace and joy have fled,
Before the plague of misery,
Of gloom and shadows dead.

It bars the gate of self-respect,
Behind the wayward youth,
And fills his mouth with language foul,
With lies instead of truth.

It bars the father from his home,
And clothes his wife with shame,
As hope and health are sacrificed
To feed this hellish flame.

It bars the door of rest to age,
When life is on the wane,
And in the couch of peacefulness
It plants the thorns of pain.

It bars its dupes from all that makes
The life of mortals dear,
And in the lonely night of death
Has not a word of cheer.

It bars the drunkard out of heaven,
And drops him into hell,
With all the damned of ages past,
Forever there to dwell.

It fills the grave with terror's gloom,
For those who look ahead,
And rears a slab of charity
Above the unknown dead.

Upon the drunkard's grave I see
These words which plainly tell:
"Life was to me a mockery,
Death is an endless hell."

—Selected.

SALOON KEEPER'S SOLILOQUY.

"The saloons must go," the croakers say,
And go it will both night and day!
For to this end with heart intent
We pay spot cash to a cent.

With Uncle Sam's guns at our back,
The prating fools must clear the track—
For the orphan's tear, the widow's sigh,
Let the fanatics whine and cry.

We know our trade will thousands wreck,
But cash must come our homes to deck—
A broken heart, a mother's prayer,
Though the result is not our care.

When Uncle Sam with courage bold,
Our business brave doth still uphold,
With such a chance our pot to fill,
We'll spurn results and run our mill.

What if some fools bleary-eyed do grow
As a result of what we sow?
Are we our brother's keeper, 'cause
Our business wrecks and breaks God's laws?

Nay! hold your tongues! keep down your ire!
Our bosses buy this liquid fire!
Eighty-nine per gallon and one cent,
A tax to run the government.

We dilute the stuff and dole it out
To thirsty guzzlers all about.
Say, Christian voter, who's to blame?
Say, good old parties, where's the shame?

—Selected.

LADIES ENTRANCE

BY OLIVER ALLSTORM.



"Ladies' entrance." Ah, yes,
You've all seen the sign,
It leads to the pit
Of whiskey and wine.
It leads to the room
With the little closed door,
From which there's no exit
For purity more;
An hour for a song
And another for drink,
And some mother's girl
Is beginning to sink.

"Ladies' entrance," of course,
'Tis the side door, too
For shame never cared
To be open to view.
They slip and they trip
In their haste to get in,
Lest someone might see
They are sporting with sin;
The shadows are falling.
There's no escort now,
Save strangers who drink
To the curl on her brow.
Home, mother, and honor
Are lost in the whirl,
And the river of vice
Claims some mother's girl.

"Ladies' entrance," Ah, yes,
Now boldly they go
Through the little side entrance
So bitter with woe.
Corrupt in their morals
And deep in disgrace,
They blush not to enter,
Nor falter a pace.
Half dead to Life's meaning,
Half dead to its care,
They drift through wild pleasure
Right into despair.

"Ladies Entrance." To where?
Ah, finish the sign—
Mark plainly the rest,—
To the end of the line,
To the serpent that charms,
And passions that rave,
To torment that plunges
One into the grave.
If live ones could tell,
And if dead ones could tell,
The sign would read on,
"Ladies' Entrance to HELL!"

ALLSTORM



ODE TO AMERICANS

BY ELTON R. SHAW.

PROHIBITION!!!

(Apologies to Dunbar.)

O noble race! to thee we bring
This pledge of faith unwavering,
This tribute to thy glory.
We know the pangs which thou didst feel,
When slavery crushed us with its heel,
And left its stains all gory.

"Sad days were those—ah, sad indeed!
But through the land the fruitful seed
Of better times was growing.
The plant of freedom upward sprung,
And spread its leaves so fresh and young—
Its blossoms now are blowing.

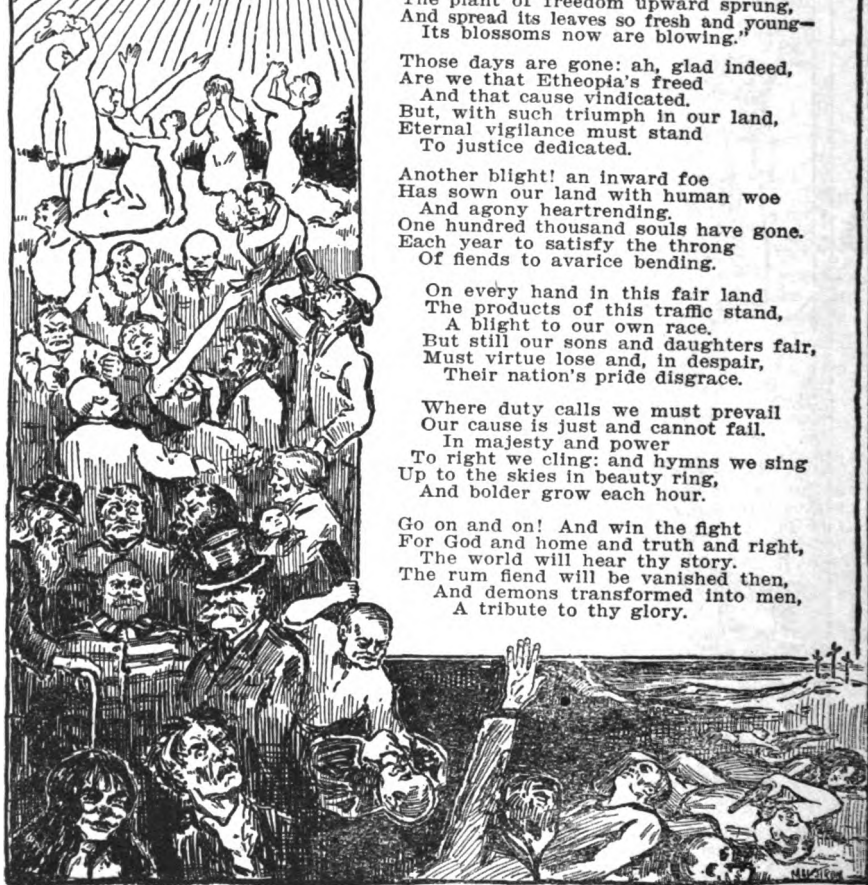
Those days are gone: ah, glad indeed,
Are we that Ethiopea's freed
And that cause vindicated.
But, with such triumph in our land,
Eternal vigilance must stand
To justice dedicated.

Another blight! an inward foe
Has sown our land with human woe
And agony heartrending.
One hundred thousand souls have gone.
Each year to satisfy the throng
Of fiends to avarice bending.

On every hand in this fair land
The products of this traffic stand,
A blight to our own race.
But still our sons and daughters fair,
Must virtue lose and, in despair,
Their nation's pride disgrace.

Where duty calls we must prevail
Our cause is just and cannot fail.
In majesty and power
To right we cling: and hymns we sing
Up to the skies in beauty ring,
And bolder grow each hour.

Go on and on! And win the fight
For God and home and truth and right,
The world will hear thy story.
The rum fiend will be vanished then,
And demons transformed into men,
A tribute to thy glory.



THE SALOONKEEPERS SIDE

BY ELTON R. SHAW.



Dishonest business! No, indeed!
We'll have our rights, by heck!
Fanatics say they'll vote it out;
They'll get it in the neck!

The vice and crime! Well what's the diff!
Men have to have their booze;
Better have their liberty
And go without their shoes.

A score or more of customers
Have found that they were dead;
They're up among the angels now
And others buy instead.

The brothels, dens of infamy,
And gambling hells galore—
The Prohls say they'll drive them out;
We'd only start up more.

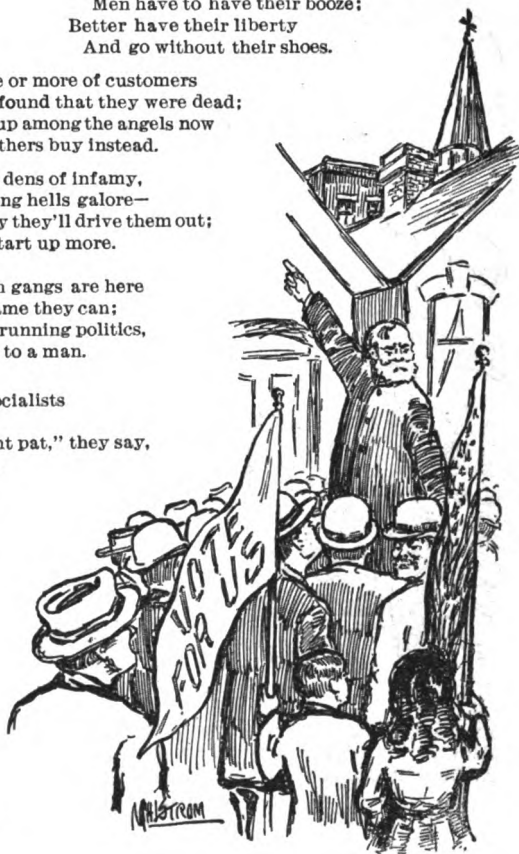
The bosses of both gangs are here
And play the game they can;
They know we're running politics,
They're with us to a man.

Our brave trust-busting socialists
Kick up an awful fuss,
But "Pals, we'll stand right pat," they say,
If you'll only vote for us.

The preacher on the corner there,
Who leads the prohi throng,
Would not for half a million votes
Thus "compromise with wrong."

He thinks that folks should always vote
Exactly as they pray.
Religion's good 'most any time
Except on 'lection day.

The cranks can sing their temp'rance
songs,
We don't care what they say,
But men will have their liberty
Until the judgement day.



THE BUDWEISER BRAND

BY ELTON R. SHAW —



In a favorite daily of this, our fair land,
Appeared a large ad of the Budweiser brand.
The description was charming and fluently made
Of the mammoth output of this company's trade.

One hundred and twenty-eight acres of land
Is used by the brewery of Budweiser brand.
The two hundred tanks there will hold, so they say,
For two million people, — a bottle each day.



It's a wonderful story from their standpoint of greed,
But sad and heartrending to humanity's need.
I doubt if the acres about which they tell
Would bury the drunkards they're sending to hell.

Would the two hundred tanks there, now holding the beer,
Hold the tears of the lonely ones mourning each year?
"There are three million tramps and two million women
Cursed by their traffic" — to poverty driven.

Ah, yes, its a story they're telling with pride,
But if only they'd add the poor customer's side,
'Twould be far more truthful but sadder to read, —
A story of woe and of anguish and greed.

Already the papers are taking their stand

And refusing the ads of this curse of our land.
For this "There's a reason." The traffic must go,
And with it, its misery, sorrow and woe.



THE CONSUMER'S SIDE.

JOHN SUTHERLAND.

The saloonkeepers all may
be very nice men,
But what is there in it for
me?
I blow in my money, and
wake up in the pen.
So what is there in it for me?
Of course, I'm as welcome as
flowers in May,
When I come to the joint to
squander my pay.
But I wake in the cooler the very
next day;
And there's all there's in it for me.

All over this country we're swimming
in booze,
But what is there in it for me!
The saloonkeeper's kids are wearing new
shoes,
But what is there in it for me?

The distiller's share is an automobile.
A carriage the retailer's share of the deal.
But I'm wearing shoes that
are down at the heel;
And there's all there's in it for me.

The boozemaker's wife may be
dressed like a queen,
But what is there in it for me?
My wife hasn't duds that are fit to
be seen

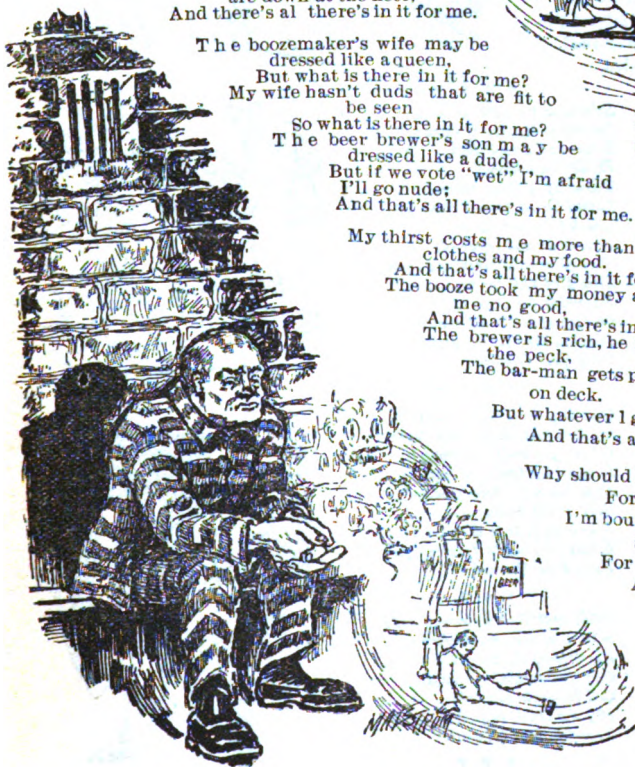
So what is there in it for me?
The beer brewer's son may be
dressed like a dude,
But if we vote "wet" I'm afraid
I'll go nude;
And that's all there's in it for me.

My thirst costs me more than my
clothes and my food.
And that's all there's in it for me.
The booze took my money and did
me no good.
And that's all there's in it for me.
The brewer is rich, he has gold by
the peck.
The bar-man gets paid, he's always
on deck.

But whatever I get, I get in the neck;
And that's all there's in it for me.

Why should I vote that the curse may endure?
For what is there in it for me?
I'm bound to vote dry on election day.
sure.

For what is there in it for me?
A new self-respect, and a chance
for my life,
New clothes for the kids, and
a home for my wife,
The beginning of peace, the
end of all strife;
And that's what there's in
it for me.



THE MARCH OF THE DRINK BRIGADE

WRITTEN BY BERNIE BABCOCK

FERMORE, Evermore,
Homes and hearts sundered
March to the Valley of Death
Daily five hundred.
Onward the Drink Brigade!
Victims of legal trade
Into the Valley of Death
Daily Five Hundred.



Forward the Drink Brigade!
Is there no man dismayed?
Yes, for a Nation knows
Someone has blundered.
Useless to make reply,
Useless to reason why,
Their's but to drink and die!
On to the Valley of Death
Daily Five Hundred.



Saloons to the right of them,
Saloons to the left of them,
Saloons all around them,
Falls unnumbered.
Bound by a fierce desire,
Lashed by an inward fire,
Haunted by demons dire,
Abandoned and hungered;
Stormed at with scorn and curse,
Little they reck for worse,
Swarming the jaws of death,
Choking at hell's hot breath,
Senseless they fall in death
Daily Five Hundred.



Once they could God invoke,
Ere their will power was broke,
Fellon by a traffic's stroke,
Licensed by Christian folk,
No'n Heaven's hope sundered,
Back on the reeking air,
Sounds forth their dark despair,
Echoes their soul's fierce prayer
Daily Five Hundred.

What will Rome's conquest end?
Who does the cause defend?
Has Mercy slumbered?
God let the march be stayed,
Call Justice to their aid,
Fly the Drink Brigade,
Save the Five Hundred.



PART V
SONGS

WORLD IS GOING DRY.

Tune: "Bringing in the Sheaves."

Sowing all around us, sowing seeds of temperance,

"Vote to save the boys" shall be our rallying cry,

Looking for a victory at the next election,

Now we sing rejoicing, "The town is going dry."

(Chorus repeat last two lines.)

Hear the prayer of mothers, pleading for their children,

And the cry of drunkards, help us or we die.

We will help our brothers as they strive for freedom,

So we sing with gladness, the county is going dry.

Chorus.

Go then forth with courage, working for the tempted,

Standing close together, as the time draws nigh,

We know the right will conquer, God himself will help us,

So we shout the chorus, the state is going dry.

Chorus.

The drink curse held our nation in its cruel clutches,

Now its grip is broken, hear the whine and cry.

We will drive the rum shops, far beyond our borders,

For we see most surely the nation is going dry.

Chorus.

See the mighty army, steadily advancing.

All the world for temperance, on their banners high.

God is their commander, and he says go forward,

So we sing rejoicing, the world is going dry.

Chorus.

The world is going dry, the world is going dry.

So we sing rejoicing, the world is going dry.

THE RIGHT SHALL PREVAIL.

Tune: "Sweet By-and-By."

When the right over wrong shall prevail,

When the woes of wine-drinking shall cease,

Then all nations and people shall hail With a shout the grand triumph of peace.

Chorus:

It will come, by-and-by,

When the race out of childhood has

grown;
It will come, by-and-by—
Then the age of true manhood shall dawn.

Right ordains that the old wrongs shall cease,

And make way for the growth of reform;

Truth and wisdom proclaim from on high,

That the triumph of virtue must come.

Chorus:

It will come, by-and-by,

When the sway of foul passion is o'er;

It will come, by-and-by—

Then fair reason shall rule evermore.

STAND UP FOR TEMPERANCE.

Tune: "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus."

Stand up, stand up for Temp'rance,

Ye soldiers of our cause;

Lift high our royal banner,

Nor let it suffer loss,

From vict'ry unto vict'ry.

Our army shall be led,

Till ev'ry foe is vanquish'd,

And all are free indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Temp'rance,

Against unnumbered foes;

Your courage rise with danger,

And strength to strength oppose:

Forth to this mighty conflict—

Go in this glorious hour—

Where duty calls, or danger,

Be never wanting there.

—G. Duffield.

WHEN RUM SHALL CEASE TO REIGN.

Tune: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again."

Get ready for the jubilee,

Hurrah! hurrah!

When this our country shall be free,

Hurrah! hurrah!

The girls will sing, the boys will shout,

When alcohol is driven out;

And we'll all feel gay when whiskey is no more.

And we'll all feel gay when whiskey is no more.

And we'll all feel gay when whiskey is no more.

And we'll all feel gay when whiskey is no more.

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And we'll all feel gay when whiskey is no more.

And we'll all feel gay when whiskey is no more.

And we'll all feel gay when whiskey is no more.

And we'll all feel gay when whiskey is no more.

The struggle now is going on,

And, when the mighty victory's won,
We'll all feel gay that whiskey reigns
no more,
We'll all feel gay that whiskey reigns
no more.

It will not do to simply say,
Hurrah! hurrah!
But do your duty, then you may
Hurrah! hurrah!
Assist the weak, yourself deny,
Stand by the right, and bye-and-bye
We'll all feel gay that whiskey reigns
no more,
We'll all feel gay that whiskey reigns
no more.

—Edward Carswell.

GOD BLESS OUR CAUSE.

Tune: "America."

God bless our sacred cause!
We plead for righteous laws,
Our homes to shield.
Our land has suffered long,
From an accursed wrong,
Whose roots are deep and strong,
Nor do they yield.

We plead! but all in vain;
The people's deep-felt pain
Finds no redress.
This deadly Upas tree
Spreads out, despite our plea,
And plants its rootlets free;
To our distress.

Now let the people come,
And vote for God and home,
And temperance laws!
We'll be no more deceived;
Our land must be retrieved,
And from this curse relieved!
God bless our cause!

THE WORLD IS GROWING BRIGHT.

Tune: "Old Black Joe."

Gone are the days when saloons all have
their way;
Gone many men who upheld them day
by day;
Shout and be glad for saloons are sure
to go,
All omens of the future point this way,
I know.

Chorus:

It's coming, it's coming,
Yes, the day is coming on,
When the saloon and all its curse,
Will soon be gone.

Why should I weep when the world is
growing bright;
Why should I sigh when the land is
filled with light;
Grieve not thyself for mistakes of long
ago,

But come and help us press the fight
against the foe.

Go forth, my friends, and fight this foe
unjust,
Strike the saloons and crush them to
the dust,
Then will appear a day of joy unknown
To men who weep and sadly reap what
they have sown.

—Rev. O. R. Miller.

STORM THE FORT FOR PROHIBITION.

Tune: "Hold the Fort."

Hark! ye voters, hear the bugle
Calling to the fray;
"Prohibition" is our watchword,
Right shall win the day.

Chorus:

Storm the fort for Prohibition,
Captives signal still,
Answer back to their petition,
"By our votes we will."

See the haughty rum-shops' banner
On the fortress wall;
Hurl the temp'rance ballots 'gainst it
Till the ramparts fall.

Face the grog-shops' bold defiance,
Never fear or quail.
Coward foes will soon surrender:
Voters! do not fail.

HURRAH FOR PROHIBITION.

Tune: "Yankee Doodle."

The Temp'rance folks are waking up
Throughout the Yankee nation,
To put the liquor traffic down,
And drive it from creation.
The stills and drinking dens are doom'd
To lawful demolition;
For all good men are going in
For legal Prohibition.

Chorus:

Prohibition is the song,
We'll shout it through the nation;
Prohibition to the wrong
Is right through all creation.

Too long King Alcohol has reigned,
All moral suasion scorning;
Too long his murd'rous savages
Have filled the land with mourning.
Rumsellers care not for our prayers.
Or tears, or admonition;
But there's a pow'r can make them
quake—
'Tis legal Prohibition.
Chorus:

No scoffs or foes or doubts of friends
Shall weaken our endeavor

To brand the traffic with disgrace,
And wipe it out forever!
Right on shall go the noble work
Until its full completion;
We'll "fight it out upon the line"
Of total Prohibition!
Chorus:

—Rev. O. R. Miller.

THE GREAT MOVEMENT.

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

There's a movement strong and grand
Spreading over all the land,
Giving joy and peace and gladness to
the world,
'Tis a battle for the right,
And our boys are in the fight,
And our Anti-Saloon banner is unfurled.

Chorus:

Vote, vote, vote, the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, never yield,
We are ready for the fray,
And we're sure to win the day,
Then we'll drive the league of liquor
from the field.

Shall our birthright be denied?
Shall we see our laws defied
By a league of liquor dealers who de-
mand
With their scornful bitter hate,
That within our own dear state,
Not a law that checks their fiendish
trade shall stand.

No, the edict has gone forth,
From the South, the East, the North,
From the valleys to the highest moun-
tain domes,
With our fortunes and our lives,
We'll protect our sons and wives,
And defend the sacred altars of our
homes.

—Rev. O. R. Miller.

WHEN WE VOTE THE SALOONS OUT.

Tune: "Marching Thro' Georgia."

Come and gather 'round, my friends;
We'll sing a temp'rance song;
Sing it with a spirit that will
Start our cause along;
Sing it as we soon shall sing it—
Many thousand strong,
When we shall vote the saloons out.

Chorus:

Hurrah! hurrah! 'twill bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the vote will make us
free!
Soon we'll sing the chorus from the
mountain to the sea,
While we go marching to vict'ry.

How the mothers and the wives
Will shout to hear the sound,

How the hearts of children too
With happiness will bound;
How the blessed news will spread
The whole wide world around,
When we shall vote the saloons out.

Many homes will then be bright
That now are full of woe;
Business then will be quite brisk,
Which now is very slow;
Churches will be crowded full, where
Now few people go,
When we shall vote the saloons out.

Come, then, all ye loyal men,
And join us in the fight;
Come and join the army that you
Know is in the right;
Come and help us win the day,
'Twill fill the foe with fright,
When we shall vote the saloons out.
—Rev. O. R. Miller.

NO LICENSE SHALL TRIUMPH.

Tune: "Marching Thro' Georgia."

Wake ye people, everywhere, and strike
a mighty blow,
Strike the enemy of home, of native
land the foe;
Sound the order thro' the town that
each saloon must go,
And then No License shall triumph.

Chorus:

Hurrah! hurrah! lift high the banner
white!
Hurrah! hurrah! we've 'listed for the
fight,
Alcohol and all his kin we'll bury out of
sight,
Whene'er No License shall triumph.

License, low, or even high, are sins
we'll not endure,
No license only is our plan, we have no
other cure,
Fight it out upon this line, and victory
is sure,
And then No License shall triumph.

License, friends, is but a trick to let the
demon in,
Never yet was vict'ry won by compro-
mise with sin,
Vote then straight against it, boys, and
you are sure to win,
And then No License shall triumph.

Long our town has waited for the work
that we must do,
Laurels are in waiting for the noble
temp'rance crew,
Great the vict'ry we shall win, if we are
brave and true,
Whene'er No License shall triumph.

Chorus to last stanza:

Hurrah! hurrah! we'll drive the traffic
out!

Hurrah! hurrah! the foe we'll put to route;
When at last our town is free, we'll raise a mighty shout,
That No License has triumphed.
—Rev. O. R. Miller.

THE TEMPERANCE WAVE.

Tune: "Red, White, and Blue."

The Temperance wave is far spreading,
And rolling all over the town;
The people in might are uprising
To help us put rum selling down.
We are seeking to help the downtrodden,
To make them both sober and true;
Then rally around our proud banner,
And pledge it your faith here anew.

Chorus:

We'll vote for the home and No License!
(Yes, we will!)
We'll vote for the home and No License!
(Yes, we will!)
We'll vote for the home and No License!
For the right and our homes we'll be true.

No license! bright star of life's ocean,
Thou wilt set many thousands free
From alcohol's raging commotion,
All true hearts give homage to thee.
Thy mandates make warriors assemble,
When rum's fearful curse stands in view;
Thy banners make alcohol tremble.
Three cheers for the right and the true!

Oh, think of the homes that are happy,
Of hearts that are gladdened to-day;
Of mothers and sisters rejoicing,
Of friends that we love far away;
Because that our voters so many,
With purpose so high and so true,
Have promised to vote for No License,
Three cheers! for the brave are not few!

—Rev. O. R. Miller.

NO LICENSE FOREVER!

Tune: "Battle Cry of Freedom."

We are coming to the polls, boys,
We're coming in our might,
Voting for temperance and No License;
And we bear the stars and stripes
Of the Union and the right,
Voting for temperance and No License.

Chorus:

No License forever! Hurrah! boys, Hurrah!
Drive now the rumshop forever afar,
As we rally round the polls, boys,
United in our cause,
Voting for temperance and No License.

We will soon decide the day, boys,

For honest men and true,
Voting for temperance and No License;
And we'll show what all the world
Has for sober men to do,
Voting for temperance and No License.
Yes, for liberty and order,
For honor true and bright,
Voting for temperance and No License;
And the vict'ry shall be ours,
For we're coming in our might,
Voting for temperance and No License.
—Rev. O. R. Miller.

EAT, VOTERS, ARE YOU READY?

Tune: "Yankee Doodle."

Come, friends, and listen to a song,
About our mighty nation;
On ev'ry hand where'er there's rum,
You'll find sad dissipation.

Chorus:

Temperance voters, keep it up,
Give our homes protection;
Knock the rummies out of sight
At every town election.

Now listen, friends, for we propose,
To give some common sense,
And that is, "stop this curse of rum
By voting for No License!"

We've had enough of license laws,
Enough of liquor taxes,
We've turned the grind-stone long enough,
'Tis time to swing our axes.

This deadly Upas-tree must fall—
Let strokes be strong and steady;
Pull up the stumps! grub the roots!
Say, voters, are you ready?
—Rev. O. R. Miller.

TEMPERANCE FOLKS, WAKE UP.

Tune: "Yankee Doodle."

The temp'rance folks are waking up
Throughout this Yankee nation,
To put the liquor traffic down,
And drive it from creation.

Chorus:

That's the way to win the day;
Wait a little longer;
Rum shall fall, with tyrants all,
When Temperance votes are stronger.

The drinking dens are surely doomed,
For God will come with vengeance,
Since all good men are going in
United for No License.

Too long King Alcohol has reigned,
All moral suasion scorning;
Too long his murderous savages
Have filled the land with mourning.

Rumsellers care not for our prayers,
Or tears or admonition;

But there's a power can make them
quake,
'Tis well-enforced No License.

Rum's hindered many a noble plan,
And scattered death and ruin;
But soon we'll show the best we can,
What Temp'rance votes are doing.
—Rev. O. R. Miller.

COME AND JOIN OUR ARMY.

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

Old King Alcohol has long
Been a tyrant bold and strong,
And he holds a bloody scepter in this
town.
Will you join our Temp'rance cause?
Will you say to him now, pause!
Will you come and help us crush this
monster down?

Chorus:
Come! Come! Come! and join our army!
Help us put the traffic down;
Stand up boldly for the right,
Then the foe we'll put to flight,
And we'll drive the cruel tyrant from
the town.

O, now, voters, will not you
Come and join this army true?
For your ballots at the polls will help
restrain,
This great enemy of truth
And protect our boys and youth,
And 'twill help the cause of Temp'rance
to maintain.

Shall this bloated tyrant come
With this whisky, beer and rum,
And our country fair with ruin cover
o'er?
Friends of God and man, arise!
Fight till all beneath the skies
Bear the curse of Old King Alcohol
no more.
—Rev. O. R. Miller.

OUR COUNTRY.

Tune: "America."
Our country, 'tis for thee,
That thou mightst rescued be
From power of rum;
That those who've suffered long
From cruelty and wrong,
May free be made and strong,
For this we come.

Our native country, thee,
Who has been twice made free,
To thee we call;
Once more exert thy might,
Maintain the cause of right,
The liquor traffic smite,
Once and for all.

Oh, voters, true and brave,
Shall the rum king enslave,

This land so bright?
Shall crime and want increase,
O, shall this traffic cease?
Shall strife give way to peace,
And wrong to right?
—Rev. O. R. Miller.

WE'LL DEFEND OUR HOMES.

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

O, the sadness of our homes,
When the rule of liquor comes,
With so many thousands falling 'neath
its power;
But we'll seek to stem the tide,
And the evil set aside,
And we'll look to God for refuge in
that hour.

Chorus:
Hark! hark! hark! our God is speaking,
Telling of His power and love;
And the people in His might
Are now springing to the fight,
And we'll shout aloud the vict'ry from
above.

We have seen the angry nod
Of the enemies of God;
And our Sabbaths they have sworn
they'll set aside,
And they make a great parade,
With their liquor signs displayed,
But we'll turn against them now the
rising tide.

Yes, our Sabbaths we'll defend—
Homes with love and joy shall blend,
And we'll sweep old Alcohol into the
sea;
And we'd have you make a note
That we'll do this with our vote,
Then we'll sing the blessed anthem of
the free.
—Rev. O. R. Miller.

VOTING FOR NO LICENSE.

Tune: "Rally Round the Flag."

We will rally for the right, friends,
We'll rally once again,
Voting ever for No License!
We will save our boys and men,
From the liquor seller's den,
Voting ever for No License!

Chorus:
Our triumph is coming, arise men, arise!
Down with traffic! strike till it dies!
Let us rally for the right,
Let us rally once again,
Voting ever for No License!

We will answer to the call of the
Women of the town,
Voting ever for No License!
We will fight in their defense,
And the traffic shall go down,
Voting ever for No License!

We will drive away the curse
That the liquor sellers bring.
Voting ever for No License!

We will crush the cruel head
Of the alcoholic king,
Voting ever for No License!

We have God upon our side
And we'll conquer in the end,
Voting ever for No License!
He is stronger than the foe,
And on him we will depend,
Voting ever for No License!
—Rev. O. R. Miller.

NO LICENSE IS OUR THEME.

Tune: "Yankee Doodle."

Friends, No License is the theme,
We Temp'rance folks delight in;
We'll write it down to fit the tune
Our fathers made for fightin'.

Chorus:

Yes, No License is the song,
We'll shout it through the nation;
Strict No License to the wrong,
Is right through all creation.

If you want to stop a man
From drinking rum and brandy,
Don't give a license to the shop
That keeps it always handy.

No scoffs of foes or doubts of friends
Shall weaken our endeavor
To brand the traffic with disgrace,
And wipe it out forever.
—Rev. O. R. Miller.

A DAY OF WRATH.

Tune: "Battle Cry of Freedom."

A day of wrath is waiting
For the hosts of sin and shame,
The Lord of righteousness
Shall rise and glorify His name,
He's coming to deliver
As in days of old He came,
With glory and with power!

Chorus:

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Our God will come with power!

No more our Sabbaths shall for work
Of sin and death be sold,
No more our treasures be cursed
With sin-polluted gold,
No more our prisons shall
The fruits of licensed liquor hold,
For God in justice reigns!

The wail of suffering ones
Has reached th' Omnipotent on high,
And He who never fails to hear
The burdened when they cry,
Hath sounded forth the order

That the cursed saloon must die,
For God in mercy reigns!

Down from the battlements of heav'n
Has been heard the trumpet call
That summons forth an army
On the hosts of sin to fall,
And the sword of God in righteousness
Shall break the despot's thrall,
For God in triumph reigns!

—Rev. O. R. Miller.

HOLD THE FORT FOR NO LICENSE.

Tune: "Hold the Fort."

Ho! my comrades, see the banner,
Waving in the sky!
Re-inforcements are appearing,
Victory is nigh!

Chorus:

Hold the fort for No License!
Freedom signals still;
Answer back to her petition,
"By our votes we will."

All our town the foe engages!
Let not freedom lag!
See! the battle fiercely rages!
Rally round the flag!

By the land our fathers bought us,
With their precious blood!
By the birth-rights they have brought
us,
Stem the rum-tide's flood!

By the God who freedom gave us,
With immortal souls,
Crush the foe who dares enslave us;
Forward to the polls!
—Rev. O. R. Miller.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

Hail Columbia, happy land,
Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Now let No License be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm, united let us be,
Rallying 'round our liberty!
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and temp'rance we shall find.

Temperance patriots! rise once more!
Defend your rights! defend your shore!
Let no rude foe with rum-soaked hand,
Let no rude foe with rum-soaked hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood, the well earn'd prize,
While offering peace sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and Temp'rance may prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fall.
—Rev. O. R. Miller.

MOURNING AT THE OLD HEARTHSTONE.

Tune: "Tenting on the Old CampGround."

They are mourning to-night at the old hearthstone,
Give them a ray of hope;
Their weary hearts are sad and lone,
Through deepening sorrows grope.

CHORUS:

Many are the hearts that are mourning to-night,
Mourning over ruined boys;
Many are the hearts praying for the right,
Though robbed of all life's joys.
Mourning to-night, mourning to-night,
Mourning at the old hearthstone.

They're weeping to-night at the old hearthstone,
Weeping for loved ones lost;
Bright music hushed to wail and moan;
The licensed grog shop's cost.

There's anguish to-night at the old hearthstone,
For loved ones they await
Are lured and wrecked in murder mills,
Maintained by church and state.

They're calling to-night from the old hearthstone,
List to the plaintive strain;
Pleading with us to protect their boys
From a monster worse than Spain.

CHORUS:

Many are the hearts that are breaking to-night,
Breaking over ruined boys;
Many are the hearts praying for the right,
Though robbed of all life's joys.
Breaking to-night, breaking to-night,
Breaking at the old hearthstone.
—F. E. Magraw.

FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO THE SEA.

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

Where the snow is on the pine,
Where the summers ne'er decline,
Where the empire of the prairie westward rolls,
Ring the nation's war with rum,
Not with cannon, flag, nor drum,
But with ballots softly falling at the polls.

Refrain—

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the cause is marching,
On, on, on to victory.
But the fight will not be done, —
'Till the state we love is won,
So we'll push it from the mountains to the sea.

Towns that have long lain appalled,
Thronging cities rum-enthralled,
Now re-echo with the struggle to be free.
'Tis a fight for God above,
And for all on earth we love,
So we'll strike for God, our land, and victory.

Never say it can't be done,
Faith and pluck have always won,
And will yet the mountains move into the sea.
God is on His judgment throne,
And we battle not alone;
When His hour has struck the foe will melt and flee.

So together let us move;
Faith and courage let us prove;
While our land is unredeemed we dare not stay;
Hoary, proud, our every state,
Great in wrong, in good more great;
Gird us, Lord, to cleanse her greatest wrong away.

—H. H. Barstow.
Adapted by E. R. Shaw.

VOTE'S CONSECRATION.

"Take my vote, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.
Let me realize now my power
In the conflict of that hour.

Take my vote, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.
Guide my hand, that it may trace
Crosses, in the proper place.

Take my vote, that we may see
Politics controlled by Thee.
This to Thee I gladly bring
That the State may own her King."
—Selected.

A TEMPERANCE CAMPAIGN SONG.

Tune: "Rally 'Round the Flag."

There's a crash of mighty conflict
Resounding day and night,
Ev'rywhere proclaim the joyful story;
Watch the temperance banners waving
In the thickest of the fight,
While we are marching on to glory.

CHORUS:

On with the battle! hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the murder mills, and up
with the law!
Oh, we'll rally round the ballot box,
And we'll vote just as we pray,
Shouting the battle cry of temperance.

Good Templar ranks are keeping step,
Their hearts are brave and strong,
While they are marching on to vict'ry;
Against the liquor tyrants they
Have battled hard and long,
While they are marching on to vict'ry.

The women wield their flashing blades
With purpose firm and true,
While they are marching on to vict'ry;
They have never faltered in the fight,
The W. C. T. U.
While they are marching on to vict'ry.

The young folks now are on the field,
The noble L. T. L.,
While they are marching on to vict'ry;
They will never know surrender,
They are firing shot and shell,
While they are marching on to vict'ry.

Cheers for the Anti-Saloon League,
Whose hosts are in the fray,
While they are marching on to vict'ry;
They will never cease the struggle till
The right has gained the day,
While they are marching on to vict'ry.

See the Prohibition heroes as
They face the cruel foe,
While they are marching on to vict'ry;
They are hurling back the rum-fiends
With every crushing blow,
While they are marching on to vict'ry.

Then come and join our phalanx, and
We'll win the glorious prize,
While we are marching on to vict'ry;
We will wage the righteous conflict,
Till old Gambrinus dies,
Yes, we are marching on to vict'ry.

—Frank P. Reno.

OUR COMING BANNER.

O say! do you see on our Star-spangled
Flag,

The red stains of a crime that dis-
honors the nation,
Which soon in its course would to in-
famy drag

And make of our land one vast deso-
lation?

See the woe and despair! hark! what
cries fill the air,
As the wide flood of ruin pours on
everywhere!—

'Tis the curse of the demon that fain
would enslave

All the free, and defile all the good
and the brave.

Long—long doth the tyrant his iron
saw wield

In paths drenched in blood, law and
order defying.

Till thousands of homes of the drunk-
ards are filled

With vain prayers for help or the
groans of the dying;

Yet the lava tide flows, amid shrieks,
walls and throes

Of victims that know not relief nor re-
pose,

And still the striped banner in mock-
ery waves

Over millions of souls rushing on to
their graves.

O! then let us rise in our God-given
might

To drive out the foe with all his pol-
lution,

With prayers and with ballots to urge
on the fight,

And courage that never will know
diminution.

So, with the victory blest in peace we
shall rest,

Assured of our birthright of Freedom
possessed,

While the Star-spangled Banner in
triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free—the pure—
and the brave!

—National Advocate.

SWEEPING THE LAND WITH PRO- HIBITION.

Tune: "Shouting the Battle Cry of
Freedom."

See our legions marching forth,
East and West and South and North,
Sweeping the land with Prohibition!
As the light dispels the gloom,
As dust flies before the broom,
Sweeping the land with Prohibition!

CHORUS:

Yes! Prohibition will do the work!
And we our duty never will shirk!
Lincoln's task we're bound to do.
Come and help us put it through—
Sweeping the land with Prohibition!

Lincoln said our country free
From the power of Rum must be—
That's what we mean by Prohibition!
And we'll vote as well as talk—
Rum the plank has got to walk,
That's what we mean by Prohibition!

When the men will vote the way,
Christian women work and pray,
We'll sweep the land with Prohibition!
And that day will soon be here,
With the end of Rum and Beer—
Clean swept away by Prohibition!

We shall fight the battle out,
And shall win without a doubt,
Sweeping the land with Prohibition!
And the gin-mills soon shall be
Scarce as snakes in Ireland—see?
All swept away by Prohibition!

—T. C. Marshall.

EVILS OF INTemperance.

Tune: "A Charge to Keep I Have."

"Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun the dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love."
Pray to our God above.

OUR BATTLE CRY NO LICENSE.

Tune: "Rally Round the Flag."
We will rally to the polls, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting our battle cry, No License!
We will rally for the Home till
The vict'ry we shall gain,
Shouting our battle cry, No License!

Chorus:
No license for ever! Hurrah! boys, hur-
rah!
Down with the rumshop, away with the
bar!
So we'll vote now for protection
To our homes and to our boys,
Shouting our battle-cry No License!

Yes, we'll vote against the rumshop,
We'll strike a mighty blow,
Shouting our battle-cry No License!
And we'll crush this monster evil—
The liquor traffic—low,
Shouting our battle-cry No License!

Come, we're going to the polls, boys,
We're going to the fight,
Shouting our battle-cry No License!
And we'll cast a heavy vote
In the name of God and Right,
Shouting our battle-cry No License!
—Rev. O. R. Miller.

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

Tune: "Star Spangled Banner."

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early
light
What so long we have hoped for with
hearts sorely aching,
The swift flash of the sword that will
fall in its might,
The power of King Alcohol evermore
breaking?

Nay, the Wine-god's red glare
And the drunkard's wild prayer
Give proof thro' the night that the curse
is still there.

Oh, say, does the Star Spangled Banner
now wave
O'er a land of the free and the home
of the brave!

Now the Truth's dimly seen thro' the
smoke of the fray,
Advancing unharmed where the dread
foe reposes,
With a sling and a stone the huge giant
she'll slay,
Though a demon-forged armour his body
encloses.

Oh, the people will shout
When his life-blood ebbs out,
And a million rum slaves will join in

the rout;
When the Star Spangled Banner in tri-
umph doth wave,
O'er a land of the free and the home of
the brave!

Then where'll be that band who so
vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of rum and the traffic's
confusion,
The homes and the country they'd curse
evermore?

Our votes shall wash out their foul foot-
steps' pollution;
No refuge will save
Rumsellers who gave
So much anguish to hearts they have
sent to the grave;
Oh, the Star Spangled Banner, long may
it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home
of the brave!

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall
stand
Between their loved homes and foul
rum's desolation,
Blest with Temperance and peace, may
our heav'n rescued land
Praise the Power that made and pre-
served us a nation.

And conquer we must,
For our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our
trust."
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph
shall wave,
While the land of the free is the home
of the brave.

—Rev. O. R. Miller.

A CALL TO WORKMEN.

Tune: "Showers of Blessing."

Heed now the calls of the nation,
Louder and louder they speak,
Banish the place of temptation,
Act for the sake of the weak.

Chorus:
Rouse ye, (rouse ye), O workmen,
Make not a moment's delay;
Drive from your pathway the rumshop,
Which curses you day after day.

What's your great curse, O ye work-
men?

Who is your most bitter foe?
None is so foul as the rum-shop,
Bringing you nothing but woe.

Strength in your muscles and sinews
Is needed your work to command,
Alcohol takes away vigor,
Weakens the brain and the hand.

Mill, or the shop, or the fact'ry,
All of your strength may require,
Yet the saloon would fain rob you
Of strength with its liquid of fire.
—Rev. O. R. Miller.

THE NO-LICENSE BANNER.

Tune: "Star Spangled Banner."

Oh, say, did you see on the brow of the night,
That star like a watch-fire so tranquilly
burning?
'Tis the day-beam of hope and the promise of light,
And joy to the hearts of the wretched returning.

Then away to the fields,
With our standard and shields,
Our cause is progressing, the tyrant must yield;
And the No-license banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Though strong is our foe, let us work with our might,
The arrows of death from his quiver descending;
We'll haste to the ground, while we boldly unite,
Our cause with the vigor of heroes defending;

Our colors unfold,
For we still do behold
The day-beam of hope in its beauty untold,
And the No-license banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Then where'll be the band who so vauntingly boast
That the price of men's souls is their lawful possession?
They will join in the ranks of the temperance host,
Ashamed of the traffic and glad of repression.

Even now we can see
What most surely will be—
With No-license the watchword from sea unto sea.

For the No-license banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh, thus be it e'er when true freemen shall stand
With their votes to repel the rum fiend's desolation;
Then shall women and children with uplifted hand
Praise the Power that has made us a Temperance nation!

Then conquer we must,
For our cause it is just;
And this is our motto: "In God we will trust."

And the No-license banner, O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

—Rev. O. R. Miller.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

Tune: "Sweet By and By."

There's a time that is coming at last—
Oh! hasten that long-looked-for day,
When the rum fiend no shackles shall cast,
For all Christians shall vote as they pray.

Chorus:

It will come, by and by,
We shall welcome that beautiful day!
It will come, by and by,
When all Christians will vote as they pray.

When the fire shall go out at the still,
And the worm shall be taken away;
And its ruins give place to the mill,
Making bread that doth hunger allay.

And the prisons shall close every door,
And the poorhouses empty shall stand,
When the dram shop shall curse nevermore

The dear Homes of our beautiful land.

When the Church and the State shall arise
In the strength of their virtue and might,

And improve every moment that flies,
In their working and voting for right.
—Rev. O. R. Miller.

LIGHT OF TRUTH IS BREAKING.

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The light of truth is breaking,
On the mountain tops it gleams;
Let it flash along the valleys,
Let it glitter on our streams,
Till all the land awakens,
In its flush of golden beams;
Our cause is marching on.

Chorus:

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Our cause is marching on.

With purpose strong and steady,
In the great Jehovah's name,
We rise to snatch our kindred
From the depths of woe and shame;
And the jubilee of freedom
To the slaves of sin proclaim:
Our cause is marching on.

Our strength is in Jehovah, and
Our cause is in his care;
With Almighty God to help us,
We have faith to do and dare,
While confiding in the promise
That the Lord will answer prayer:
Our cause is marching on.

From morning's early watches

Till the setting of the sun,
We'll never flag nor falter,
In the work we have begun,
Till the rumshops have surrendered
And the victory is won:
Our cause is marching on.

—Rev. O. R. Miller.

STORM THE FORT FOR NO LICENSE.

Tune: "Hold the Fort."

Hark! ye voters, hear the bugle
Calling to the fray;
Let No License be our watchword,
Right shall win the day.

Chorus:

Storm the fort now for No license,
Captives signal still;
Answer back to their petition,
"By our votes we will."

See the rum-shops' haughty banner
On the fortress wall,
Hurl the temperance ballots 'gainst it
Till the ramparts fall.

Face the grog-shops' bold defiance,
Never fear or quail;
Coward foes will soon surrender;
Voters! do not fail.

Fierce and long the siege has lasted,
But the end draws near;
Onward leads our great Commander;
Cheer, O comrades, cheer!

—Rev. O. R. Miller.

BRAVE TEMPERANCE MEN.

Tune: "My Maryland."

The foe is great, but ye are strong,
Temperance Men! Brave Temperance
Men!

The fight is fierce and may be long,
Temperance Men! Brave Temperance
Men!

Remember Haddock's sacred dust,
Remember Dow's incisive thrust,
Remember all the heroes just,
Temperance Men! Brave Temperance
Men!

Then strike the foe with all your soul,
Temperance Men! Brave Temperance
Men!

Ye must not yield to his control,
Temperance Men! Brave Temperance
Men!

A martyr's fate you may receive,
'Twere better thus souls to relieve,
Than rum should live souls to deceive,
Temperance Men! Brave Temperance
Men!

I see your courage in the eye,
Temperance Men! Brave Temperance
Men!

Though meek, you're not afraid to die,

Temperance Men! Brave Temperance
Men!
For life or death, for weal or woe,
Seize now the sword of truth and show
Your courage 'gainst this deadly foe,
Temperance Men! Brave Temperance
Men!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Temperance Men! Brave Temperance
Men!

We soon shall banish wine and rum,
Temperance Men! Brave Temperance
Men!

Come to thine own heroic throng
That stalks with liberty along,
And ring this dauntless slogan song,
"Rum shall go, yes, rum shall go."
—Rev. O. R. Miller.

WE'LL DO AND DARE.

Tune: "America."

Come, raise your banners high,
And join our battle cry;
"No license here."
Come, swell the valiant throng
Who fight against the wrong,
And shout the rallying song:
"We'll dare and do."

The foe is fierce and strong;
The conflict may be long;
But we'll be true.
We've listed for the fight,
Our cause is just and right,
Strong in our Captain's might,
We'll dare and do.

Ye gallant temperance host,
Stand firm at duty's post,
The fight renew;
We'll never give up the strife,
E'en though with danger rife;
While God shall give us life
We'll dare and do.
—Rev. O. R. Miller.

CHURCH THE MONSTER.

Tune: "Swanee River."

There lurks a poison in the wine cup,
Foul, though unseen;
Full many a heart is filled with sorrow,
Many lives are made unclean.

Chorus:
Why then, wait a moment longer?
Rally in your might—
Act, that your seal may grow the
stronger;
Strike, for our cause is right.

See how the home is filled with terror;
Mark children's tears!
Note how the curse brings sighs from
mothers,
Crushed by their ceaseless fears.

All sacred rights to earth are trampled,
God's law transgressed;
All holy instincts lost, forgotten,
Bringing only sad unrest.

—Rev. O. R. Miller.

DARE WE LICENSE?

Tune: "Mendon."

Dare we license give to sin,
Or sanction that which God abhors?
When evil like a flood comes in;
Against it let us shut our doors.

A compromise with this dread foe
To make, no liberty is given;
Let magistrates and rulers know
How to respect the laws of heaven.

Must law or its transgressors yield?
Shall right succumb and law abound?
Rather round virtue cast a shield,
And by her claims let all be bound.

PRAYER FOR LIGHT AND HELP.

Tune: "Revive Us Again."

O, Lord, give us light, give us wisdom,
we pray;
Give us strength for the work we are
doing to-day.

Chorus:

Come and help us, blessed Saviour,
All powerful art Thou;
Thine the glory, Thine the vict'ry,
Come and help us just now.

Though weak in ourselves, yet in Thee,
we are strong,
For Thou art our strength, our salva-
tion, our song.

For the slaves of the cup, Lord, we cry
unto Thee;
Oh! loose them from bondage, and let
them go free.

Oh! visit their souls in their darkness
and night,
And wake them from slumber to free-
dom and light.

Thy presence, Thy power, Thy wisdom
we seek;
Lord, lift up the fallen and strengthen
the weak.

—Rev. O. R. Miller.

DIXIE LAND FOR TEMPERANCE.

Tune: "Dixie."

The Temperance wave o'er the South am
spreadin';
It is what saloons am dreadin'.
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie land,
In Dixie land whar I was born in,
People are 'gainst rum a stormin',

Chorus:

Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie land.
Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie land, I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie,
Away, away, away, down South in Dixie.

The massa used to have liquor plenty,
All young bloods drank gin at twenty.
Look away, etc.
But things down there am all a changin',
Temperance guns 'gainst rum am rangin',
Look away, etc. Cho.

Down South they fight it by local option;
"No rum sold by our adoption."

Look away, etc.
That motto should all men inspire
To rise and fight this rum-fiend's fire,
Look away, etc. Cho.
—Rev. O. R. Miller.

BATTLE CRY OF TEMPERANCE.

Tune: "Battle Cry of Freedom."

We will rally with our might,
To the great and glorious fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of Temperance!
We will deal a fatal blow
To this great insidious foe,
Shouting the battle-cry of Temperance!

Chorus:

Cold water for ever!
Away with the wine!
For us its false glitter no longer shall
shine.
Here we'll sign the pledge anew,
And we promise to be true,
Shouting the battle-cry of Temperance!

Long has Alcohol held sway;
But we'll drive the fiend away,
Shouting the battle-cry of Temperance!
We will break the poisoned bowl,
Which doth ruin mind and soul,
Shouting the battle-cry of Temperance!

Now's the day and now's the hour;
Let us break the wine-cup's power,
Shouting the battle-cry of Temperance!
Gird the armor on anew,
Be in earnest and be true,
Shouting the battle-cry of Temperance!
—Rev. O. R. Miller.

TEMPERANCE DOXOLOGY.

Tune: "Old Hundred."

Praise God from whom all blessings
flow,
Praise Him who heals the drunkard's
woe;
Praise Him who leads the Temperance
host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
—Rev. O. R. Miller.

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